Saturday Review

OVEMBER 29, 1952 TWENTY CENTS

THE SCOPE OF DICKENS

By EDGAR JOHNSON

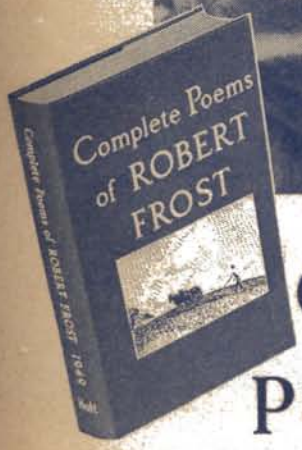
Robert Carson, author of "The Magic Lantern." *(See page 15)*

RECORDINGS ISSUE: A LAYMAN'S VIEW

By DALE WARREN

SR 5/8/52 626-6-11
TUSCULUM COLLEGE
LIBRARY
GREENEVILLE TENN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



COMPLETE POEMS OF ROBERT FROST

"Its publication is literary history, its contents literature . . . Robert Frost is more read, studied, loved than any living poet." —*Saturday Review*

"A great book . . . No other living poet has so much art, or so much subject matter. They are both here for the same reason—Robert Frost is a complete poet."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.* 666 pages. $6.00

HAVE YOU READ

Poetry in Our Time

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

"This is 'impressionist' criticism at its best, written by a person trained in the craft of which she speaks . . . One may sometimes disagree with her inclusion or exclusion of minor talents, but her dealings with major poets help the reader immeasurably . . . The final impression her book gives is of abundance and (in the best sense) weight."
—*The New Yorker*

411 pages. $6.00

DO YOU OWN

THE Home Book of Verse

EDITED BY BURTON E. STEVENSON

The famous, comprehensive collection of English and American poetry from the sixteenth to the twentieth century. With up-to-date biographical information, indexes, and an appendix containing well-known poems from other languages. 4,012 pages; two volumes, boxed. 8th edition. $25.00

HAVE YOU TRIED

HAITI

HIGHROAD TO ADVENTURE

By HUGH B. CAVE

"The most understanding, informative and witty of recent books about the Caribbean's most exciting country."
—SELDEN RODMAN

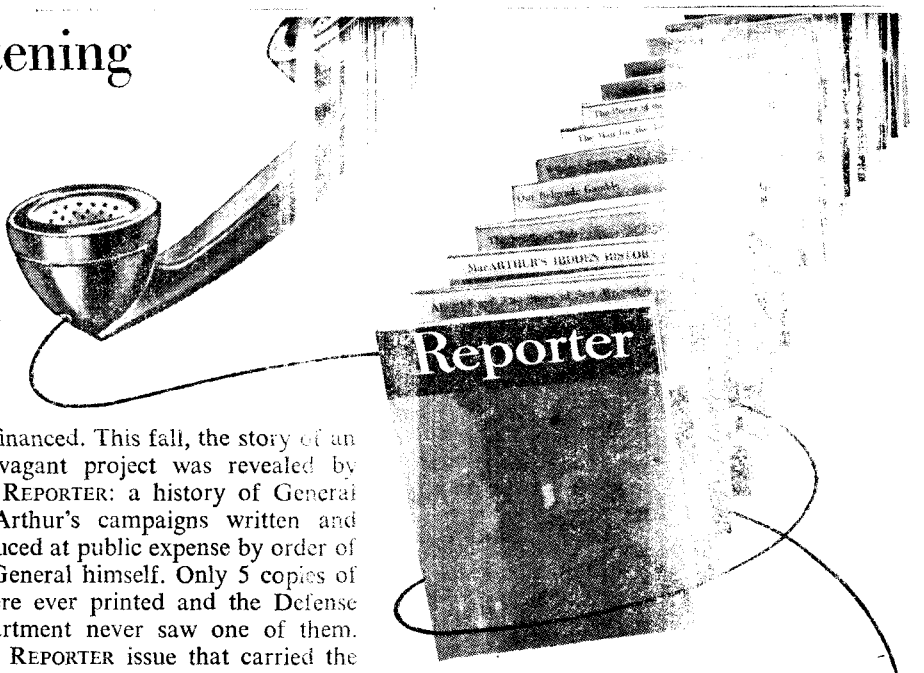
Illustrated. $5.00

At all booksellers

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY • 383 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is a stranger listening to your telephone conversations?



The widespread practice of wire-tapping threatens everyone's privacy— including yours. That's why it is so important for you to read the revealing articles about wire-tapping which begin in forthcoming issues of THE REPORTER.

Everybody knows that some wires are tapped. But very few seem to realize the extent of wire-tapping in this country.

You may think that only the phones of law violators and, occasionally, politicians are tapped. But do you know that many thousands of ordinary citizens' phones are also tapped—frequently at the behest of other citizens? Do you know that a year or so ago it appeared that one governmental department listened in on 300,000 conversations? Do you know when wire-tapping is legal and when it isn't? Do you know how the present laws against certain kinds of wire-tapping are evaded—and by whom? Could you tell if your own wire were tapped? Do you think that wire-tapping is a serious invasion of privacy? And, if so, don't you think you ought to know more about it?

These wire-tap stories are still another example of THE REPORTER magazine's journalistic enterprise: In the spring, THE REPORTER told its readers about the China Lobby in America. Other publications had hinted at its existence; President Truman and other public officials had called for a thorough investigation of it; but only THE REPORTER undertook the job and told the public the facts . . . and won acclaim from newspapers and commentators across the country.

Last year, THE REPORTER told how the Communist Party in this country was financed. This fall, the story of an extravagant project was revealed by THE REPORTER: a history of General MacArthur's campaigns written and produced at public expense by order of the General himself. Only 5 copies of it were ever printed and the Defense Department never saw one of them. (THE REPORTER issue that carried the story sold out three times at the Pentagon newsstand!)

THE REPORTER *keeps a steady watch on world affairs and domestic politics. If you have been seeking a publication that has courage and intelligence, that doesn't shrink from facts, that will give you a sense of intellectual adventure, then you will like* THE REPORTER. *In short, if you want to be a well-informed person, then you'll want to read* THE REPORTER.

At this moment, when the wire-tap articles are about to appear, we make you this special offer: If you act now you will receive 18 issues (36 weeks) of THE REPORTER—starting with the wire-tap issues— for only $2.67. This special rate not only saves you $1.83 from the newsstand price or 79¢ of the subscription rate for those 18 issues . . . it brings you ABSOLUTELY FREE The Political Yearbook-1952, a unique volume on current political history compiled from THE REPORTER's best writing in 1952, and supplemented with maps, photos and other illustrations.

The Political Yearbook-1952 will come off the presses early in 1953. To reserve your GIFT *copy, and to start your special subscription with the wire-tap articles, mail the coupon today. You need send no money now; we will bill you later if you prefer.*

18 issues (36 weeks) of THE REPORTER starting with the wire-tap issues for only

$2.67

a saving of

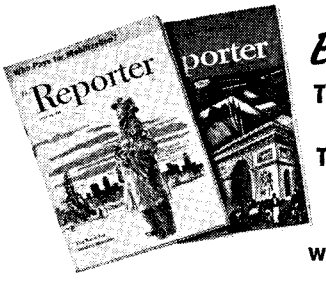
$1.83 from the newsstand price or 79¢ of the subscription rate for those 18 issues

FREE

with your subscription

THE POLITICAL YEARBOOK-1952

Illustrated • cloth bound
6″ x 9″ • 160 Pages



EXTRA!

Two additional issues of THE REPORTER (20 in all) for payment with your order

The **Reporter**

220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

ACT NOW! **This offer good only while copies of the Wire-Tap issues of THE REPORTER last.**

THE REPORTER 061
220 East 42nd Street, New York 17

Please enter my special 18-issue subscription to THE REPORTER at once, to begin with the first issue carrying the wire-tap story. Also, reserve my free copy of The Political Yearbook-1952 for delivery on publication.

MY NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

☐ I am enclosing $2.67. Include 2 EXTRA issues for this cash payment, making a total of 20 issues.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Author! Author!

OCCASIONALLY the reading world is lucky enough to discover a writer who spends a large part of his life in a certain occupation — and then proceeds to write good novels about it. A. J. Cronin and William McFee are names that immediately come to mind. You can now add another — Cameron Hawley. His subject: BIG Business.

➡ Until quite recently Mr. Hawley was Director of Advertising and Promotion for the Armstrong Cork Co., with which he had been associated for 24 years. His new novel concerns an industrial empire that suddenly lost its emperor, and the struggle of five men to win the succession. In the process you learn what makes a successful businessman successful.

➡ Satire on American business when it is well done, as in the stories of Sinclair Lewis and Marquand, makes engaging reading. But even at its best, satire is only part of the story. Mr. Hawley's interest is with the complete picture. For a refreshing change he shows how the business medium is to some men of creative energy what paint and canvas are to an artist.

➡ Although *Executive Suite* is his first book, Mr. Hawley is no apprentice to writing. He put himself through South Dakota State College on the income from articles and stories. His fiction has appeared in the Saturday Evening Post, Esquire, Woman's Home Companion and so on. When he was an advertising director he wrote most of the scripts for the radio program his company sponsored. In 1946 he won the "man of the year" award in industrial marketing.

➡ Hawley's family background has the color best described as American. His grandfather was an Indian scout named Dennis Conover, who wore a beard, a buffalo-robe coat and a horsehair belt. His father was a law-enforcement officer who was killed in a gun fight with a gang of desperados when Cameron Hawley was five.

➡ From frontier childhood to corporation executive, Mr. Hawley has kept his eye for the vivid and dramatic. Now of *Executive Suite* Orville Prescott says in the *New York Times:* "It is unique in American fiction . . . An immensely interesting exploration of one of the most representative aspects of American life, an aspect generally neglected in American literature."

[At all bookstores and newsstands
Hardbound, $3.00 Paperbound, 35c]

Co-published with
Houghton Mifflin Company

BALLANTINE BOOKS

(Advertisement)

The Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 29, 1952

Cover Drawing by Douglas Gorsline

SR/IDEAS

THE SCOPE OF DICKENS, by Edgar Johnson 13

WEAPONS OF WILL: An Editorial 22

HOW TO POISON THE WELL, by Walter Crosby Eells 39

SR/BOOKS

THE MAGIC LANTERN, by Robert Carson
Reviewed by Budd Schulberg 15

THE MASK OF A LION, by A. T. W. Simeons
Reviewed by Robert Payne 16

LIMBO, by Bernard Wolfe
Reviewed by Harvey Curtis Webster 17

BY HIS OWN HAND, by Henry W. Clune
Reviewed by Charles Lee 18

A SHOWER OF SUMMER DAYS, by May Sarton
Reviewed by Sara Henderson Hay 18

AMERICAN-RUSSIAN RELATIONS, 1781-1947, by William Appelman Williams
Reviewed by Samuel Flagg Bemis 19

LINCOLN AND THE RUSSIANS, by Albert A. Woldman
Reviewed by David Donald 20

LABOR IN THE SOVIET UNION, by Solomon M. Schwartz
Reviewed by S. M. Levitas 21

TWO REELS AND A CRANK, by Albert E. Smith and Phil A. Koury
Reviewed by Frederick L. Keefe 33

PICTURE, by Lillian Ross
MAKING A FILM, by Lindsay Anderson
Reviewed by Arthur Knight 34

SERGEI M. EISENSTEIN, by Marie Seton
Reviewed by Herman G. Weinberg 35

OUT OF THE BLUE, by John Crosby
Reviewed by Gilbert Seldes 36

STALIN, by Nikolaus Basseches
Reviewed by Harry Schwartz 41

NO SECRET IS SAFE BEHIND THE BAMBOO CURTAIN, by Mark Tennien
Reviewed by Julien Steinberg 42

SR/DEPARTMENTS

TRADE WINDS, by Bennett Cerf 6

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 23

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT, by Henry Hewes 26

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Hollis Alpert 28

THE CRIMINAL RECORD 30

MUSIC TO MY EARS, by Irving Kolodin 31

TV AND RADIO, by Robert Lewis Shayon 32

LITERARY CRYPT 37

LITERARY I. Q. 42

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 975 50

SR RECORDINGS FOR DECEMBER 51

SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXV, No. 48, Nov. 29, 1952. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1952 by Saturday Review Association, Inc.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Good News

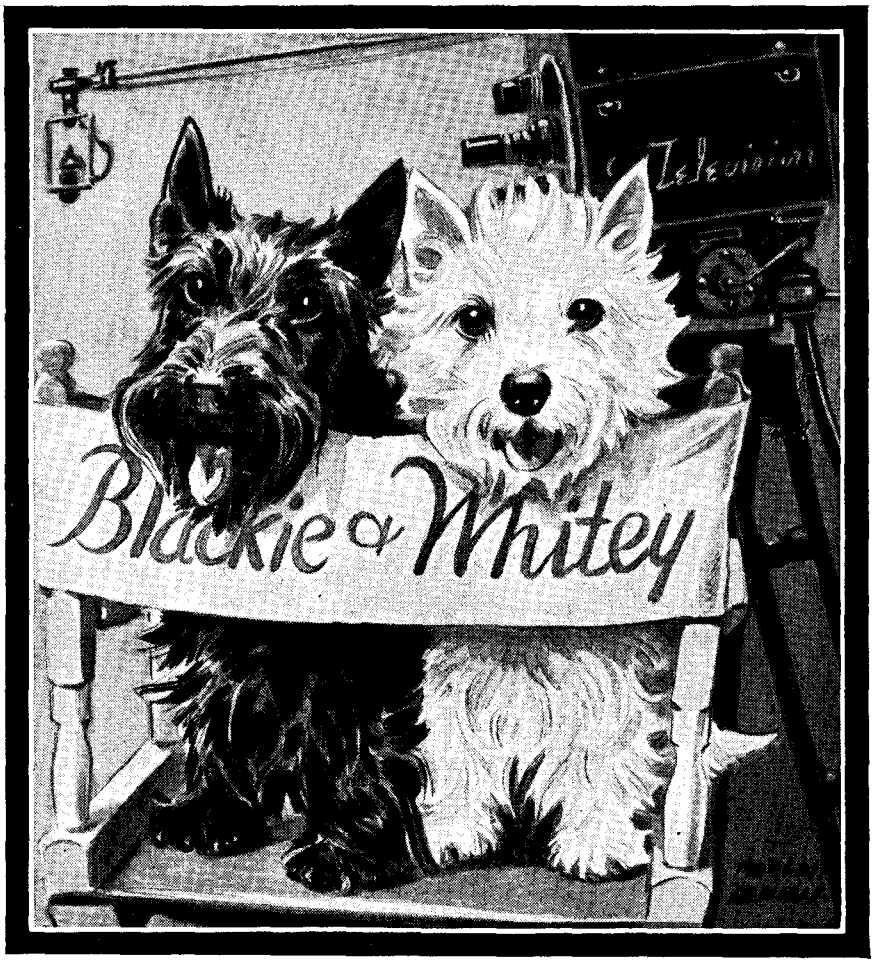
▶ The congregation of Immanuel Congregational Church in Hartford, Conn., recently presented a gift of $2,500 to its minister and his wife, the Rev. and Mrs. Fletcher Douglas Parker, in appreciation of their twenty-five years of service to the church. Mr. and Mrs. Parker immediately turned the money over to the Independent Social Center to build a recreation room for under-privileged Negro boys in the North End area of Hartford.

▶ About 232,000 U. S. taxpayers have been happy about their relations with the Bureau of Internal Revenue during the past nine months. They have collected $8,900,000 as the result of a joint Government - newspaper - radio campaign to locate missing owners of unclaimed Federal tax refunds. Another 22,740 taxpayers will receive $605,500 more in overdue tax refunds as soon as Government bookkeepers can get around to it. Officials reported that more than one million refunds, worth over thirty-three million dollars, are still gathering dust in the Bureau's files.

▶ The recent national election was one of the most orderly ever held. Although officials had been alerted to watch for trouble, no report of any difficulties at the voting polls had been received when the Department of Justice happily closed its doors on November 4.

▶ During 1952 the nation's press has given front-page prominence to the strikes and riots staged by convicts at fifteen prisons throughout the country. Headlines have described the millions of dollars in damage which has been done by inmates at these penal institutions. Yet behind the walls of other prisons in the United States many inmates, without publicity or fanfare, have been making contributions to medical science which cannot be measured on a dollar basis. It is traditional in prisons that, when a call is made for human "guinea pigs" for vital scientific experiments, there always are more volunteers than can be used.

In such instances, convicts are neither offered financial reward nor special consideration with regard to their sentences, but they have willingly volunteered as "human test tubes" for experiments with vaccines to control malaria, influenza, syphilis, arthritis, and other diseases. Today, as during World War II, the number of voluntary blood donors in prisons regularly exceeds per capita volunteers on the outside.



Starred Again!

"WE APPEAR IN SCENE AFTER SCENE, WHITEY!"

"THAT'S RIGHT, BLACKIE! YOU'LL FIND BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH WHISKY WHENEVER THE PART CALLS FOR A SCOTCH WITH QUALITY AND CHARACTER THAT NEVER CHANGE."

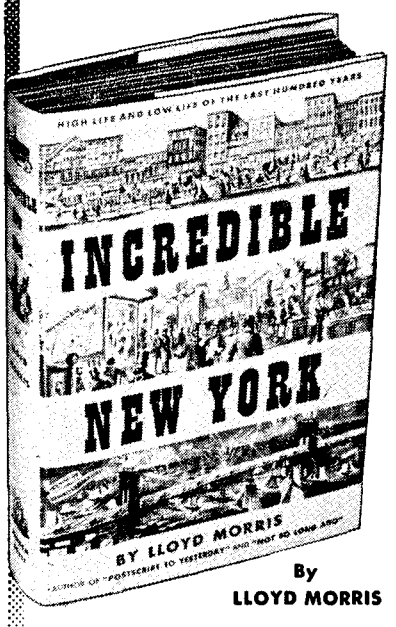
"BLACK & WHITE"
The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our town's own best seller



By
LLOYD MORRIS

➡ A panorama of its high life and low life – its East Side and West Side and sin side–for the past 100 years. Packed with drawings, paintings, lithographs.

SATURDAY REVIEW: "All the scandalous skeletons in Father Knickerbocker's crowded closet are paraded as they appeared in the flesh. Saints and sinners, squalor and glitter, dazzling costume balls, fantastic stag parties, picturesque crooks, murderers, and the glamorous personalities who are paraded across the stage create a vivid and absorbing cyclorama of a century."

NEW YORK TIMES: "A loving and zestful tribute to all the fads and follies, vice and crime, social energy and artistic achievement which have made New York a spectacular and fascinating city for 100 years."–*Orville Prescott*

INCREDIBLE NEW YORK

By LLOYD MORRIS

At all bookstores, $5.00
RANDOM HOUSE, N.Y.

TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

● ● In the very forefront of the literary parade these days is our own John Mason Brown. Hailed for his superb reports on the conventions and campaigning tours, profiled by *The New Yorker,* and adored by bigger lecture audiences than ever, John is also the proud author of *two* books just published. One is "As They Appear," a headliner on the McGraw-Hill list. The other is "Daniel Boone: The Opening of the Wilderness," and although it is written for the Landmark series for boys and girls, critic Brooks Atkinson observed, "This biography of an American hero may have been written for the kids, but I think it's suitable for all ages. It's certainly just right for fifty-seven! It's the most exciting book I've read for a long time!" On the subject of Landmark Books, incidentally, a strange development has come to pass. Not a single imitation of that series has appeared on the market now for four whole days.

● ● In Chicago, the *Tribune*'s elegant book review section is celebrating its tenth anniversary as bearer of literary tidings and other blessings to countless Midwesterners. Come lift your glasses high to editor Frederico Babcock, Polly Goodwin, columnists Butcher, Hansen, Starrett, and Avery, and ad manager Felix Tomei, the only man who can construct a sales chart that's more exciting than Cinerama. And then, of course, there's the Colonel, who foots the bills. Can't recall his name at the moment.

● ● In the *New York Journal-American,* columnist Louis Sobol quotes a paragraph from "Forever Amber" in which the heroine is told by an astrologist that she is irresistible to men because of "the proximity of Venus with Uranus and Neptune," then goes on to point out that Uranus was not discovered until 1781, Neptune until 1846. The action of the book takes place long before—in the 1600s. Any TRADE WINDS reader—Miss Winsor herself perchance—care to refute Professor Sobol?

● ● At the Waldorf Astoria, Harry Hershfield admitted that one of his relatives did not exactly qualify for a master's degree. "Take last week, for instance," mourned Harry. "He let some fellow sell him exclusive pocketbook reprint rights to *The Congressional Record.*"

● ● In Minnesota, ten thousand copies of Ced Adams's "Poor Cedric's Almanac" were literally torn from booksellers' hands by devoted fans within a fortnight of publication. The book is a 350-page compendium of the kind of witticisms, household hints, and infinitely wise dissertations on bees, flowers, and blondes that the *Minneapolis Journal* esteems enough to run at full advertising rates in occasional issues of *The New Yorker.* I was on Cedric's radio program the day he read this exact quote from the *Portland Oregonian:* "Paris gowns, fashion designers have indicated, are so sheer this fall that virtually every wearer of them will have to have a slap of some sort underneath them."

● ● Likely candidates for best-seller honors in early 1953: "My True Love," by Helen MacInnes; "The Daughter of Bugle Ann," by MacKinlay Kantor; "The Story of Fanny Brice," by Norman Katkov; "Land Fall," by Helen Hull; "The Golden Admiral," by F. Van Wyck Mason; "The Sojourner," by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Carl Sandburg and William Faulkner are embarked upon major novels, but they're for the more indefinite future. John O'Hara has completed his dramatization of "The Farmers Hotel," Arthur Miller his play, "Those Familiar Spirits." Nor have the Pat Knopf Jrs. been wasting their time.

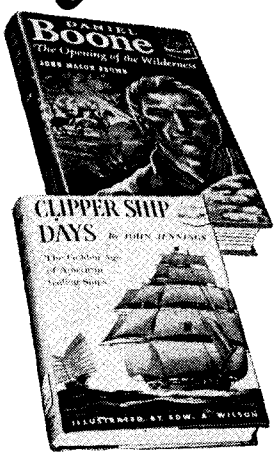
● ● In Vienna, an eighty-year-old psychiatrist published his ninth book on sexual aberrations, but it lacked

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANDOM HOUSE BOOKS FOR BOYS & GIRLS

JOHN MASON BROWN
is one of the distinguished authors* of the wonderful

Landmark books



The most successful books about American history ever published for children. **$1.50** *each*

In the two years since LANDMARK BOOKS were first published, more than 750,000 copies have been sold. Parents, teachers, librarians, and above all the children themselves, have been excited and enthusiastic about these books which highlight the dramatic moments in American history. LANDMARK BOOKS are by the best authors and artists. They are beautiful books, with 20 to 30 illustrations in two colors, large, clear type, striking jackets and endpapers. They are a great value at only $1.50 each.

30 TITLES NOW AVAILABLE

1. **The Voyages of Christopher Columbus**
   By Armstrong Sperry
2. **The Landing of the Pilgrims**
   By James Daugherty
3. **Pocahontas and Captain John Smith**
   By Marie Lawson
4. **Paul Revere and the Minute Men**
   By Dorothy Canfield Fisher
5. **Our Independence and the Constitution**
   By Dorothy Canfield Fisher
6. **The California Gold Rush**
   By May McNeer
7. **The Pony Express**
   By Samuel Hopkins Adams
8. **The Building of the First Transcontinental Railroad**
   By Adele Nathan
9. **The Wright Brothers**
   By Quentin Reynolds
10. **Lee and Grant at Appomattox**
    By MacKinlay Kantor
11. **Prehistoric America**
    By Anne Terry White
12. **The Vikings**
    By Elizabeth Janeway
13. **The Santa Fe Trail**
    By Samuel Hopkins Adams
14. **The Story of the U. S. Marines**
    By George Hunt
15. **The Lewis and Clark Expedition**
    By Richard L. Neuberger
16. **The Monitor and the Merrimac**
    By Fletcher Pratt
17. **The Exploration of Père Marquette**
    By Jim Kjelgaard
18. **The Panama Canal**
    By Robert Considine
19. **The Pirate Lafitte and the Battle of New Orleans**
    By Robert Tallant
20. **Custer's Last Stand**
    By Quentin Reynolds
21. **Daniel Boone: The Opening of the Wilderness**
    By John Mason Brown
22. **Clipper Ship Days**
    By John Jennings
23. **Gettysburg**
    By Mackinlay Kantor
24. **The Louisiana Purchase**
    By Robert Tallant
25. **Wild Bill Hickok Tames the West**
    By Stewart Holbrook
26. **Betsy Ross and the Flag**
    By Jane Mayer
27. **The Conquest of the North and South Poles**
    By Russell Owen
28. **Ben Franklin of Old Philadelphia**
    By Margaret Cousins
29. **Trappers and Traders of the Far West**
    By James Daugherty
30. **Mr. Bell Invents the Telephone**
    By Katherine B. Shippen

*See title #21 listed above.

WALTER FARLEY'S
The Black Stallion's Filly

Another fine adventure of Alex Ramsay and his good friends at Hopeful Farm —introducing Black Minx, the filly sired by Black Stallion. *$2.00*

The new Walter Farley contest, which offers 2 fine first prizes—summer vacations at a ranch camp—is now in full swing. See your bookstore for particulars, or write us for a descriptive circular.

BOY OF THE PYRAMIDS

By RUTH FOSDICK JONES. An Egyptian boy and girl help solve a mystery. "A first rate adventure tale." —*Virginia Kirkus.* Illustrated by DOROTHY BAYLEY MORSE. A Junior Literary Guild Selection. *Ages 9 to 12. $2.50*

FUN WITH BALLET

By MAE BLACKER FREEMAN. Easy lessons for the beginner. Profusely illustrated with photographs. Contains *all* the basic information needed. *$1.50*

BABAR'S VISIT TO BIRD ISLAND

By LAURENT de BRUNHOFF. The deluxe first edition of an enchanting new Babar book. Illustrated in full color throughout. Size 11 x 14¼.
Ages 4 to 7. $3.50

THE GOLDEN TRAIL

By MARGERY EVERNDEN. A colorful and authentic story about a young boy who traveled with the famous expedition that founded San Francisco. Illustrated by LYND WARD.
Ages 10 to 14. $2.50

AT ALL BOOKSTORES, RANDOM HOUSE, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parents

teachers. . . .

SHOULD WE EDUCATE OUR CHILDREN FOR DEMOCRACY?

"Education, especially as regards its content, is still governed largely by Grandfather's ideas. This is the condition to which Mr. Jelenko addresses his criticism."

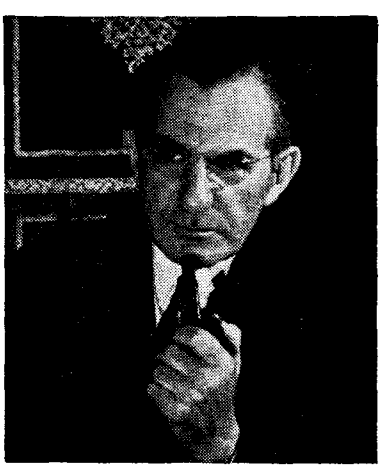
GERALD W. JOHNSON
Author of "Incredible Tale" and other books.

"A supremely thought-provoking book. Its real reading requires much intensive thinking. It is stimulating."

DR. FRANK E. SPAULDING,
Sterling Professor of Education, Emeritus, Yale University.

THE REPUBLIC OF THE SCHOOLS

BY VICTOR JELENKO



THE REPUBLIC OF THE SCHOOLS offers a *modern* program of teaching. It appeals especially to citizen-parents who want to be sure that their children get a complete education for mature democratic citizenship. **$3.00**

At Your BOOKSTORE or:

EXPOSITION PRESS Inc.,

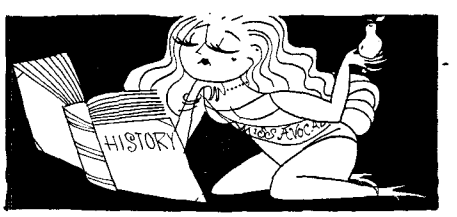
386 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 16

the authority of his previous works, and critics made short shrift of it. "Poor old fellow," sympathized Louis Sattler. "I fear his Krafft is Ebing."

● ● In the Institute of Economic Affairs, 32 Broadway, New York City, a new magazine, *Challenge*, has been launched that offers great promise of things to come. It is specifically devoted to the economic side of American affairs, written and illustrated for the layman. Have a look at it!

● ● In Rochester, popular columnist Henry W. Clune is receiving plaudits for his new novel, "By His Own Hand," just published by Macmillan. Among Clune's lustiest boosters are neighbors Samuel Hopkins Adams and George S. Brooks, whose play "Spread Eagle" is still talked about in these parts. . . . Another Macmillan entry, Le Roy Smith Jr.'s "The Fourth King," is highly touted too. Most famous touter: Charles Lee.

● ● In San Francisco, the well-formed Miss Avocado of 1952 was asked by columnist Herb Caen whether she was



interested in history. "No," she admitted. "The way I feel about it is: let bygones be bygones."

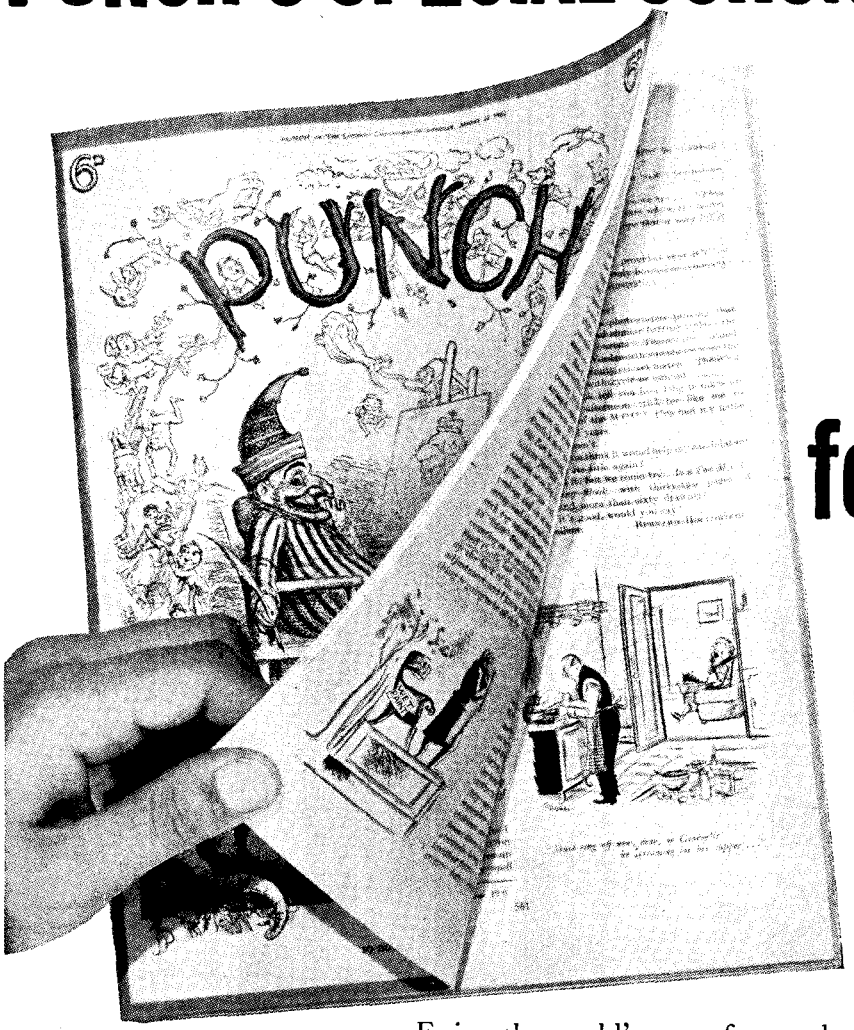
● ● In Boston, Dale Warren, obviously hanging around a radio instead of appraising Houghton Mifflin manuscripts, heard Yankee shortstop Phil ("Scooter") Rizzuto maintain that it was his daily bowl of two or three cartons of a certain breakfast cereal that "kept him in such wonderful trim on the diamond." The very next morning a Boston sportswriter came away from an interview with Little Phil with this direct quote: "I've felt so rotten that I've been taking energy-building pills all summer long. If I don't get my pep back soon, I'm seriously considering giving up baseball."

● ● Over New York's radio station WQXR, Macmillan is now sponsoring Fred Grunfeld's excellent Music Magazine, every Monday evening from 9:05 to 9:30.

● ● In Garden City, champion angler Harry Maule fished out of the old mill stream the story of two raw-boned Americans who met on the Champs-Elysées on their first visit to Paris.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUNCH'S SPECIAL CORONATION OFFER:



Only $5.25 for 54 Issues

plus the historic

Coronation Number

Enjoy the world's most famous humor magazine! 52 delightful weeks of Punch—*plus* the magnificent Punch Coronation Number *plus* two gigantic bonus issues *at no extra cost*—are yours for only $5.25 . . . *less than 10¢ an issue!*

PUNCH is Britain's outstanding magazine of wit and humor. It has held this position, unchallenged, since 1841. Its delicate wit and gentle irony have become a touchstone of civilization around the world.

A limited number of subscriptions to Punch are now being offered in the U. S. at the remarkable price of $5.25 for a full year's subscription. This includes 52 regular weekly issues, the Punch Almanack, the Double Summer Number, and the great—once in a reign—Coronation Number, destined to become a landmark in publishing history.

Although less than one American in ten thousand presently subscribes, Punch's reputation has preceded its advertising. In the past 12 months, Punch cartoons have been reproduced no less than 200 times in American publications.

Simply by filling in the coupon at right you can enjoy this deliciously different magazine, sent direct from London. It costs you less than 10 cents a copy.

Special Coronation Number

This year there is a special *once-in-a-lifetime* reason for subscribing to Punch. To celebrate the forthcoming coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, Mr. Punch is preparing a **Special Coronation Number.** This historic document of 148 pages—64 of them in full color—will be crammed with contributions by the cream of Britain's humorists and cartoonists.

Mr. Punch cannot promise copies except to regular subscribers. The only sure way of getting your copy is to fill in the coupon and mail it *today.*

The perfect Christmas Gift

A number of astute Americans have discovered the perfect Christmas present for their discriminating friends: a subscription to Punch. It is unusual, hilarious and flattering to receive—for Punch is written for the *adult* mind. Just send us the names of your friends and $5.25 for each one. A special Christmas card in your name will be sent to each person on your list. *Do it now.*

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

To: British Publications Inc., Department P-60
30 East 60th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

Please send 52 issues of PUNCH, the Special Coronation Number, the Double Summer Number and the Winter Almanack to the names listed. I enclose $5.25 for each subscription.

Name_____

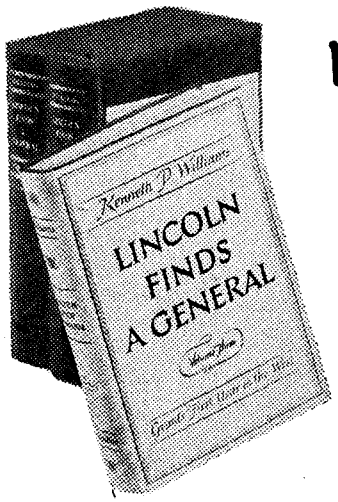
Address_____

City_____ **Zone**____ **State**____

List your gift subscriptions and attach. A greeting card goes to each one from you.

You are invited to a special exhibition of original drawings from Punch, open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., November 11 to December 6, in the Reception Lounge of the Time-Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



NOW VOLUME THREE of

"The Most Authoritative History of the Civil War."

—Bernard De Voto
N. Y. Herald Tribune

LINCOLN FINDS A GENERAL

Vol. III: Grant's First Year In The West

By KENNETH P. WILLIAMS

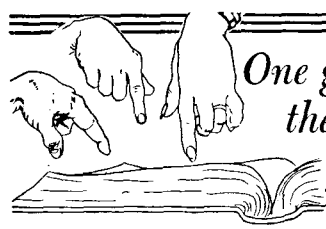
The first two volumes of *Lincoln Finds A General* established this series as unparalleled military history. Now in Volume III Kenneth Williams turns back to the opening of the war and traces through their first year the events in the West which were eventually to carry Ulysses S. Grant to the position of general in chief. Here are the full and fascinating details of men, battles and strategy as it has never been told before. Thousands of readers can once again thrill to this truly great military history of the great conflict.

Illustrated *$7.50 at all bookstores*

The Macmillan Company

YOU CAN USE THIS SPACE TO WISH YOUR FRIENDS A CHEERFUL 1953

(SEE REVERSE SIDE)



One gift for the whole family

THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA

A whole library in one volume—6,000,000 words, 70,000 articles, 2,211 pages—*$28.50*

At your bookseller
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

"This sightseeing sure takes up a lot of time," grumbled one. "I been here now nigh on to four days and I ain't been to the Louvre yet." Suggested the other, "Maybe it's the water."

● ● In Chicago, Brentano's Clare Feldman is sulking because Doubleday ignored her entry for the Etiquette Book Slogan Contest: "I like the Amy Vanderbilt etiquette book because it learns you how not to be a slob."

● ● In Detroit, statisticians of the *Free Press* maintained that the four books with the greatest distribution in America were the Bible, Sears Roebuck catalogue, "McGuffey's Reader," and "The Boy Scout Manual." In 1951 more than eight million new Bibles went into circulation in the USA. The latest Sears catalogue had a print order of 7,200,000 copies alone. "McGuffey's Reader" has topped the 135-million mark. . . . Incidentally, comic-book publishers disposed of 800 million copies in 1951—a 700 per cent increase in ten years. But banish the thought of invading this field yourself. Last month there were over 500 separate and distinct comics on, under, or behind the newsstands, and many of the publishers are starving to death. Kindly omit tears.

● ● On Morningside Heights, a Columbia University Press dignitary received a sealed envelope from the Government Printing Office, and upon opening same found nothing whatever inside. A fellow worker had a ready explanation: "Oh, that's a reprint of an unpublished article."

● ● In the Bronx, Helen Goldblatt saw a throng lining the Grand Concourse to cheer Cardinal Spellman. Loudest of the cheerers was a little old Jewish lady holding her granddaughter aloft to catch a glimpse of the passing prelate. "It's very nice of you to get so excited over Cardinal Spellman," observed Miss Goldblatt. "Cardinal *Spellman*?" echoed the startled old lady. "I thought it was Mischa *Elman!*"

—Bennett Cerf.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic (No. 974)

ERICH M. REMARQUE:
SPARK OF LIFE

Meanwhile the sky had turned apple-green; the evening was very quiet. Suddenly they realized that they were alone. There had always been the camp, with its hordes. It was often good to have crowds, often oppressive never to be alone.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRESENTED TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS

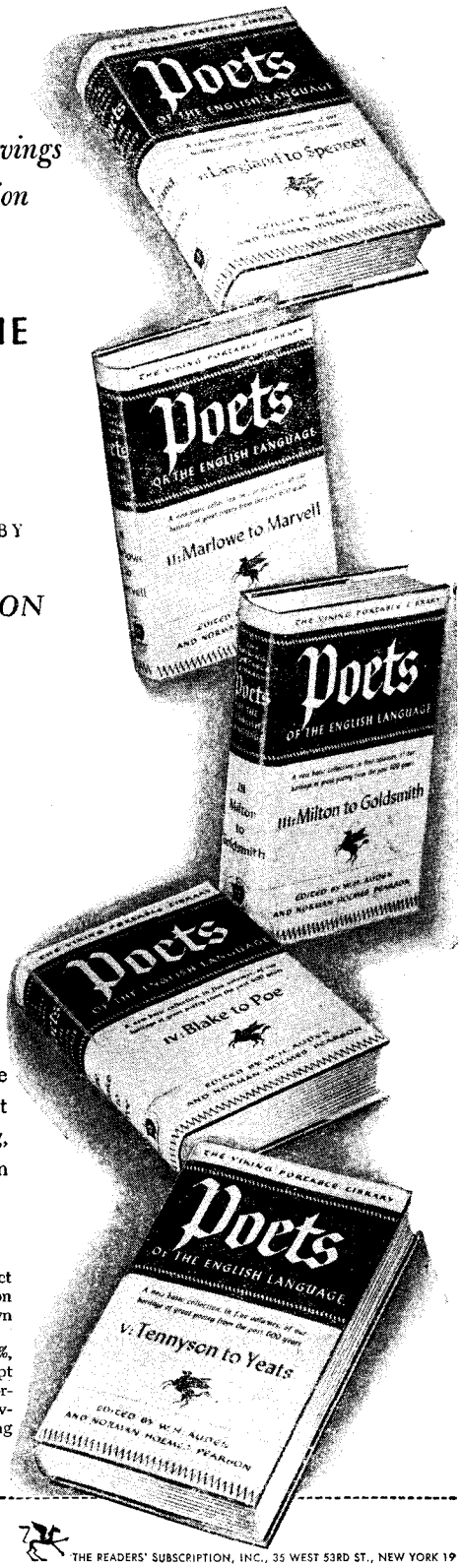
as a Gift

...typifying the kind of books and savings offered by The Readers' Subscription

Poets OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

IN FIVE VOLUMES, EDITED BY

W. H. AUDEN and NORMAN HOLMES PEARSON



Retail Price $12.50
FREE
to New Members

Hailed by the *London Times* as "the most important general anthology in the language," this collection expresses the tradition and achievement of 600 years of British and American verse with rare brilliance. Such brilliance, indeed, that a unanimity of critical acclaim has already established the set as a modern classic.

"The best comprehensive collection of its kind in existence." *Horace Gregory*

"No home where books are read should be without this superb set." *Saturday Review Syndicate*

"The best and most useful anthology of English poetry ever made." *Allen Tate*

"The definitive and creative anthology." *Dudley Fitts*

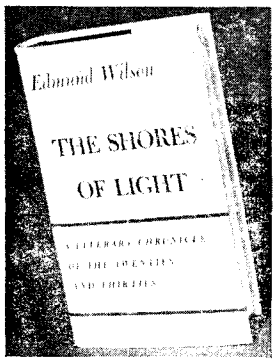
The Readers' Subscription

has been created with one essential purpose in view—to make good books available at real savings. Perhaps the most distinguished editorial board in America, *W. H. Auden, Jacques Barzun* and *Lionel Trilling,* insures the literary value of the books selected. And an adaptation of the book club plan makes possible great savings.

It costs you nothing to join The Readers' Subscription. You may begin your membership by accepting, as a gift, *Poets of the English Language,* and by ordering as your first selection, at the members' special price of $4.75, *The Shores of Light* by Edmund Wilson.

As a member, each month you will receive a copy of *The Griffin,* the monthly magazine of The Readers' Subscription which in recent months has featured original contributions by *Forster, Wescott, Riesman, Colette,* and *Clark.* After reading reliable reviews by Editors *Auden, Barzun* and *Trilling,* you will be able to accept or reject the current selection, And with every fourth selection accepted you will receive a bonus book of your own choice.

Savings on monthly selections may run as high as 25%, and your over-all savings, realized through the receipt of bonus books will surely exceed 40%. For the opportunity of enjoying these extraordinary savings and services, you simply agree to accept four selections during the next year.



As your first selection accept

THE SHORES OF LIGHT
BY EDMUND WILSON

This collection of essays by Edmund Wilson is a work of major importance which will surely take its place with books of his like *Axel's Castle* and *The Wound and the Bow,* as one of the most significant contributions in the field of literary criticism produced in this century. Subtitled "A Literary Chronicle of the Twenties and Thirties," it projects through its more than 900 pages a panorama of literary life in America at a time of intellectual revolution when American writers and artists were developing the techniques and ideas which permeate the art form of today. No less exciting than the period it portrays, it is surely the best account of the culture of the twenties and thirties that we have.

Members' Price $4.75—Retail Price $6.50

THE READERS' SUBSCRIPTION, INC., 35 WEST 53RD ST., NEW YORK 19

Please enroll me in The Readers' Subscription. I am to receive, free, *Poets of the English Language.* As my first selection send me, at the members' price of $4.75 plus 25c for postage and handling, *The Shores of Light.* I agree to accept three other selections during the next year.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____

STATE_____ S-7

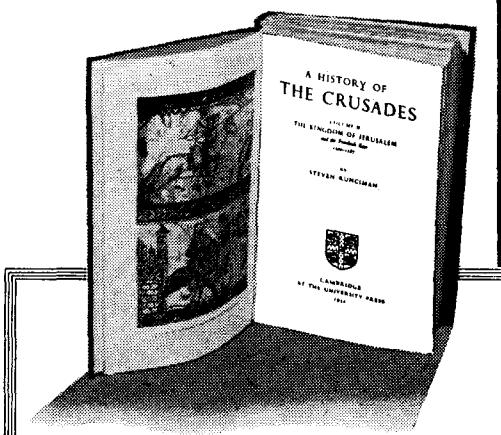
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUST PUBLISHED: The eagerly awaited new volume in "a truly monumental work"*

VOLUME II of A HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES, by Steven Runciman, tells the story of the Christian states established in Palestine and Syria after the First Crusade, and of the constant warfare and internal rivalry that culminated in the reconquest of Jerusalem by Saladin. A special chapter is devoted to the life and organization of the Frankish East. As in the widely acclaimed first volume, the author's intimate acquaintance with the original Western, Byzantine, and Moslem sources in ten languages gives his work great freshness, immediacy, and dramatic power.

What the critics said about the previous volume:

"This is the art of history at its best. Combines profound scholarship with one of the simplest, clearest, and most vigorous narrative styles in contemporary English."—*Newsweek*. "This notable book has no comparable predecessor in the English language."—*B.B.C. Third Program*. "His point of view is all-embracing. His gift of characterization is touched with subtle irony. Every reader of this book will look forward eagerly to the two volumes that are to follow."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*. *"The whole series promises to be not only the best comprehensive account of the crusades by a single author but a truly monumental work on all counts."—*American Historical Review*.



A HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES

By STEVEN RUNCIMAN

VOLUME II: THE KINGDOM OF JERUSALEM AND THE FRANKISH EAST.

Each volume contains bibliography, index, illustrations, and maps.
Volume I, $6.00
Volume II, $7.50

At your bookseller *CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS*

Have you discovered TILMAN?

"If ever better travel books are written in the lifetime of H. W. Tilman, it will probably be he who will write them."—*Saturday Review*. "The best sheer writing and spirit of any explorer in many a day."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News*.

Tilman's new book, which as usual makes light of his own achievements, tells about his forays into the largest of all inhabited countries still unexplored by Europeans. *60 photographs, $4.75*

NEPAL HIMALAYA

By H. W. TILMAN

At your bookseller *CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 29, 1952

The Scope of Dickens

EDGAR JOHNSON

—Bettmann Archive.

Charles Dickens, his wife, and her sister [1843], by Daniel Maclise.

Edgar Johnson

NOT primarily a systematic thinker, but a man of feeling, intuitive and emotional, Charles Dickens had nevertheless a sharp intelligence which pierced through the complexities of the social scene to a comprehension of its shocking realities that was essentially true. His instinctive sympathy with the fruitful and creative enabled him to see how the generous potentialities of human nature were crippled, and he felt his way step by step to a realization of the forces that blighted men's health and happiness. As a young reporter he watched the landowners resisting to the last ditch the abolition of the rotten boroughs. As a mature man he saw the slum landlords rack-renting their tenants and breeding the cholera by their determination not to spend a penny on sanitary improvement, observed the factory owners mutilating their workers with unfenced machinery, heard them screaming that they would be ruined by a ten-hour day and a living wage. He could put two and two together, and he did. By the time he had reached the middle of his career he understood capitalist industrialism at least as well as most nineteenth-century political economists.

He understood it with unwavering hostility. Every book he produced was not only a celebration of the true wealth of life; it was an attack on the forces of cruelty and selfishness. His heart seized the sword of a sharp and witty logic that slashed contemptuously through innumerable varieties of logical humbug and rationalist special pleading. He had no patience with statistical abstractions and economic theories that ignored the welfare of flesh-and-blood human beings, or with metaphysical systems remote from the hopes and fears of the human heart. Unlike so many of the lovers of humanity who are bitterly unable to love human beings, it was not an abstract humanity constructed in his mind that Dickens loved, but men, women, and children, with all their frailties and absurdities. His hatreds sprang full-armed out of that love.

His weapons were those of caricature and burlesque, of melodrama and unrestrained sentiment. But whether he poured out operatic harmonies of tears or wielded a slapstick whistling through the air and landing with a loud whack, his exaggerations serve mainly to focus a brilliant light of truth upon a squirming absurdity or a vice plausibly disguised as a virtue, to magnify the diseased tissue until its corruption is glaringly obvious. Bernard Shaw, who derived much of his satiric technique from Dickens, explained that his own method was to find the right things to say and then say them with the utmost exaggeration and levity. That is almost precisely the procedure of Dickens. He fought foolishness and evil by exaggerating their excesses. He painted monomania and sophistry in color of lurid absurdity. He belabored dogmatism and bigotry with fantastic ridicule. Every form of fanatical extremism he attacked with the wildest hyperbole. In a passion of glorious violence he defended the golden mean.

HIS moderation seems a paradox only because of the gigantic extravagance with which it is presented. Pecksniff is grotesque, but there is nothing immoderate about the judgment on hypocrisy he symbolizes. Bounderby is grotesque, but he might easily be a spokesman for any number of modern organizations of businessmen. Dickens nowhere suggests abolishing business enterprise or individual wealth, but he saw with indignation how incessantly they abused their power. Therefore, though he was well aware of the red tape and inefficiency of government agencies, no fear of "centralization" prevented him from demanding that the Government regulate industry and protect the public from private greed.

The same balance animates his stand at every turn. His delighted descriptions of eating and drinking involve no defense of gorging or drunkenness. Between the fat boy's sluggish and slow-witted gluttony and

---

Edgar Johnson is chairman of the English Department at City College in New York. This article is drawn from his two-volume "Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph," to be published this coming January by Simon & Schuster.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

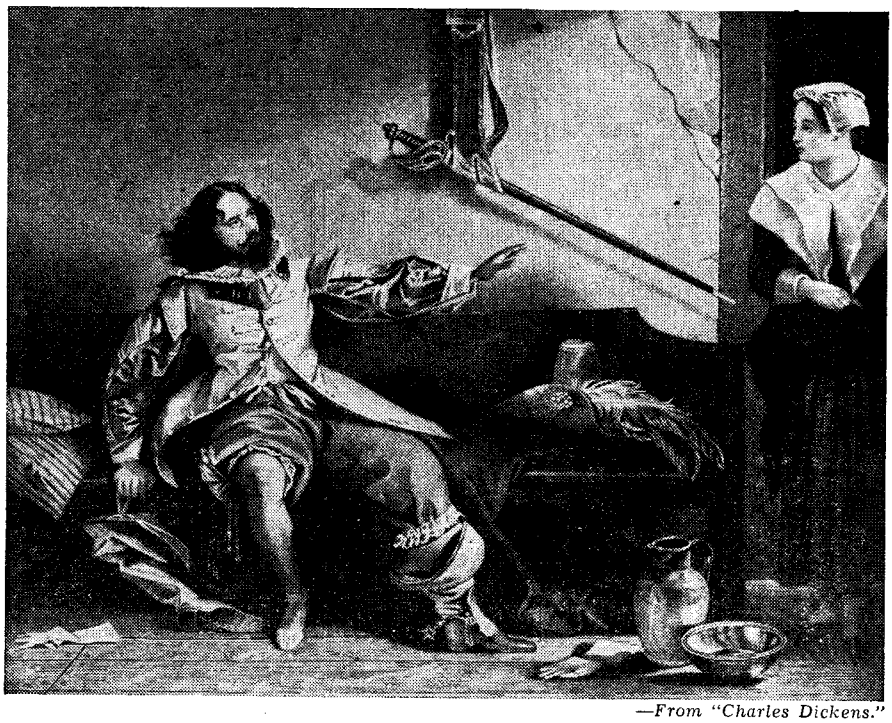
Scrooge's glum huddle over a solitary bowl of gruel, is not Dickens's position clear? He does not suggest that at Christmas dinner the Cratchits stuffed themselves to torpor or became maudlin on punch. Dickens knew the horrors of alcoholism among the poor but sharply repudiated the intolerant teetotalism of the temperance reformers. The true causes of habitual drunkenness, he insisted, were poverty, misery, and dirt, and they were not cured by forbidding a bottle at the family board. He bitterly opposed the puritanical moralists who grudged the poor any amusements in their laborious lives; he loved to see working people enjoying themselves at the circus and in the theatres. He denounced the gloomy Sabbatarians who fumed piously at Sunday picnics and wanted to close the museums on the one day of leisure the poor had. It is not his views that are bizarre, only his inordinate imagery.

His insistence on weighing everything in terms of human welfare shaped his responses to all the intellectual currents of his time. So strongly did it mold his feelings that commentators as varied as Dean Inge and Bernard Shaw have claimed he was unaware of the cultural upheavals of the nineteenth century and indifferent to all its fierce revivals and revolutionary movements in art, in philosophy, in science, in social theory, and in religion. Shaw quotes Inge's remark that "the number of great subjects in which Dickens took no interest whatever is amazing." But the generalization is far too sweeping. Dickens was himself a revolutionary movement in the art of literature, and had strong and considered judgments on its practice. Except for philosophy, of which he knew little, he was fully alert to the developments of the age, and was at least as well informed as most educated men, not excluding men of letters.

In the realm of music, it is true, his background hardly extended beyond romantic songs, comic ditties, and the old English ballad-operas, which he liked better than he did the Italian opera.

He makes no mention of either symphonic or chamber music, and there is no indication that he ever heard of Wagner, but he relished "jolly little Polkas and Quadrilles," and liked Auber's "Masaniello" and "Fra Diavolo." From the time of his residence in Paris in 1855, and perhaps even from that of his earlier stay in 1846, he enjoyed the opera there, loved "Il Trovatore" and "The Barber of Seville," and was deeply moved by Gounod's "Faust" and Gluck's "Orpheus." His daughter Mary testified that he was enchanted by Joachim's playing on the violin, and that he was fond of Mendelssohn's Lieder and of Mozart and Chopin.

He had no training in the fine arts, and his responses to Italian art and architecture were not unusually perceptive, but they were vivid and untrammeled. Although at first he derided the Pre-Raphaelites, and wrote an article of sneering mockery about Millais's controversial "Christ in the Carpenter Shop," he later became an admiring friend of Millais and of Holman Hunt. The Parisian Independent Exhibition of 1855 revealed tremendous further strides in his development; he saw that Ingres, Corot, Manet, Courbet, and Degas left most contemporary English painting in the shade. In comparison with their fearlessness, their bold drawing, their dashing conception, their passion and action, he thought, how timid and conventional seemed his own friends Maclise, Egg, Ward, Frith, and Stanfield.



—*From "Charles Dickens."*

Dickens as Bobadil in "Every Man in His Humor," by C. R. Leslie.

OF classical literature he knew little and showed hardly the slightest influence. But he knew the entire range of English prose fiction, from Bunyan and Defoe through Swift, Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, Sterne, and Goldsmith, to Cooper, Irving, and Scott. He had a broad knowledge of the drama, from Shakespeare, Jonson, and their fellow Elizabethans, through Congreve, Sheridan, and all the comic playwrights, down to an almost endless number of nineteenth-century comedies and farces. He knew Addison and Steele, Goldsmith's essays, and Aubrey's "Brief Lives"; he loved Pepys's "Diary" and Boswell's "Johnson." From childhood on he had devoured books of travel and exploration. Wegg's farcical stumblings through the pitfalls of "The Decline and Fall-off the Rooshan Empire," in "Our Mutual Friend," show that Dickens had a more than superficial if not entirely reverential acquaintance with Gibbon, and among the historians he had also read Macaulay, Carlyle, and Buckle. He deeply admired Cobbett, De Quincey, and Landor; Sydney Smith's "Lectures on Moral Philosophy" was one of his favorite books. He was among the earliest to realize the genius of Browning and Tennyson; he published some of the poems of the young Meredith and praised his "Shaving of Shagpat"; he stimulated the literary career of Mrs. Gaskell; he hailed the very first published fiction of George Eliot as already a work of noble fulfilment. If he did not really care much for the writings of Thackeray and Anthony Trollope, he always spoke well of them. Almost his last words to one of the companions who saw him sail for America on the *Russia* were a tribute to Matthew Arnold. Among the French writers of his own time, he knew and admired Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Dumas, and Hugo; he was on terms of intimacy with the leading Parisian dramatists. *Household Words* was one of the first English periodicals to praise Turgeniev, and Dickens himself had seven volumes of Turgeniev's work, in French and English, on the shelves of his library at Gad's Hill.

Dickens's interest in science was re-

(*Continued on page* 44)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction. Where does fiction end and fact begin? Many readers will ask themselves that question in thinking about this week's variety of novels. Beneath its fiction veneer Robert Carson's "The Magic Lantern" gives a panoramic picture of Hollywood's commercial and social life which will probably be resented by those who think themselves to be caricatured and enjoyed by those who vicariously follow the antics in filmland through syndicated columns. Socio-science wrapped in fiction has had some startling popularity in this country. About sixty-four years ago Edward Bellamy caused a sensation with his fiction-veiled predictions of things to come in "Looking Backward" (from 2000 A.D. that is), which is still a steady seller. Other literary prognosticators like Aldous Huxley and George Orwell have turned out classics of the kind and met with remarkable response. Bernard Wolfe's "Limbo" (page 17) belongs in the same class with its provocative and pyrotechnical speculations. The plot must be read to be believed!

Shadows on Celluloid

THE MAGIC LANTERN. By Robert Carson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 504 pp. $3.95.

By Budd Schulberg

THEY didn't travel westward in covered wagons, and the enemy who ambushed them were process-servers rather than Indians, but they were pioneers. They had the vision of pioneers, and the drive, the fanaticism, competitiveness, and sometimes the amorality of pioneers. Starting from scratch (and without scratch) some fifty years ago, in less than thirty-odd years they parlayed a penny-arcade novelty into a billion-dollar industry that revolutionized the entertainment of the whole world. I refer, of course, to the founders of the American motion-picture business.

Norris and Dreiser and Sinclair have made novels out of the growth and power of other great American industries. But the Hollywood phenomenon, for all its incredible development and worldwide influence, has been largely neglected in our literature. Now Robert Carson, a noted screenwriter who knows his Hollywood, presents us with this ambitious, painstaking novel of the film capital from its humble beginnings through its spectacular triumph in the Coolidge era to the panicky introduction of sound in the late Twenties.

This saga of the "silent days" is told through the eyes of young Ellie Silversmith, son of Frank P. Silversmith, and while the father-son relationship is the wheel on which this book revolves, it is the elder Silversmith who powers that wheel. He seems to be a shrewd amalgam of Selznick (old Lewis J.) and Laemmele, Goldwyn, and Fox, and some of the other inspired gamblers who got in on the ground floor when that floor was covered with the saw-dust of the old Nickelodeon.

Silversmith is cunning, tenacious, ruthless, obsessed, visionary—a truly-drawn product of his day. His love for his son is the possessive, self-perpetuating kind in which domineering men so often indulge. Frank Silversmith lavishes generosity on Ellie, but always for selfish ends. Even when Ellie falls in love, his father capitalized on this emotion to consolidate the power of the Silversmiths. A sense of dynasty is one of Hollywood's more valid and pathetic qualities, and Carson's understanding of this is shown in his account of Silversmith's efforts to establish a dynastic control to which Ellie can succeed. Yet, for all his unethical vigor, his compulsive, egoistic drive to establish his son and his company as a lasting monument, Frank Silversmith is never quite the dynamic and full-bodied figure we expect him to become.

We learn how he dresses and what he says and how he operates. His dreams and schemes are known to us, and these are drawn from the sound historical data on the exciting shoestring days of early feature production. Carson has outlined him well and has not spared himself in crayoning in all the necessary colors. What

Budd Schulberg, who has lived many years in Hollywood, is the author of "What Makes Sammy Run" and "The Disenchanted."

THE AUTHOR: Unlike many writers who went West only after they'd scored in the hinterlands, Robert Carson got his first mouthful of literary pabulum in Hollywood itself. "I started in with pictures," he said the other day as he teed off on an autobiography that revealed him as having undergone a succession of attitudes vis-à-vis Hollywood—crazy about it, bored by it, grateful to it, but, most of all, determined to put it in proper perspective. Carson turned up on the scene in the mid-Thirties, in his twenties. A scenarist, he ran the works of Robert Carson, P. C. Wren, and R. Kipling through his typewriter, and extracted the scenarios of "Men with Wings" (1938), "Beau Geste" (1939), and "The Light That Failed" (1939). Back in 1937 Carson had reached a cinema apogee in "A Star Is Born," its story winning him and William Wellman an Academy Award. There have been other movies he'd just as soon forget. Also, there have been novels and magazine fiction. Anyway, it now appears Carson is the kind of man who'd rather leave his Hollywood imprint in a novel than in the cement of Grauman's Chinese. "I had become bored with modern Hollywood, a pleasant wonderland entirely mechanized, organized, and businesslike," he said, discussing his book. "The beginnings of it were fascinating, romantic, and often incredible; but when the dead and clammy hands of the bankers and cost-accountants fell upon the studios, spiritual atrophy set in. Having lived in Hollywood most of my life, I loved it. I bore no grudge, cherished a certain gratitude for favors received, and had no axe to grind. Somehow, I thought, justice had not been done an international phenomenon, a fantastic industry, and a goose that laid golden eggs daily. Wild parties, bitter sarcasm, and the idiocies of movie critics who almost never know the least thing about pictures and the solemn, stultified poses of the present film grandees were not sensible explanations for a force which has moved billions and made billions. So," Carson concluded, "I had to write a novel. I hope I have somehow managed to convey a little of the most potent magic that was ever brewed."

—Bernard Kalb.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seems to be missing is that illusive, magical element that breathes life into competently created characters and plots.

Ellie Silversmith, who hates and fears his father while remaining the old man's pliant instrument, is another convincing character who somehow lacks that extra quality of being vibrantly alive. He is more human than Silversmith senior, and more generous, and his interest in developing the art of the movies goes far beyond his piratical father's. Some of the best things in the book are Ellie's descriptions of the feverish activity of picture-making. There is a first-rate description of the inventiveness of an early cameraman who reminded me of that unheralded veteran, Joe August, head cameraman on "The Informer." "He masked out parts of scenes, contributed elaborate tops to sets that were topless with slides of painted glass, changed the lighting of whole areas from where he stood at the camera, and when necessary overcranked or undercranked to artificially slow or speed the action." Carson concludes this section with a fitting epitaph to a forgotten hero whose contribution "is entombed in rolls of yellowing and brittle film that run too fast on modern projection machines and are populous with a race of uninhibited and voiceless actors who provoke present audiences to laughter."

The first half of the book, particularly, is replete with knowing observations on a medium that has attracted millions of admirers, but all too few with a genuine appreciation of the movies' artistic and technical demands. There is a breathlessly convincing chapter on the production of a record-breaking silent feature, the hit with which Silversmith Productions soars into the big time. By a happy accident the film is "Ivanhoe," one of those timeless marquee titles that has been breaking box-office records again this very year. "The Magic Lantern" is so entertaining when it addresses itself to the actual function of film-making that one can't help wishing that its emotional line and its plot measured up to its knowledge of the subject-matter and its admirable intentions.

There are times when one wonders whether this book has too much plot or not enough pages. It is one of those overly conscientious plots that does not like to leave anything dangling. It has Silversmith doublecrossing his associates at the beginning only to have them usurp his company at the end; it has Silversmith in a financial jam and needing help from a caricatured pious hypocrite, Christopherson, just in time for Christopherson to get involved in a personal scandal and need the Silversmiths to help *him* out, which of course they do on condition that he'll see them through *their* emergency; it has Ellie falling madly in love with Christopherson's granddaughter, an odd little reddish-haired number called Honey, and about to become the senior partner in Sliversmith Productions by marrying her and inheriting the "dirty old man's" majority interest; it has old man Christopherson grow senile so that Honey's hateful parents, aided by a sinister operator called Segal, become the real owners of the company; it has Honey dying in childbirth, a fate thoroughly deserved after some of the stickiest dialogue this side of *Godey's Lady's Book*. This reviewer lost track of the number of times she said something like this: "I'm Mrs. Silversmith, the lovely wife of the head of Silversmith Productions. I'm the one who thought of making the lovely baby. Most of the three thousand dollars a week for three years will be spent on me."

Carson is writing a novel and not a social history and so can hardly be criticized for not following more faithfully the course of actual events. But the fall from power of a Silversmith may be more significant than he has indicated. It was not the outsmarting of one "independent" by another that leads to the eclipse of a Silversmith. In actuality, with the advent of sound, the film business had expanded too rapidly for any individuals to maintain personal ownership, and a new era was beginning in which the actual control shifted from Hollywood and the "last tycoons" to New York and the great banking companies.

We leave this novel with the sense that while we have enjoyed this cavalcade we have not been as deeply moved as we had expected to be during the early reels. But even aware of its shortcomings, you should enjoy "The Magic Lantern" for its sound historical background and its evocation of the men and women whose daring and all-around skulduggery, vision, and domineering drive are already the stuff of legends.

The Road to Delhi

THE MASK OF A LION. By A. T. W. Simeons. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 305 *pp.* $3.50.

By Robert Payne

SOON (the sooner the better) someone is going to write the picaresque novel which most closely corresponds to our time. We are all vagabonds now. With half the world running blindly from terror and the other half firmly embracing it, the story of our vagabondage assumes a new perspective. It is possible to imagine a vast novel corresponding in its scope to "Don Quixote" or Joyce's "Ulysses" which will tell of these strange wanderings from one temporary resting place to another: a moment's pause for breath, then sudden flight, then a pilgrimage to the shrines, but the shrines are empty and the enemy stands behind them in ambush. And so the journey goes on, with the footsteps of the pursuers heard like continual drumbeats, the families torn apart, the caravans lost in the desert. Is there some rest perhaps at the North Pole? It would be a novel like the Indian epics where an incredible number of extraneous characters are allowed to wander into the story and somehow by their very presence enrich the tale. We know that the great epics were written at the time of the folk-wanderings. Then why is it that in our own age we have no comparable story of human wanderings and deceits and travails as we make our way through the dark?

It would be pleasant to record that "The Mask of a Lion" is a picaresque novel of considerable proportions. Unfortunately, it is not. Dr. A. T. W. Simeons has contented himself with a miniature canvas, and within the limits he has chosen for himself he has succeeded admirably at least half the time.

He tells the story of Govind, an Indian tailor who pricks his thumb one morning and feels no pain. Then strange rough bumps appear on his forehead and over his arms, and it occurs to him that he is suffering from leprosy. In fear and trembling he goes to a quack doctor and then to a Government hospital. Suddenly the prosperous tailor becomes a pariah, evil-smelling, ugly, bloated, shambling in the dust with every man's hand against him. It is the story which Kafka told in "Metamorphosis," but Kafka's immense beetle clinging on the wall was curiously inhuman: Govind is only too human, only too credible, and these introductory chapters are wonderfully sustained. Afterwards we

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

follow Govind in his wanderings as he lives off the Indian countryside, joining the bands of lepers who wander and beg and steal, and by the very fear men have of them they make a passable living.

There is Bapu, the bawdy grandfather of the tribe, without arms or feet, who must be carried on Govind's strong back; croaking old Bapu, with his rags and his sores and his ribaldry, squatting on the temple steps, ogling the women, and arranging the affairs of the tribe, is the stuff of legend. There is the leprous halfwit Sadashiv, who can sing like an angel, loud-snoring Dwarkadas, who is an adept at stealing and seducing, and young Seeta with her trinkets and her gay smiles, and half a dozen others. This circus troupe of lepers wanders through plague and famine until the time comes when Seeta prefers Govind to Dwarkadas. In disgust Dwarkadas stamps on Bapu, and then a thin strip of cloth is twisted round his neck. The survivors wander away. They have little enough hope. The raging heat of the Indian summers, the cold at night, the hatred of villagers—everything is against them, and all India is in front of them.

When the story is concerned with the wanderings of these outcasts it moves on an epic and heroic plane. Unfortunately, Dr. Simeons, an authority on leprosy, has seen to it that Govind should occasionally disappear from the story and enter a Methodist leprosarium. There, among the white walls, attended by impeccable nurses, Govind is partially cured. We are happy for Govind, but the incursions into the leprosarium blow the story to blazes. The good doctors are zealous, but they talk in the flat-footed English characteristic of missionary magazines, and a missionary fervor hovers over all the chapters in which Govind receives his intravenous injections. We prefer him when he is running free, making love to Seeta, drunk with life, giving his lice and bugs names and talking to them, wandering drunkenly through the moon-patched forests and drinking milk from the udders of stolen goats, sleeping lightly, because all the people of the road sleep lightly, crazed with fear—of losing Seeta, of growing ill again, of all the hobgoblins who haunt the Indian dark.

In the end, of course, he does lose his Seeta and enters another leprosarium and is cured completely, so completely that he returns to his old wife and all the nightmare of his wanderings is put away. Virtue triumphs, and we wonder what poor old Bapu would think of such nonsense. Perhaps it would have been better if Bapu had been the center of the story.

Hurrah for Disligament

LIMBO. By Bernard Wolfe. New York: Random House. 438 *pp.* $3.50.

By Harvey Curtis Webster

THE time is 1990, eighteen years after the Third World War destroyed most of mankind and left the survivors psychically or physically wounded. The chief character is Dr. Martine, who said no to the steamroller, which society had become by 1972, when he abdicated from the war to end all wars and all mankind. The place is an unmapped island where the Mandunji have practised pacifism for six hundred years and come to regard aggression, creativeness, and individuality as the three deadly sins; there Dr. Martine found refuge when he fled from the EMSIAC War of 1972. The situation that provokes the action of the novel is the discovery of the island by a group of men with prosthetic limbs that improve upon efficiency of movement as greatly as UNIVAC appears to have improved upon the human brain.

What I have said makes Bernard Wolfe's excellent first novel sound a good deal like the science fiction that has increasingly entranced a reading public already half on its knees before technological "progress," but "Limbo" no more resembles the pulp tales that dramatize supermen with supermachines than Graham Greene's "entertainments" resemble the quarter thriller. The action plausibly reveals the horrors the ordinary and exceptional man may have to face if the implications of 1950 are fulfilled in 1990; the tone is serious, and the intention is that of an intelligent prophet who hopes he can forestall the future by foretelling its possible course. There are cities underground, superatomic explosions, machines that regulate prices and predict consumption, spies and counterspies, wars between East and West, voluntary amputees who are the heroes of society, yet one is never permitted to forget that this shape of things that may come draws a logical conclusion from the development of cybernetics and believably confirms what psychology has discovered about the aggressive-masochistic nature of most men now.

When Dr. Martine feels compelled to leave his refuge and return to what was the United States he discovers a society from which humor and creativity have disappeared. There are two parties that masochistically contend for control of the Inner Strip that is all that has been saved and rebuilt of America. Members of both

—*Karsh.*

Bernard Wolfe—"there is hope."

these parties—the Pro-Pros and the Anti-Pros—have taken disarmament literally, indeed they have gone in for disligament as well. Pro-Pros have artificial limbs that perform miracles and are supposed to be used only for athletic feats. Anti-Pros, carrying Eastern quietism as far as it can be taken, live limblessly in baskets where they contemplate and talk of the danger of all action. Similar parties and customs prevail in the East Union that has grown up where the Soviet empire once existed, but dismemberment has not effectively stopped the antagonism of two parts of one world nor does it prevent war finally.

My simplification of "Limbo's" complexity does not reveal adequately the tremendous intellectual stimulation this fine novel communicates. Despite the fact that there are portions of his novel that read like an overintellectualized comic strip and despite his sometime inability to digest ideas as fully as one might wish, Mr. Wolfe's projection of the present into the future is on the whole more satisfying than Orwell's "1984" or Mr. Huxley's "Brave New World." The future he presents is even more horrible than that we find in the other not-Utopian novels that have become a characteristic product of our culture, but he is less deeply pessimistic. If man can learn to treat his body reverently, control the machine and his own ambivalent desires to punish and be punished, there is hope, Mr. Wolfe implies. If man does not, perhaps he deserves the psychic and physical extermination that is the inevitable consequence of conscious or unconscious surrender to our enemies.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Magic Mogul

BY HIS OWN HAND. By Henry W. Clune. New York: The Macmillan Co. 586 pp. $3.95.

By Charles Lee

HENRY W. CLUNE's novel about a big businessman will stir arteries as well as talk. His subject, Alan Wesley, a kind of prissy dynamo who one moment wields a mace and the next mouths speeches only a Frank Merriwell could speak without blushing, is perhaps too large for a single book. Dreiser needed a trilogy for Cowperwood, but perhaps it was Mr. Clune's intention that Alan Wesley should enjoy his richer development in mind rather than in manuscript. At any rate, Wesley seizes upon the reader's consciousness with something of the same ruthless possessiveness he exhibits toward the city of Minerva, its industry, politics, press, and people.

What makes Wesley "run" is a consuming subject of conversation in the drawing-rooms as well as the kitchens of the city, and no one, not even the author himself, seems to have the whole answer. Even in 1909 he was a force to reckon with; by Franklin Roosevelt's time he had achieved the status of an economic royalist, a member of the financial nobility that would forget its robber days and recall only the hospitals and universities its Midas touch had brought into being. But what was the relationship between Wesley's diminutive stature and his Napoleonic complex? What caused him to build a vast mansion staffed by thirty-two servants in tribute to his mother? How did his Oedipal involvement affect his love life, his emotional development, his attitudes to ethics? And what destitution of the spirit did he owe to his harsh memories of his father?

No one has the whole answer to Wesley, and it is no wonder, therefore, that he is seen in a dozen variations of Jekyll and Hyde by his friends and enemies: as a golden ogre, a benevolent despot, an American Fascist, an ascetic, an industrial genius, a tiger in a pin-striped suit, a parvenu, an economic octopus, a public benefactor, an astonishing success, a magnificent failure, and an arid, lonely old man.

Mr. Clune explores Wesley's life in great detail, his business expansions and the cynical methods he uses to advance them, his political machinations, his assaults upon the tribal traditions of Minerva society, his unconscious assuagements of conscience in the form of gigantic gifts to the community he has so long exploited, and the women in his life. Besides his

Henry W. Clune—"will stir arteries."

mother, there are Bernice Kellogg, a vivid socialite who becomes unofficial hostess of Wesley House; Ann Langley, an honest adventuress who becomes his mistress but refuses to be his wife; and Judy Prentiss, whose fox-chasing Micawber of a husband causes unsuspected disturbances in the thickets of his soul. Wesley discovers in the end that the beat of his own heart is louder than the thunderous Wagner that organ-rolls through his mansion at breakfast time, and that the old, old story of worlds gained and women and spirit lost is always frighteningly new.

There are wooden and wordy moments in "By His Own Hand," but the over-all effect is vital enough to sustain the interest through a very long book. Saturated with the "props" and manners of yesteryears, it is more solid than brilliant, more dramatic than penetrating. It will rouse economic dispute and moral passion as it offers an enigmatic character, by turns dull, vicious, noble, insipid, inspiring, contemptible, pathetic, and complex.

—Peter Ressiter.

May Sarton—"rewarding and memorable."

Husband's Burden

A SHOWER OF SUMMER DAYS. By May Sarton. New York: Rinehart & Co. 244 pp. $2.75.

By Sara Henderson Hay

MAY SARTON'S novel is the story of four people and a house. Dene's Court was one of the few surviving "great houses" of Ireland; a grand house, surely, "grand in the plain, enlightened way that spoke of the age in which it had been built . . . sheltered by a frieze of trees, the ancient elephant hills behind it, Dene's Court relied on proportion alone: a high Italianate façade; of the twenty windows those on the first floor were long, those on the upper two floors almost square. The façade was without ornament, hardly broken by terrace steps and the high central door, constantly changing in the changing light, a surface made to take the sun, to turn pale gold or dark slate under the influence of cloud or rain, making its only compromise with the weather. . . ."

The setting, then, is established beautifully, and throughout the book the background of the house is lovingly and vividly maintained. It was Violet Dene Gordon's ancestral home, and she and her husband, Charles, leaving India after thirty years of British civil service, had come back to settle there. To Violet, Dene's Court was more than just the place where she and Charles would continue their life together, a marriage whose structure was still based more on emotion and passion than on true congeniality; it was compound of all her childhood and girlhood memories; it was layer upon layer of seasons and time, a symbol of a tradition and a manner of living whose essential qualities were unchanged, though the human generations had changed and gone to dust.

To Charles, whose memories were not bound up in it, the huge estate, understaffed and ill-equipped, was a challenge; a change of profession which he met with zest, a challenge because, feeling the freight of the intangible presences, he knew (as did Violet) that they must somehow together dominate the house and assert their own identities.

To Sally, the American daughter of Violet's estranged sister Barbie, sent to Dene's Court for the summer to get over her infatuation for a young actor, Ian, the house was a prison, and its influence something to be defied. Sally was a rebel, scorning a way of life which she felt was meaningless and a retreat from reality; her aunt

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and uncle typified to her a surrender to the past, and she resented and feared the bonds which drew her against her will. And to Ian, who, in a brief weekend visit climaxing the summer, proved himself alien to more than the locale, the house was merely a rather run-down "Chekhovian" relic.

Miss Sarton's novel is a study of personality, of both the human and the inanimate variety, since the house had, in its way, perhaps the most definite personality of them all—an influence so pervasive and so compelling that in its light were brought about the recognition and the resolving of the conflicts and problems of the people it sheltered during this particular and significant summer of their lives. It is the author's purpose to show how these people, in this setting, came to an understanding not only of themselves and their motives. but of each other. It is an intricate pattern of emotional relationships, so large a pattern, in fact, that one feels occasionally that Miss Sarton has compressed it into too small a space. So much has to be settled that at times actions and reactions are explained rather than allowed, by implication and suggestion, to make their own significant revelations. Sally's personality, for example, is so complex that some of the right-about-faces she makes seem to me insufficiently dealt with. The character of Violet, on the other hand, a woman whose beauty has been a mirror in which she saw herself reflected in the eyes of others, and who fears for what will be left her when this dependable beauty is gone, is particularly well drawn, with deep insight and sympathetic perception.

The qualities which have distinguished May Sarton's poetry, the feeling for words, the vividness and color of expression, the imagination and observation, are here richly present. I could wish that she had given them more latitude than she has in this rather brief novel, but in any event, "A Shower of Summer Days" is a rewarding and memorable book.

Fiction Notes

LOUISIANA SAGA: To her imposing list of best-sellers Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes adds another ambitious chronicle. **"Steamboat Gothic"** (Messner, $3.75) returns to the Louisiana terrain which she explored in an earlier novel, "The River Road." This time she paints with bolder strokes on a broader canvas in a family saga ranging from the Civil

(*Continued on page* 37)

U.S.S.R. & U.S.A.

If there is any doubt that international relations is partially a study in the turnover of historical bedfellows, one only needs to consider some of the books reviewed this week. An interesting case in point is the American-Russian relation during the Civil War as explained by Albert A. Woldman in "Lincoln and the Russians" (page 20), tracing the ups and downs in that diplomatic exchange, William A. Williams employs a full-dress analysis in "American-Russian Relations, 1781-1947" (below) in an attempt to throw light on the current hostile about-face in attitudes. That Russia is intent on keeping a true picture of its domestic state of affairs closely guarded is obvious from the various observers who try piecing together this jig-saw puzzle. Whatever information is gathered, however, gives the reason for Russian secrecy. Solomon M. Schwartz, using official Russian sources, puts into revealing focus the condition of "Labor in the Soviet Union" (page 21). Finally, there is another attempt to understand the formidable mystery "Stalin" (page 41) by Nikolaus Basseches.

Friends and/or Rivals

AMERICAN-RUSSIAN RELATIONS, 1781-1947. By William Appelman Williams. New York: Rinehart & Co. 367 pp. $5.

By Samuel Flagg Bemis

THIS is perhaps the most provocative book yet printed on the history of American-Russian, particularly upon American-Soviet, relations. It lodges this vital question in the reader's mind: Would the subsequent course of Russian-American affairs have been set for the better if Woodrow Wilson's Government in the days of Brest-Litovsk, and subsequent American Administrations since then, had supported the Bolsheviks and later Soviet rulers instead of lending themselves to the forces of counter-revolution and, after the failure of that, to the policy of containment? Both this question and the brilliant young author, William A. Williams, who puts it are bound to leave their marks for better or worse on the historiography of American foreign policy and diplomacy.

During the First World War the fact of German aggression and Russia's fear of Japanese encroachment provided a significant opportunity, Dr. Williams reminds us, to conclude an agreement with the Soviets that indeed would have stood Woodrow Wilson's pragmatic "acid test" of Allied good will.

Any disposition to face these facts and act on them gave way—despite Wilson's momentary conversion—to a policy of encouraging counterrevolution and intervention. The reasons for this reversion, concludes the author, were "pride, fear, personal and official antagonism, and in part the 'emotional impulses' of those involved."

He does not enlarge on the basis for this fear—destruction of the old contractual order and personal liberties of the democratic Western world. Nor does he ask the question whether an agreement between the Allies and the United States on the one hand and Soviet Russia on the other hand would have been worth the paper it was written on. For Lenin and Trotsky had specifically warned that any agreement for common action against German or Japanese aggression would have to be based on the principles of international Socialism as the continued internal and foreign policy of the Soviet Government.

The author consistently deprecates American policy toward Russia from the time of John Hay to that of Herbert Hoover as dominated by capitalistic desires for economic and political expansion in Asia, and by attempts to revise the economic policy of the

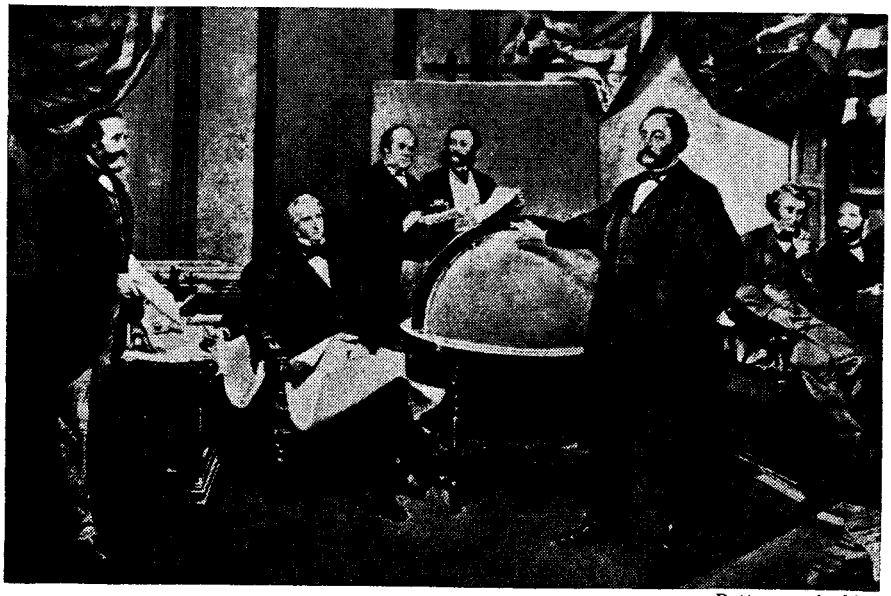
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Communist Revolution in order to provide a field for American economic penetration of Russia over the ruins of the Revolution. The capitalist forces, abetted by trusted career men in the Department of State—William Phillips, Robert F. Kelley, and George F. Kennan—overbore the saner advice of outsiders like William Boyce Thompson, Raymond Robbins, Alexander Gumberg, and Senator William E. Borah to reach some sort of a "meaningful" agreement with the Soviet Government. They even prevailed over the abortive Roosevelt-Litvinov agreement of 1933. Failure of American policy to make a pact with Soviet Russia to stem German and Japanese aggression explains, if indeed it does not justify, the "only" Soviet alternatives: the Nazi-Soviet pact of August 1939, and the Winter War against Finland to reinsure Russian defenses against an outflanking Baltic attack by Hitler.

Dr. Williams's work is heavily documented from apparently unrestricted access to Department of State archives to 1937, and from printed (which means carefully selected) Soviet papers. He steadily finds fault with American foreign policy toward Russia since 1900, except perhaps for Franklin D. Roosevelt's policy at Teheran and the implications of his "democratic approach to the problems of industry." He has little if anything to say against Soviet policy toward the United States and the Western world; the sins of the Soviets, if any, seem to be the mistakes of the United States. He makes scarce mention of Russian non-aggression treaties made and broken with other powers since 1934; he has nothing to say of the implacable nature of Soviet revolution and Red imperialism. Surely these subjects are pertinent to any inquiry into Russian-American relations that suggests that the peace might not have been lost after the Second World War if only the United States had accepted Russia's terms for a sweet reconciliation.

The central core of the study is American policy toward Soviet Russia from 1917 to 1937, but the author with the aid of secondary studies inserts some preliminary and useful chapters to reach back to 1781 and a sort of epilogue to carry along to 1947, thus enabling him to embrace the title "American-Russian Relations 1781-1947."

Samuel Flagg Bemis, professor of diplomatic history and inter-American relations at Yale University, is the author of numerous works on American foreign policy, including "A Diplomatic History of the United States."



—*Bettmann Archive.*

"Signing the Treaty of the Purchase of Alaska," by Leutze.

Wars in the Wind

LINCOLN AND THE RUSSIANS. By Albert A. Woldman. Cleveland: The World Publishing Co. 311 pp. $5.

By David Donald

"RUSSIA entertains for the United States of America a lively sympathy founded on sentiments of mutual friendship and on common interests," the official newspaper of the Russian Government announced. "Not only are our interests alike," the Russian ruler added, "but our enemies are the same."

"In regard to Russia," replied the American Secretary of State, "she has our friendship, in every case, in preference to any other European power, simply because she always wishes us well, and leaves us to conduct our affairs as we think best."

The quotations are not from some futuristic horror story of a sovietized America; they are taken from actual diplomatic interchanges during the American Civil War. At the time the United States and Russia were in conflict on no issues, and they shared a traditional enmity for Great Britain, a similar military problem of domestic insurrection (Southern in the one case, Polish in the other), and a comparable social crisis caused by the liberation of their servile populations. "The two countries," wrote Prince Gortchakov, "placed at the extremities of the two worlds, both in the ascending period of their development, appear called to a natural community of interests and of sympathies."

In "Lincoln and the Russians" Albert A. Woldman contends that "this strange alliance" of American democracy and European autocracy "was a potent factor in preventing European intervention in the American Civil War and in stopping an Anglo-French alliance from attacking Russia over the turbulent Polish question." But this carefully advertised friendship of "two of the most mismated international bedfellows in all recorded history" was not, Mr. Woldman feels, the result of "lively sympathy" or of "mutual friendship." Instead, it was simply "realistic international politics in full play." When the United States opposed international intervention in the Polish crisis of 1863, it was not from any love of the Russians but from fear that a precedent be set for meddling in the American domestic conflict. And, in turn, the Russian fleets were sent to New York and San Francisco not because of the Czar's sympathy for the North but because he feared that in the anticipated European war his fleet would be bottled up in the Baltic. After Appomattox when the United States purchased Alaska, it was no gesture of "altruistic friendship" on either part. The Russians knew they would certainly lose their American empire shortly and the purchasers knew what they were getting.

This tale of Realpolitik is not new

David Donald, assistant professor of history at Columbia University, is the editor of the recently published book "Divided We Fought," a pictorial history of the Civil War.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to students of the Civil War period, though it has never before been presented in the detail that Mr. Woldman offers. His discussion of the Alaska purchase is based heavily on a 1912 article by W. A. Dunning; the "myth of the Russian fleet" was demolished by F. A. Golder in 1920; and the whole story of Russo-American relations during the Civil War was presented concisely by Benjamin P. Thomas in 1930. Mr. Woldman brings few fresh insights to an old subject, and as diplomatic history "Lincoln and the Russians" is conventional and often superficial. Even the title is open to objection, for it is not clear that Lincoln had much to do with the Russians. The "frequent, detailed, and voluminous" reports of the Russian minister at Washington "seldom mentioned President Lincoln," apparently for the good reason that the busy executive left such routine and peaceable foreign relations to be handled by his competent Secretary of State. Even when the Russian fleet appeared in the Potomac, the President missed seeing the Czar's sailors, "fiendishly ugly" and exhibiting "vast absorbent powers," for he was ill with varioloid.

If "Lincoln and the Russians" were only a retelling of Russo-American wartime diplomacy, it should be dismissed as another of those repetitive books which people who write about Lincoln tend to produce. Fortunately, however, it is not merely that. Mr. Woldman has included extensive extracts from hitherto unpublished dispatches of Edouard de Stoeckl, Russian minister at Washington, to his foreign office in St. Petersburg. It is not clear that Stoeckl's communications had much to do with shaping Russian policy, but they do provide a running commentary on the Civil War as seen by an intelligent, prejudiced, sometimes inaccurate, but always interesting foreigner. For the President, "a man of irreproachable honesty but of mediocre ability," Stoeckl had little use. "The great trouble with Lincoln," he wrote acidly, "was that the task was too great for him." The Russian minister thought equally poorly of Northern generals and politicians.

Still, not all of Stoeckl's observations were pessimistic and not all of them were erroneous. The Americans, he informed his superiors in April 1865, "have passed through one of the greatest revolutions of a century replete with political convulsions, and they have come out of it with their resources unexhausted, their energy renewed through surmounting a thousand differences." The war had revealed the latent strength of a democracy; for, "if the Government was incompetent, the people proved themselves great."

The Mortgage of Reform

LABOR IN THE SOVIET UNION. By Solomon M. Schwartz. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. 364 pp. $6.

By S. M. Levitas

A VAST literature on the Soviet Union has developed since the Bolsheviks seized power in 1917, but one will search in vain for a book that describes truthfully and in detail the everyday life of the Russian worker and peasant in whose name the Communists rule. Solomon M. Schwartz's analysis of "Labor in the Soviet Union" should help finally to fill this gap.

The author makes clear in a foreword that it is not his intention to discuss questions related to the social and political content of Soviet life, and in all 364 pages of his book there is not one polemical argument. Rather, Mr. Schwartz has set himself the task of portraying and analyzing the complicated evolution of Soviet labor policy, and to this end he produces a mass of data culled from official sources. He describes that policy not only as it emerges from legislation and executive decree and as it is expressed in Communist propaganda but also as it shows up in the daily existence of the Russian worker. In short, "Labor in the Soviet Union" focuses upon the end-product of Soviet labor policy as well as upon its alleged intentions.

It might be observed that the author has not aimed at an exhaustive account of all the problems of Russian labor, but has concentrated upon certain crucial problems. Thus he dwells upon such fundamental changes as the withering away of the free labor market and the introduction in its stead of the control and direction of labor by the state—a control which was never systematic, surprisingly enough, but always piecemeal and empirical. Parallel with this development, the nature of worker-employer relationships underwent basic changes since no such thing as an employer could exist, in theory at least. In fact the state replaced the employer but in a more menacing form, and the new relationship of worker to state is studied by Mr. Schwartz in all of its vital phases—from the formal employment contract entered into to the use of official coercion to guarantee its fulfilment and the interests of the state.

—*Scott Long in* The Minneapolis Tribune.

"Hero of the Soviet Union."

This planned process was accompanied by far-reaching changes in wage policy and ultimately by a severe depression of wage levels. The author buttresses his evidence here with a thorough description of the course taken by nominal and real wages, particularly from the beginning of the First Five-Year Plan until 1951. And to broaden the base of his analysis of the development of the Russian worker's living standards, Mr. Schwartz also takes into account the various social benefits he is accorded and supplies a detailed history of Soviet labor legislation.

In order to facilitate an understanding of the special problems of the Russian worker, the author has prefaced his work with a sociological analysis of the changed character of the Russian working class; whereas only a few decades ago it could be described as "semi-peasant," it has since shed most of its ties with the soil and is today very similar to the "backward" industrial proletariat of the West.

"Labor in the Soviet Union" is not an easy book to read, but is a "must" for any serious student of Soviet affairs. A careful, chapter-by-chapter study will reward the reader with a clear and vivid picture. From the dry facts and figures emerges a worker that is enslaved but still struggling to be free. Chained to five-year plans that have sapped his energy and reduced him to the status of a dehumanized being who is deprived of political and economic freedom, the Russian worker is nevertheless not a docile beast of burden—witness the periodic stories of dissatisfaction and other forms of industrial conflict that

(*Continued on page* 41)

S. M. Levitas is executive editor of The New Leader.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor, NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board, HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors, E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors, AMY LOVEMAN, HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN
Assistant Editor, ELOISE PERRY HAZARD Feature Editor, ROLAND GELATT
Book Review Editor, RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.
Contributing Editors, JOHN MASON BROWN, BENNETT CERF, MARY GOULD DAVIS, JAMES THRALL SOBY, HORACE SUTTON, JOHN T. WINTERICH

Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY Associate Publisher, W. D. PATTERSON
Contents Copyrighted, 1952, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Weapons of Will

THE recent Presidential campaign has once more thrown into the limelight the enormous place which mass media have assumed in American life. Indeed, with that anomalous dualism which present-day civilization has shown of simultaneous expansion and contraction—the projection of every nation into the affairs of all others through the shrinking of distance—the American public of 1952 with its far-flung population has to an extent recovered the fashion of its early political days when contact between candidates and voters was direct and personal. It is a continuing process, this of influencing and educating through mass media, one fraught with danger if used for evil purposes but if wisely channeled possible of indefinite potential for good. We may decry the perversion of music to the uses of the singing commercial but we cannot overlook the fact that Beethoven has come out of the concert hall into the home; and deplore though we may the stream of sentimental inanities which pours out from radio and movies yet there to offset them are masterpieces of literature and art.

What the radio and phonograph, for instance, have done for music in America is symptomatic of the widening out of culture in all areas. Here, where hardly more than fifty years ago even sizable towns never had opportunity to hear anything other than an amateur singer or a brass band, today no hamlet is so small but that through broadcast or recording it has access to great music rendered by great artists. There has sprung up as a result throughout the land a music-conscious public which is rapidly becoming a music-educated public and which has already made possible in numerous cities orchestras of notable quality. Indeed, the growth of interest in music and its wide availability are among the most striking and agreeable phenomena of America's past half century.

Indications are growing that the nation is on the threshold of a like development in relation to art. No one, of course, needs to be told that in recent years the museum has assumed vital importance in American cultural life, or that in addition to the magnificent collections, private and public, which have been built up in such cities as Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, and San Francisco small museums of increasing significance are springing up all over the country which serve as generating influences not only in the immediate localities in which they are placed but in the surrounding regions to which the mobility of an automobile civilization makes them accessible. Nevertheless, up to the present, except for the fortunate fraction of the population which is able to travel at home and abroad, the great part of the American public has had to rely for its acquaintance with the art of the world upon such representation of it as is shown in books. Within the past few years, however, there has been a premonitory development in the motion-picture field, in movie shorts dealing with artists and their work and in the notable example of the film entitled "The Titan" which was first shown two years ago, which bodes well for the duplication in the realm of art of interest such as the radio and the phonograph have generated in that of music.

The most ambitious and the most striking venture of the sort has just been launched under the auspices in this country of the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York City in connection with the worldwide celebration of the five-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Leonardo da Vinci. This production of the Pictura Films Corporation prefaces its showing of the work of Leonardo with exquisite color pictures of the enchanting Italian landscape amidst which most of his life was spent, follows up with reproductions of some of his most famous paintings and sculpture, and adds a third section composed of drawings contained in the notebooks. The whole constitutes an incomparable example of genius in process of production and in full achievement. Here is genius unadulterated, superb, enormous.

EVERYTHING that reveals man to himself in his highest attainments by so much strengthens not only his present but his future. The more he has to cherish, the more cause he has to persevere in securing his world. It is a shattering thought that at this moment in the world's history when there stretches before society the promise of material welfare such as it has never known, such opportunity for cultural growth as has never come before, there should hang over it the threat of virtual extinction, the consciousness that all the painful gains and brilliant achievements of human kind may not live beyond tomorrow. It is a thought which the world cannot afford to succor, and which each new triumph of the intellect or the spirit combats. Every extension of science or literature or art which widens the human horizon is so much ammunition against self-destruction, and every institution which backs it is fighting the battle of mankind. We hail every new evidence, like this film on Leonardo, which advances that noble cause.

—A. L.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

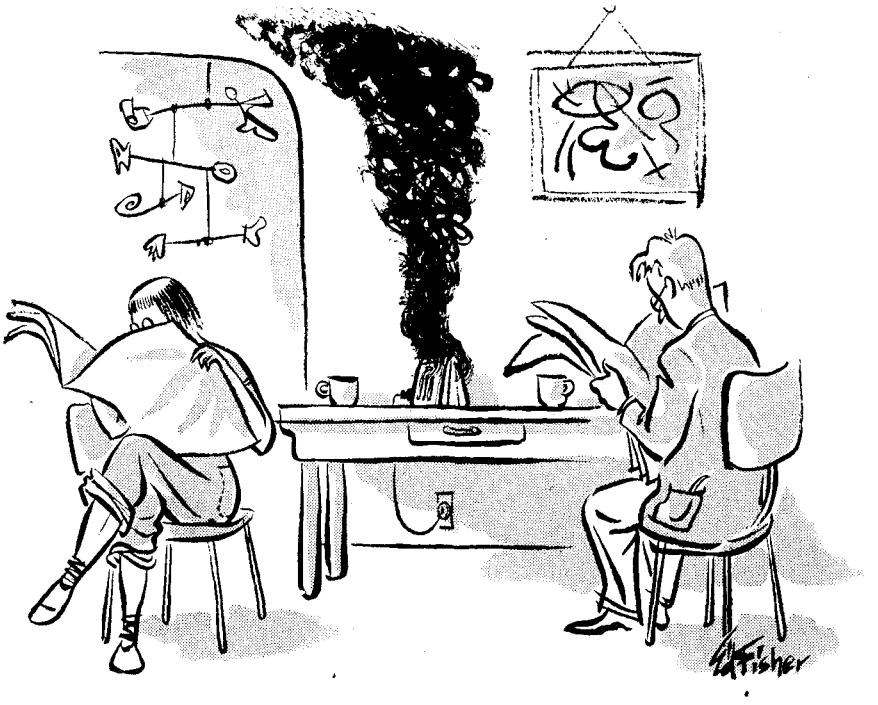
Masquerade Goes On

▶ LIKE THE HONEST clear-thinking child in "The Emperor's New Clothes," Mr. Burman has courageously pointed out the essential nakedness of two literary monarchs of "The Cult of Unintelligibility" who have assuredly caused many an ardent reader to doubt his sanity [*SR* Nov. 1]. But Mr. Burman does not sufficiently warn us of the dangers of this cult. It still exists and flourishes in most of our better institutions of higher learning, where its disciples masquerade as *modern* and *progressive*; it passes for great art when cloaked in the trappings of theatre. Its effete winds have wafted the seeds of decadence, sterility, and lunacy across the groves of academe and the studios of garrets where the Muses are wont to cocktail.

The hope, then, lies in those like Mr. Burman who can distinguish between incomprehensibility and abstraction, between stream of consciousness and gibberish, between the ignorance of nonsense and the high purpose of poetry. Let them then be heard while their voices are still lusty.

EVA WOLAS.

New York, N. Y.



Rose Is Rose

▶ BEERS AND CHEERS Ben Lucien Burman is right right so right.

ALBERT LEE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Collective Subconscious

▶ ALTHOUGH I MIGHT be inclined to agree with the ultimate judgment passed by Mr. Burman, I was surprised at his lack of understanding, for he failed to state the premise on which the "unintelligible" operates.

Though utilizing various titles, the writers of this conviction proceed on the premise of the actuality of the collective subconscious. My appreciation of this concept and the literary forms derived from it is far from scholarly, but there is usually myth and the language of the assumed racial soul—which reads, as Mr. Burman illustrated, like the ravings of a psychotic. One of the believers, Thomas Mann, speaks out of a dictionary and not in an all-language. But the myth, both old and new, plays an important part in his work.

The trick of this all-language is that though it may not speak to consciousness, it does speak to the subconscious. Further, what springs from one subconscious speaks to another, for all consciousness is one. Language becomes universally symbolic and the understanding of it is not dependent on empirical learning.

The literary disciples of the subconscious are not charlatans. They are, indeed, trying to communicate. Certainly, if the premise is false, the effort is invalid; but it can not be called dishonest.

Mr. Burman will be heaped with a great deal of criticism, and justifiably so. Perhaps a great many of the writers blurting the images of their souls are simply exploiting a fashion. It is possible—and probable—that they are not aware of what they are supposed to be doing. But the serious writers of this belief are not merely trying to preserve for themselves and the initiate a realm of superior perception. To assert that they are is extremely unfair. The devil, if you will, must be given his due.

ELIZABETH L. ASHLEY.

Manhasset, N. Y.

In Defense of Joyce & Stein

▶ BEN LUCIEN BURMAN'S article echoes much of the critical thunder of the ignorant and unenlightened critics of the late 1930's. Mr. Burman has not lived and grown with the last twenty years. . . .

Since Mr. Burman is intent on using Miss Stein and Mr. Joyce as his examples of "literary charlatans," I will direct my remarks to the works of these writers. I doubt very sincerely if a man of Mr. Joyce's intelligence would spend seventeen years writing "meaningless phrases." A first glimpse of "Finnegans Wake" might lead one to believe the book was filled with "meaningless phrases," but one cannot glimpse at "Finnegans Wake." One must study it as a surgeon must study the human body before he is equipped to use a scalpel. . . .

If Mr. Burman considers Miss Stein's expressions artificial then I suggest he stop by a group of children and listen carefully to their conversation, or sit in the lobby of a hotel and just listen. Mr. Joyce may seem artificial, but could we have his power of listening to the subconscious with the mind's ear, I believe we would find his phrases and expression close to actuality.

Miss Stein may be accused of "shallowness" when compared with the canyonlike depths of Mr. Joyce, but her "shallowness" is only a reflection of the "shallowness" she found in the world around her. Her small talk is our small talk. And it hurts. To accuse Mr. Joyce of "shallowness" is comparable to a statement that you can count the pebbles on the Atlantic floor ten miles out. . . .

If "the ultimate test of writing is universality," I do not see where Mr. Burman figures Mr. Joyce has fallen short of the requirement. Since the publication of "Finnegans Wake," it is quite evident that there is little, or nothing, that can be contributed to the field of creative literature. Although Mr. Joyce was a Dubliner at heart, Dublin was the telescope through which he studied the world. Life is basically the same no matter where one goes. . . .

Mr. Burman reminds us again and again that we have been influenced by "the practitioners of the incomprehensible," but he also assures us that such influence is "definitely on the wane." I am not aware that Mr. Joyce or Miss Stein have influenced any writer to the extent that it was greatly noticeable. There have been writers, and there will continue to be, who will attempt to imitate, but unless they possess the genius of Mr. Joyce and Miss Stein they will not appear in print. It is true that many

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

writers have tried to create another Molly Bloom. They have been unsuccessful so far. Ernest Hemingway has employed some of Miss Stein's devices in his work, most memorably in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." But I do not feel that we need be too concerned over a flooded market of imitative "Finnegans Wakes" and "Lucy Church Amiablies."

LAWRENCE A. WIGGIN.

Tilton, N. H.

Jig-Saw Puzzle

▶ "THE CULT OF UNINTELLIGIBILITY" is most timely and penetrating. The same psychopathic conditions have also afflicted the field of painting. To such an extent has this fringe element made itself felt that today the sincere student of rational art sees the rich plums of exhibitional honors and cash sales going almost exclusively to the exponents of "surrealism," "abstractism," and the long list of excuses for honesty in art. Wealthy collectors have shrewdly been induced to believe that only these represent art at its best.

Time was when a trip to an art gallery was a real mental experience, and nearly every picture had a worthwhile story to tell. Today the observer has to put together a jig-saw puzzle with a poorly drawn eye in the upper left-hand corner and a mutilated arm near the bottom, all of which has little if any connection with the title.

More power to Mr. Burman, and may the day be speeded when literary sanity returns and a trip to an art gallery may be something more than a hideous, unrewarding nightmare.

HARRY S. TILLOTSON.

Upper Darby, Pa.

Alphabet Soup

▶ THANK GOODNESS someone is at last exposing the Joyce-Stein cult of writing for what it is: the alphabet lost in a bowl of tepid soup.

FRANKIE LANE.

Lufkin, Tex.

Experimenters

▶ WELL HERE, I SEE, we go again. Last spring your magazine gave space to the remarks of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, and now the attack is resumed, this time against Joyce and Gertrude Stein.

Mr. Burman fails to see that both Joyce and Gertrude Stein were experimenting. To put them down as literary charlatans, as he does, is the apex of naivete. For surely he is aware that they both wrote in a style he could understand. "Three Lives" and "Dubliners" are manifest evidence for that. Then why does Mr. Burman think they chose to change their methods of writing? Does he think they wrote in what he calls an unintelligible style simply to make their writing unintelligible? That is hardly a way to make yourself popular and widely read. Both Joyce and Gertrude Stein could have carried on as they began, but they felt that the English language was susceptible to experiment and change. If Mr. Burman would care to read some of the then popular fiction, he would see that a change was needed. Badly. The world had changed tremendously, and these two people wanted to express themselves in terms of this new world, not in terms of Thackeray.

And so they were experimenters. Any jackass knows that an experiment is not always successful. The experimenter makes blunders, and the more daring he is, the wider he will occasionally miss the mark. But now and again he will make a bull's eye. While the selections from Gertrude Stein that are quoted in Mr. Burman's article don't make "sense," here is one that does, provided, of course, you have a modicum of imagination.

A METHOD OF A CLOAK.

A single climb to a line, a straight exchange to a cane, a desperate adventure and courage and a clock, all this which is a system, which has feeling, which has resignation and success, all makes an attractive black silver.

That is from "Tender Buttons."

I suppose *The Saturday Review* will carry on as usual, however. It is well to remember that the popular press thought Beethoven and Browning and Whitman and Poe all wild, crazy men.

FRANK S. MACSHANE.

New College, Oxford, England.

"Billy The Kid"

▶ L. L. FOREMAN, who commented [LETTERS, *SR* Nov. 8] on my "Billy the Kid" article [*SR* Oct. 11] must be omniscient. Since the accounts of Billy's death vary greatly, and since presumably Foreman wasn't on hand for the shooting, only omniscience would allow him to speak so dogmatically.

Granting that he is better informed than I on the details of Billy's downfall (and probably he is), it seems a shame that he has missed my whole point: people settle on what they *want* to believe about a hero, and not on what actually happened.

Naturally, then, he thinks little of the "hifalutin Faustian nonsense and the dash of Sir Galahad." Such analogies, if overextended, at least attempt to deal with the forest. Foreman sees only trees.

MARSHALL FISHWICK.

Lexington, Va.

Lincoln a Friend

▶ BIOGRAPHERS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN [*SR* Nov. 8] seem to be unaware of a very potent fact which clouds their understanding of him. Lincoln was a Quaker. He wrote a short autobiography for Jesse Fell, a Quaker, who staged the Lincoln-Douglas debates, in which he stated that he came from Quaker stock, that his people came from England to where Reading, Pennsylvania, is now, and then moved to Virginia and from there to Kentucky. Daniel Boone's people, who were also Quakers, intermarried with the Lincolns.

HOWARD BOURNE.

Portland, Indiana.

Loyalty Oaths

▶ IN HIS EDITORIAL "The Equilibrium of Freedoms" [*SR* Oct. 25] Harrison Smith is guilty, if not of factual inaccuracy, of misinterpretation so great that it distorts the facts. He states that the loyalty oath in the University of California was "stopped dead in its tracks" by a court decision against it. The decision came two years too late. Can the legal vindication of their stand now help those high-principled faculty members who uprooted themselves and their families and left the University rather than sign the oath? It is too late for them to return now. In most cases their lives have been completely rearranged, and even should they care to return, they would not find things as they left them. For what of those who submitted to administrative and community pressure and signed the oath rather than face dismissal? The decision, the moral cowardice involved in such a decision, was not an easy one to make, nor can the mental and emotional strain which was occasioned by the necessity for making the decision be erased by the courts. The courts cannot repeal the atmosphere of fear and tension which prevailed on the campus.

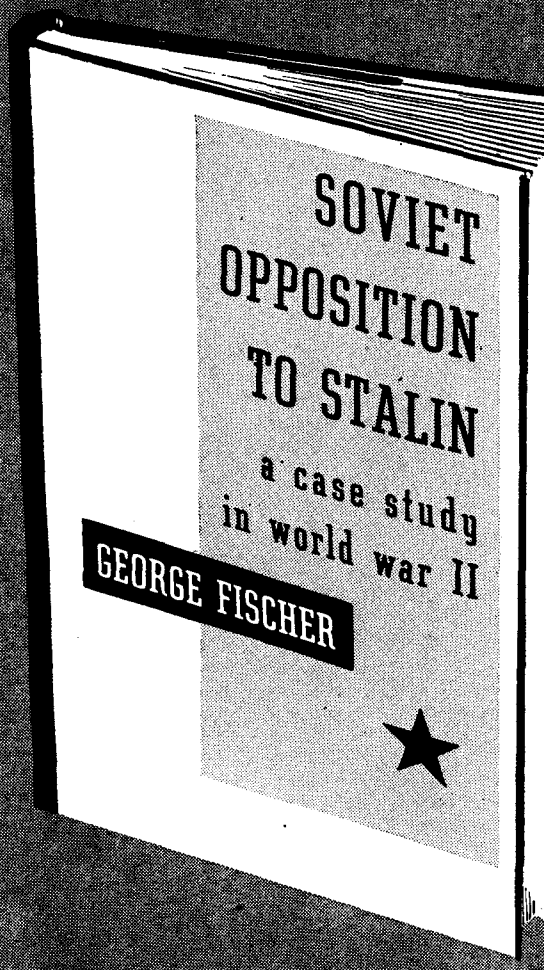
Pretending that McCarthyism does not exist, or minimizing its dangers, will not cure it. And as every thinking faculty member on the campus of a state college knows, the threat of loyalty oaths is still with us, and community pressure against liberals is very real. May I take this opportunity to remind Mr. Smith of recent events at Ohio State, Washington State College, and the University of Washington?

FLORENCE KUOLL.

Eugene, Ore.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The great unknown in the Western defense equation



★

The dramatic, little-known story of the Vlasov movement, the large body of Soviet soldiers and civilians who fought on the side of the Germans after capture by Hitler's armies. George Fischer tells the tragic history of the movement, its aims and aspirations, the fate of these collaborators after the war when they were repatriated to Russia with American consent! In the second part of the book the author speculates as to potential cracks in the Iron Curtain. His thoughtful analysis raises these questions for the West: Are there Vlasovs living in Russia today? Who are they? How can the democracies reach them? $4.00

SOVIET POLITICS

THE DILEMMA OF POWER

By Barrington Moore, Jr. "No other book that I know of raises so many vital questions about the Soviet Communists and their regime . . . does so much to provide significant answers."—*Professor Geroid T. Robinson, Columbia University.* $6.00

THE NEW MAN IN SOVIET PSYCHOLOGY

By Raymond A. Bauer. How scientists in the USSR have had to develop, over the years, a theory about Marxist man that releases the Soviet citizen from determinism only to subjugate him to the service of the state. $4.00

RED FLAG IN JAPAN

By Rodger Swearingen and Paul Langer. International Communism in action. "A unique study . . . commendably clear . . . full of fascinating biographical detail." *From a front page review in The N. Y. Herald Tribune. Illustrated.* $5.00

WHY DEMOCRACY?

By Alf Ross. The changing meanings of "democracy" in different parts of the world—and the alternatives between democracy of whatever kind and totalitarianism in all its guises. $4.50

At your bookstore HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Broadway Postscript

WITCH GIRL

A FREQUENT illusion among benevolent theatregoers and stage-struck adolescents is that an actress's moment of triumph comes when she opens in "the big part" and is suddenly transformed from a struggling bit player into an exciting new star.

Penelope Munday, whose cat-whisker smile and foal-like walk have been delighting audiences at the Martin Beck Theatre, seems a case in point. As Olivia, the fourteen-year-old child in Moss Hart's "The Climate of Eden," the British actress has established herself as a name that may soon be spoken in the same breath with Audrey Hepburn and Julie Harris, both of whom have used portrayals of strange adolescent children as springboards to stardom. Yet a visit with Miss Munday at her cubicle in an inelegant hotel in New York's West Fifties revealed a mysteriously sad young lady with a nervous dread of anything resembling triumph.

Wearing no make-up, but smoking at a furious rate, and with a sophistication that immediately did away with any preconception of sweetness and light that might have been arrived at through watching her performance, she spoke with mixed emotions of "The Climate of Eden."

"I took the part with grave misgivings. You see I have a low voice, I'm not flat-chested, and I've had all my training and experience in classical or period roles."

To achieve the illusion of little-girl-ishness Miss Munday adopted a high-pitched voice, which by opening night had her on the verge of laryngitis. As a result there was a rhythmic squeak in her delivery, which (like the cracking of the lichee nuts in "Once in a Lifetime") was interpreted by some as a remarkable representation of the voice-changing period of adolescence.

Penelope Munday today . . .

In addition, she worked out a costume consisting of a loose shirt and tight-fitting trousers, which not only gave her a tomboy figure, but also fitted in with what a girl living up the river in British Guiana would wear, that is if she would wear anything at all in the unique utopia which the author has hypothesized.

"The third hurdle was the most difficult," says the Old-Vic-schooled actress. "I tried to be an exaggeration of what I remember myself as at fourteen. I saw Olivia as a sort of witch child, innocent for her age in that she hadn't been exposed to the evils of the outside world, and wise for her years in that she was supersensitive to the things of the spirit. I also attempted a gangling walk, but I don't know how well it comes across."

In this writer's opinion it comes across magnificently, perhaps because Miss Munday has, through her long experience of working in difficult costumes, acquired a facility of movement that permits her to be awkward gracefully.

"That helped," she admits, "that and the fact that we all wear practically no make-up, which allows us to feel much more relaxed than if we had to fuss a lot before going on."

The out-of-town tryout was particularly harrowing in the case of "The Climate of Eden," because there were so many changes made from one performance to the next.

"We gave no performances. We just rehearsed in public every night. I suspect that over here everything is so expensive the producers must keep doing things to a play in the hope of suddenly and magically adding just the right touch to make it a hit. The last scene of the play, where my father makes a long speech about the passing of my childhood, was done every way humanly imaginable. There was even one version in which I spoke it as a soliloquy while I sat at the harmonium. Ugh!" Miss Munday, who has a particular aversion to corn, indicated her unmitigated disapproval.

The upshot of all this constant changing was a completely exhausted opening-night cast, who were amazed to find they had received favorable notices the next morning.

. . . and as she was at fourteen.

"A few hours before the opening night curtain, I decided to go to the movies. I had heard somewhere that Gielgud found it a helpful thing to do," recounts the actress. "I went to see my favorite actor, Charlie Chaplin, in 'Limelight.' The dialogue was naive, but it didn't matter because he was so wonderfully sad. I came out feeling like 'Penelope of the Sorrows,' and the mood, I'm afraid, stayed with me during the whole opening-night performance. Gielgud or no Gielgud, I don't think I'll try that again."

Miss Munday's sadness did no apparent harm, perhaps because of the idyllic nature of Moss Hart's play. However, she is a spirited actress who yearns to play the stronger and more violent passions, and wishes that convention had permitted the enactment of some of the more savage emotions and events that were in "Shadows Move Among Them," the Edgar Mittleholzer book from which the play was taken. "Jane White is a terrific actress, and I would have loved to have seen the antagonism between us really developed," says the intense young actress, who admits that practically all of contemporary theatre disappoints her in one way or another, and states that, if she continues on the stage, she wants to play Chekhov and Strindberg.

At this point the telephone rang, and someone on the other end of the line reminded her of an appointment with a man at M-G-M. "Ah!" she said, breaking into that mischievous smile that goes three-quarters of the way across her face, "the steel trap."

—HENRY HEWES.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Visitors from Europe

PERHAPS there was nothing so moving in the Madeleine Renaud-Jean Louis Barrault Company's gala opening performance at the Ziegfeld as the pre-curtain remarks of M. Barrault himself. But what followed was a free-winging delight to watch. Marivau's "Les Fausses Confidences" has one of those Terentian plots which, in Congreve's words, makes you feel like "a dog in a dancing school," and in English would probably be intolerable. However, given with the electric quickness and feathery music of the French tongue, the peppermint-stick imagination of designer-costumer Maurice Brianchon, and above all the honest teamwork of a group of skilled actors, who attempt to please audiences with the passionate recklessness of a young lover, the two-and-a-quarter-century-old comedy is as delectable as a piece of freshly iced French pastry.

Whether you get all the French or just a little, as did this member of the audience, you will be able to appreciate the cloudburst celerity with which the play arrives at pin-pointed climaxes; the magic dissolution of each complication as quickly as it is formed; the civilized subtlety with which Madeleine Renaud and Jean Dessailly indicate the overwhelming love between the wealthy Araminte and her handsome estate manager; the tender gullibility of Simon Valère as the girl who sets her cap for him to no avail; the bloated indignation of Pierre Bertin as his paternal uncle; the exaggerated buffoonery of Jean-Pierre Granval as the stupid servant and M. Barrault as the clever one; and the snobbish practicality of Marie Hélène Dasté, as Madam Argante, who closes the play by saying to her daughter, "Well, he may be your husband, but he will never be my son-in-law."

"Baptiste," Jacques Prévert's pantomime, based on a mime actually performed by Debureau in the early nineteenth century, is again a group effort, but one which cannot help but focus on M. Barrault, who calls Baptiste "his little brother." Most effective in Barrault's performance are those moments when he is making direct contact with the audience—the imaginary sewing of a coat, or the testing of a rope with which he is about to hang himself. Those who have seen some of this pantomime in the film "Children of Paradise" will enjoy being filled in on the rest of the story, although they miss the "theft of the watch" pantomime which is not part of "Baptiste." Nevertheless, American audiences must not make the mistake of going to the theatre with a pre-set notion which will permit them to enjoy only what they are used to, or what they can completely understand. A great deal of the pleasure to be derived from seeing this company stems from its uniqueness and its disdain for the "tried and true" method of attempting to do only what it can do perfectly. As M. Barrault says, "The two most precious things in life are sincerity and the complete giving of one's self." It's a two-way proposition.

"IOLANTHE" is by far the best Gilbert & Sullivan production that the new S. M. Chartock Company has mounted. The dry satirizing of the House of Lords and the charming absurdity of the fairies who "trip hither and thither without knowing why or whither" are a combination with as much impact as many a contemporary musical. In fact, this opera's success revalidates the long-pending project of putting Max Beerbohm's "Zuleika Dobson" into musical-comedy form. Martyn Green's highly susceptible chancellor is finely gauged and sung. Joseph MacAulay and Earl William are as droll as you please in the roles of two earls who have some difficulty in deciding an issue without going beyond the peer's stiff code. Ella Halman and Robert Eckles contribute some stout horseplay, and the fairy chorus led by Eileen Moran, Mary Roche, and Audrey Dearden is dainty and captivating. The male chorus could do with a bit of ginger, but that fact is not enough to deter anyone from going to see this "Iolanthe." —H. H.

Drama Book Notes

NO STALGIA LIKE SHOW STALGIA: One of the professional writers' pet peeves is the preferences by editors for signed pieces to which a celebrity's name is attached. These hasty and amateur attempts at journalism often turn out to be not as good as what an ambitious copy boy might have written after a brief interview with the same celebrity. In **"The Spice of Variety"** (Holt, $3.50) Abel Green has collected fifty-two guest-written articles from his file of Variety Anniversary Issues. Most of the poor stuff in the anthology is signed by a name the general public will recognize; most of the best stuff is authored by less familiar writers.

Two happy exceptions are the George Jessel anecdote concerning a gambler and the temporarily golden-haired girl who brought him luck, and Gypsy Rose Lee's tenderly amusing tale about her baby sister, June Havoc. Also recommended are Martin Ragaway's "Hollywood Dictionary,"

YUL BRYNNER
in
RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S
The King and I
A New Musical Play
with CONSTANCE CARPENTER
ST. JAMES THEATRE, West 44 St.
Evenings at 8:25: $7.20 to 1.80. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday at 2:25: $4.20 to 1.80.
MONDAY EVES. ONLY: CURTAIN AT 7 SHARP

R & H

Pulitzer Prize & Critics' Award Musical Play
MARTHA WRIGHT
GEORGE BRITTON
IN
South Pacific
with MYRON McCORMICK • WILLIAM TABBERT • MARTIN WOLFSON
and JUANITA HALL
MAJESTIC THEATRE, West 44 St.
Eves. at 8:30: $6.00 to 1.80. Wed. Mat. at 2:30: $3.60 to 1.20. Sat. Mat. $4.20 to 1.20.
MONDAY EVES. ONLY: CURTAIN AT 7 SHARP

"The Funniest Woman in the World"

Edward Duryea Dowling presents
**An Evening With
BEATRICE LILLIE**
with Reginald Gardiner

"A LOVELY PLAY... A DARLIN' PLAY"
—BROOKS ATKINSON, N. Y. Times
SHIRLEY BOOTH
in
"The Time of the Cuckoo"

EMPIRE THEA., B'way & 40 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

LIMITED ENGAGEMENT
"THOROUGH DELIGHT!" - ATKINSON, TIMES
S. HUROK presents
Madeleine Jean-Louis
RENAUD BARRAULT
and Their COMPANY Direct from PARIS
Nov. 27 thru 29: LA REPETITION OU L'AMOUR PUNI
Dec. 1 thru Dec. 6: HAMLET
ZIEGFELD THEA., 6 Ave. & 54 St., CI 5-5200

Buy
U. S. Defense Bonds

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which defines a story conference as "a meeting of four or five people each of whom thinks the other has an idea;" and Milton Raison's recounting how on one occasion Heywood Broun came within an inch of involving Fiorello LaGuardia in a Prohibition scandal. There are, too, such isolated nuggets as Sophie Tucker's description of herself as "the only singer who can teach the trombone its place," and Fred Allen's analysis of French diction—"a violin string up one nostril."

The book's chief asset is its heavy dose of nostalgia which touches almost every phase of show business. If these fond memories affect you, they will probably compensate for any failure on the part of individual pieces to bring off whatever they set out to do.

HEEL WITH A SOUL? One of the questions that the excellent current revival of the Rodgers and Hart-John O'Hara **"Pal Joey"** raises is whether Joey is a deliberate heel, as Harold Lang seems to play him, or a heel who can't help himself, which was Gene Kelly's interpretation in the original production. The published version (Random House, $2.50) does not give a specific answer to the question, but the final printed stage direction in the musical indicates that Joey has just enough good in him to know that he belongs with the eternally but pleasantly damned. The book also contains the complete alternate lyrics to "Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered" and to the other songs, which should delight all those who were disappointed by their omission from the recorded album.

STRATEGY-ON-AVON: While none of the people involved in producing or criticizing the 1951 presentation at Stratford by actor-director Anthony Quayle of "Richard II," "Henry IV" (Parts I & II), and "Henry V" believe that Shakespeare wrote these plays to be presented in a cycle, the experiment in doing them as one is fascinating for anyone who has ever been bothered by the changes in the character of Hal in the latter three plays. In **"Shakespeare's Histories at Stratford, 1951"** (Theatre Arts $4.50) J. Dover Wilson contributes a most edifying chapter on the difference between a twentieth-century point of view towards kingship and that of Elizabethan England. These differences, which weaken our sympathy with Richard II, and with the Hal who turns on Falstaff, can be better understood after studying the Quayle quadricycle, which is perceptively described and analyzed by T. C. Worsley, and illustrated with dozens of excellent photographs by Angus McBean. —H. H.

SR Goes to the Movies

TURKEYS FOR THANKSGIVING

—From "Hans Christian Andersen."

Danny Kaye and "The Ugly Duckling"—"genius is not easy to reproduce."

TO forestall those who might have expected Samuel Goldwyn's new production, "Hans Christian Andersen," to be a film biography of the great Danish poet and storyteller, a foreword has been provided which explains that the movie is a fairy tale *about* Andersen. I suppose the intent, happy or unhappy, was to place Andersen in a tale he might have written himself. Unfortunately, genius is not easy to reproduce, and I cannot help but think that the Goldwyn forces have been guilty of a certain amount of presumption. The movie itself makes the presumption clear; it is a slow and plodding tale about a simple cobbler who tells stories to children, filling them with a delight that the material doesn't seem to warrant, for even the Andersen fancies have been watered down to an extraordinary degree—as if administered full strength they might not have gotten past the Production Code. The cobbler himself is so utterly arch, simple, and naive as to amount to a travesty on Andersen. Andersen was, in actuality, trained as a shoemaker by foster parents, but he gave up that unlikely pursuit at an early age and took to serious literary endeavor and a considerable amount of broadening travel. In this movie he gets as far as Copenhagen, but then trudges back to his village, where presumably he will spend the rest of his life making shoes and chucking children under their chins.

Some early protest by the Danes (they will have more grounds now) was registered when it was first announced that Danny Kaye would portray Andersen, and that may be the reason why he has been kept under such restraint that his performance has all the zest of a glass of beer gone flat.

Without any clowning to do, Danny Kaye is simply not very interesting, and it's hard to get worked up over his encounter with a ballet dancer in Copenhagen and his rather foolish mooning about her. Jeanmaire, the French dancer who caused so much comment in Roland Petit's "Carmen" ballet, is—on the other hand—striking and gratifying to watch. She seems at ease as an actress and her dancing is most accomplished.

In sum, though, this movie is neither truth, good fiction, nor a good fairy tale. There are in it none of the practically necessary symbols of the latter genre; no one with magical powers, no wicked stepmothers, giants, dwarfs, or whatever; no walls of fire,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The funniest tragedy I have ever read."
—S. N. BEHRMAN

Now Lillian Ross of *The New Yorker* has written a marvelously detailed account of how one motion-picture, "The Red Badge of Courage," was made.

"Miss Ross's close-up of Huston and down-to-earth account of the dollar-and-cent problems encountered in the fate of the movie has the rounded form of a novel with a factual content. It is the best book on Hollywood ever published."
—Newsweek

Picture
By LILLIAN ROSS
A STORY ABOUT HOLLYWOOD
$3.50 at all bookstores
RINEHART & COMPANY
New York 16

A gay novel about a suburban matron who suspects her husband of infidelity *—and is tempted to try it herself!*

IT'S
different
FOR A WOMAN

By Mary Jane Ward
Author of THE SNAKE PIT
At all bookstores, $3.00
RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y

fabulous vines, or magical potions. The good are not particularly rewarded, nor the evil punished. W. H. Auden, writing on the nature of the fairy tale, speaks for the necessity for the above and adds: "The tale ends with the establishment of justice." Nothing of this sort happens in "Hans Christian Andersen." Everyone at the end is as he was before: the cobbler tells the same stories, the ballet dancer goes on dancing, and everybody sings "Wonderful, wonderful Copenhagen." Mr. Goldwyn's movie avoids coming to grips with the facts of Andersen's life or the nature of his work. It is sterile and thoroughly saccharine, and a fine opportunity to provide something both genuine and popular has been lost.

Having said that much it is necessary, to be fair, to say that the producer has spared no pains and has exercised a considerable degree of taste in the choice and design of settings, in the costuming, and in staging the ballet sequences. The use of color in the movie is particularly novel and gratifying. The Frank Loesser songs are pleasant enough and Roland Petit's choreography is superior to the general run in Hollywood movies. The end result, then, is a movie that is pretty but quite meaningless.

* * *

"Plymouth Adventure" is M-G-M's gift to the Thanksgiving season. The movie, based on Ernest Gebler's novel of the same name, tells us about the founding fathers of New England who

SR Recommends

Breaking through the Sound Barrier: By no means a conventional "space-opera," Sir Ralph Richardson gives this drama the benefit of a magnificent performance. (*SR* Nov. 22.)

Life Begins Tomorrow: Sartre, Gide, Corbusier, and Rostand beg for peace while showing off their latest projects in this French "documentary." (*SR* Nov. 22.)

Limelight: Chaplin's new film, hailed by some as a masterpiece, criticized by others as sentimental and banal, but well worth seeing at either evaluation. (*SR* Oct. 25.)

The Magic Box: A polystellar biography of the Mr. Chips who invented motion pictures (according to the English). (*SR* Oct. 18.)

A Father's Dilemma: An Italian villager loses a dress, makes love, brawls with the town in a brilliant imported comedy. (*SR* Oct. 18.)

The Promoter: Alec Guinness scores once again, this time in an adroitly paced adaptation of Arnold Bennett's "The Card." (*SR* Oct. 11.)

O. Henry's Full House: A quintet of O. Henry stories generally well translated to the film medium. (*SR* Sept. 13.)

Beauty and the Devil: The Faust legend imbued by René Clair with his unique kind of frolic. (*SR* Sept. 13.)

Are you interested in movies—seriously?

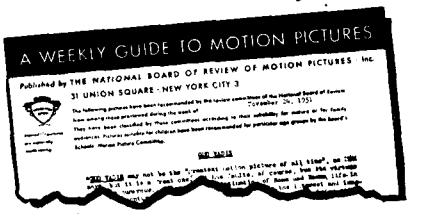
If so, become a member of the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures

Your dues entitle you to

Films In Review

the only monthly in the English language seriously devoted to movies as art, as entertainment, as education, as a technic.

Your dues also entitle you to



A WEEKLY GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

which each week brings you incorruptible, intelligent reviews of important films.

Your dues are deductible from your income tax.

Memberships in the National Board of Review are meaningful Christmas gifts.

Send the coupon now and receive either the Garbo or Valentino valuable back issue of Films in Review (depending on the supply), each of which contains 26 still photographs from all their pictures.

The December issue (with which your membership should begin) will contain stills from the best films of John Barrymore.

NATIONAL BOARD OF REVIEW **SR-9**
31 Union Square West,
New York 3, N. Y.

I want to be a member and enclose $5.00 for one year's dues.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

"PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE"
starring
SPENCER TRACY
GENE TIERNEY
VAN JOHNSON
LEO GENN
Color by TECHNICOLOR
Screen Play by HELEN DEUTSCH
Directed by CLARENCE BROWN
Produced by DORE SCHARY
An M-G-M Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"Star Spangled"
Gala new holiday spectacle produced by Leonidoff ... settings by James Stewart Morcom... with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble and the Music Hall Symphony Orchestra directed by Raymond Paige.

"Ten top stars in four of O. Henry's best stories"
O. HENRY'S Full HOUSE"
TRANS-LUX
PL. 3-2434 52nd at Lexington
Feature at: 12:00, 1:55, 3:50, 5:45, 7:30, 9:20, 11:10

Don't Miss

SR's Christmas Book Number

December 6th issue

Makes easy picking your Christmas gift books.

sailed in the *Mayflower* under the impression they were headed for the Virginia Colony. The passengers include Van Johnson as John Alden, Leo Genn as William Bradford, and Gene Tierney as the latter's wife. The captain of the sturdy ship is none other than Spencer Tracy, who manages to develop a warm, if unhistorical, yen for Miss Tierney and who keeps the colonists alive through their first winter on Cape Cod largely on her account. (She, meanwhile, has slipped overboard, torn between her love for Tracy and her conjugal duties to her husband.) The movie is enlivened midway by a technicolor storm that cracks spars, shreds sails, and collapses decks. Otherwise, all proceeds with the usual clichés.

* * *

This year marks the five-hundredth anniversary of Da Vinci's birth, and a commemoration of sorts is on hand in the form of a documentary movie dealing with his life and work. "Leonardo Da Vinci" is a full-length "art film" that combines narration, travelogue, and closeups of the master's works, much as has been done before in similar documentaries. The movie has a certain success in conscientiously making clear the extraordinary and prophetic nature of Da Vinci's genius. It is interesting to see the drawings and details of his paintings magnified and studied, and there are some fine models of his inventions furnished by IBM. Da Vinci not only foresaw human conquest of the air, but was thoughtful enough to invent a workable parachute. He didn't quite reach the twentieth century with his concepts of ship design, only getting about as far as the Mississippi River sidewheeler. Far too much time, unfortunately, has been expended by the directors in showing his curious mirror handwriting, and the camera crawls (as seems usual in this type of film) at a pace somewhat slower than a snail's. Nor is the story of Da Vinci told in a particularly coordinated way, earnest though the effort is. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.50)	Paul Drake, pvt. op., has big share in this latest reissue in Collector's Edition of Perry Mason yarns.	First published in 1934, story has lost none of its early zip.	Good
THE FREE AGENT *Paul Murray* (Holt: $2.95)	Yank travel writer collides with munitions racket in Italy; trail leads to London; cops all over the place.	Characters are sharply drawn; lad of nine big factor; mature, authentic job; excellent suspense.	Good
JUNE, MOON, AND MURDER *Charlotte Mary Russell* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Aging Midwest playboy done in; family affairs obtrude; Chief Fitzgerald of locals talks out solution.	Chief's nephew, narrator, flip type; personnel an odd lot and numerous.	So-so
A HOLE IN THE GROUND *Andrew Garve* (Harper: $2.50)	British cave-hunters meet disaster; ambitious M.P. finds self at crisis of career.	Story goes off rails after Al start; Yank is hero after heat is turned on protagonist.	Up and down
THE CLOCK STRIKES THIRTEEN *Herbert Brean* (Morrow: $2.50)	Germ lab. off Maine coast jarred by knife slaughter; News photog. Reynold Frame finds answers.	Grubless group-on-island situation produces tense moments; solution strictly orthodox.	Plus, on balance
CRUISE WITH DEATH *F. Draco* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Octet on Caribbean jaunt in tizzy as shot rings out and unpleasant host vanishes.	Neither hurricane nor mutiny avail to lift this one out of preposterous class.	No dice
ROSE'S LAST SUMMER *Margaret Millar* (Random: $2.50)	Faded movie star disappears from Cal. boarding-house; pleasant cops, others get going.	Plotting rather fancy, but characters are sharply clear, humor abundant, writing high I.Q.	Good

—SERGEANT CUFF.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music to My Ears

METROPOLITAN MENU ON THE AMERICAN PLAN—BERNSTEIN ON TV

THE score for American talent provided by the first week of Metropolitan Opera performances (following the opening "Forza del Destino" in which Richard Tucker as Alvaro and Leonard Warren as Don Carlo held up their requirements admirably) showed three ambitious efforts—Dorothy Kirsten as Tosca, Eleanor Steber as Elsa, and Robert Merrill as Rigoletto—and no heartwarming success among them. So far as the two ladies are concerned, Rudolf Bing seemed to be gambling rather recklessly on the improbable becoming the possible. In vocal quality at least, Merrill came closest to the requirements implied.

There are kinds and qualities of all sorts latent in such likable talents as those of Kirsten and Steber. Each has done, on a quality level, work worthy of admiration. But there is a twilight zone between talent and temperament powerfully involved in the creation of such substantial stage personalities as Tosca and Elsa. Neither Steber nor Kirsten made the transition successfully.

Paradoxically, the better musical accomplishment—Miss Steber's Elsa—encountered more serious disadvantages in terms of recent standards. After all, we have been hearing better Elsas lately than Toscas. Miss Steber sang much of the lyric music beautifully—including "Elsas Traum" and "Euch lüften"—but each time a dramatic climax approached with a ringing phrase one remembered from the voice of Lehmann or Rethberg or Flagstad, the present echo was no more than well-intentioned. Discouragingly, too, the realm of reasonable improvement is limited; the tonal and dynamic realities in the voice are there, no matter how intelligent the effort applied.

In other respects, this "Lohengrin" was notable for a new kind of staging procedure half-way between the mere brushing-up of an old production and the all-out investment in a new one. At bottom (meaning the fundamental scenic elements involved) this "Lohengrin" showed its derivation from the old, shabby one of Joseph Urban; but a good many of its elaborations had been discarded, a cleaner, more functional treatment evolved by Charles Elson.

Aside from Margaret Harshaw (who shouldn't be allowed to sing Ortrud any more, since her low voice has been sacrificed for the powerful high tones suitable for her new career as a dramatic soprano), the cast was new. In their debuts, Josef Greindl as King Henry and Sigurd Bjoerling as Telramund provided substantial rather than outstanding qualities, the former lacking the top needed for this part, the latter tending to more parlando than one cares to hear. Arthur Budney, as the King's Herald, made a routine debut. Fritz Stiedry's sensitive direction included a careful preparation of climaxes rather devalued by a prevailingly slow pace.

The unhappy fact relative to Miss Steber's Elsa and more particularly Miss Kirsten's Tosca is, obviously, that American talent cannot provide, out of good will, the factors lacking in basic disposition. I do not doubt that Miss Kirsten applied herself with every serious purpose to her Tosca; but each crisis of the role showed a want of inner dramatic resource, not to mention her vocal limitations or the lack of discipline in her physical actions. Paul Schoeffler's strong, brusque, rather roughly sung Scarpia had a powerful projection not matched with the subtleties inherent in the character as created by Puccini and Illica. Ferrucio Tagliavini sang Cavaradossi as he sings most other things—with a striving for power not in his limited voice.

The brighter note in this week of ambitious but unrewarding effort was the "Rigoletto" with Merrill. The vocal points in Acts I and II were made with strength and understanding; the dramatic subtleties that pile up as the work progresses grew duller as the need for sharpness increased. Vocally, it gave one a new respect for the power and resilience of this voice; but a stronger attention to word values, a sharper pointing of dramatic emphasis would add much to the reality of the character conveyed. As pure vocalism, Roberta Peter's singing was clear, cool, and collected; but a believable Gilda should have more to offer than a high D, and practically unrelenting vocal assurance.

LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S "Trouble in Tahiti" on NBC-TV left one reeling among a confusion of impressions, of which the major one was a keen reaction to the amount of talent manifest in the one-man creation of book and score. But even so much talent can be spread thin if it is applied only to the surface; and the trouble with "Trouble in Tahiti" is that it never gets more than slightly to grips with the question of domestic discord it professes to examine.

Eleanor Steber—"likable talents."

It begins by showing us a couple jaded with each other's minds and personalities beginning the day with a quarrel and ending it by looking for an escape in a movie . . . thesis enough for some kind of dramatic exposition. But, in between snide take-offs on popular songs, movie music, and the radio (to suggest that it is the poverty of American cultural life that produces such unhappy homes) Bernstein's script shows us the daily rounds of the man at business and his wife (whose day includes the analyst *and* a new hat). Two emptier, duller people never lived; and if they did knock their heads together nothing would result but a muffled thud. Perhaps Bernstein meant them to come out that way; but they should have something more dimensional to serve as types rather than individuals.

The odd fact about the score of "Trouble in Tahiti" is that it is best on the level that the composer is seeking to discredit: namely, in its apt and ingenious paraphrase of the kind of popular music linked in the suburbia he is satirizing. This is crisp and flavorsome, even witty. The strains designed to give creditability to the personal drama of the people involved are often inventive and, if not precisely moving, possessed of a kind of wistful poetry. I could not say much for the more ambitious efforts to portray the "characters" of the people involved, for it is here, to me, that Bernstein is on the thinnest of thin ice.

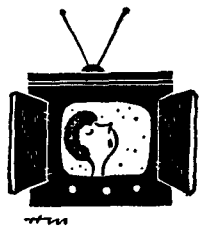
As a production, "Trouble in Tahiti" was neatly done, if a little too plainly on a limited budget. Beverly Wolf and David Atkinson were perfectly suitable for the tasks they had, and the musical preparation under Bernstein was, naturally, first class.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TV and Radio

LIGHT WITHOUT LUSTER



AFTER almost two years of preparation, with practically an unlimited budget to attract the finest talent from all over the world, with a mission to raise "not only television's program standards but also the general level of American taste and interests," with the fervent support and eager anticipations of many, many well-wishers, it was hoped that "Omnibus," the new Ford Foundation series (Sunday afternoon, CBS-TV), would strike some breathless note in American television and open up new vistas.

My sad report is that it did not. In tone and content the program is well above the average television fare—no question of that. But, alas, "Omnibus" is no skylark. In fact, the first program was less a vehicle going places than a platform. Can it be that "Omnibus" is the optimum; that this is the best we can expect in American television; that if there are people who can do better, they haven't been uncovered yet? It is difficult to accept.

What did "Omnibus" give us? Maxwell Anderson, "The Mikado," William Saroyan, a film of a Haitian voodoo dance, and two undistinguished oddments. "The Mikado" is delightful. Need this be proved. No one will deny Messrs. Anderson and Saroyan their rightful places in the American theatre—but as represented on Vol. 1 of "Omnibus" their work was neither new nor of their best. In point of production, direction, and performance the program was not above the better TV drama and variety shows.

Where were the new ideas, the bold thrusts, the untried concepts? They weren't. There were only familiar names and beaten paths.

I found the Gilbert and Sullivan excerpt most to my liking. Martyn Green's is high art. He sang Ko Ko's "The Lord High Executioner," "I've Got a Little List," and "Tit-Willow." Mr. Saroyan's playlet for TV was "The Bad Men," set on a hot night in a small Southwestern station. Two shirt-sleeved Indians, drinking wine out of bottles, annoy the station-master, help buy a girl passenger a railroad ticket, and obligingly play "bad men" for a toy-gun moppet until he falls asleep on his feet. Mr. Saroyan's prefatory, personal narration was pointless. I was duly mystified but uncaptured by the "mood" of his characteristic adventure in milk-of-human-kindness obscurantism.

Mr. Anderson's "The Trial of Anne Boleyn" was reworked from his play "Anne of a Thousand Days." Rex Harrison and Lili Palmer played it grimly and lustily. They were richly caparisoned, and the result was somber yet strangely unexciting. "The Witch Doctor," produced by Ritter-Lerner-Young Associates and Unity Films, was effective. A filmed middle commercial for Willys-Knight, the sponsor, considerably below the general quality level of the program, showed Eli Whitney initiating early American bureaucrats into the wonders of mass production of muskets. Alistair Cooke, master of ceremonies, wandered about a museumlike interior at the program's opening, speaking of things to come. It was overlong and overtricky. Mr. Cooke is a discerning reporter-essayist. On Vol. 1, he was decorative, hardly functional, and altogether replaceable. Surely "Omnibus" can use him to better advantage.

The music "pick up" was unusually good. William Spier, the producer-director, remembered what TV producers often overlook—the microphone. The settings were lavish, although they displayed no inventiveness. If "Omnibus" were an ordinarily produced show, it would be encouraging. Hothoused, long-awaited, flagship of the Ford TV-Radio Workshop, one can only inquire: "Is this the best?"

The trouble with the "something for everyone" assumption of "Omnibus" is that it invariably adds up to "too little of anything for anyone." The Workshop's solution to the problem presented it by the Ford Foundation is mechanical. "Omnibus" is not a program—it is a device.

THE TV-Radio Workshop has invited "the greatest writers of our time to turn their attention to television without facing the inexorable weekly deadlines which have so frequently frightened them away from this voracious medium." So be it—but anthologies come *after* excitement. Creative artists are stimulated by boldness. There is no challenge in an empty barrel expectantly earmarked "the best." That is somehow like setting out to film an Academy Award winner: it never happens that way.

"Omnibus" has no point of view except "Come unto me, all ye that have talent." It has no attitude. It strikes no dominant chord in spirit, form, subject, or style. It is, self-admittedly, "a microcosm of television itself," faceless with an infinity of faces. Not that variety, of itself, is a poor device. The essential question is, What is the heartbeat of the variety? "Toast of the Town" and "Show of Shows" are variety shows, but they ring true in their idiom. "Omnibus" has no idiom. It is, at present, a digest; it aspires to art but achieves merely pseudo-art.

Let the producers not be satisfied with "better than average for the 'middle-brow' audience." Who is a "middle-brow"? Let them steer away from the shoal of mass and the rock of neutrality. They have broken good track in escaping some of the assembly-line and time-period restrictions of TV. But over that track must move something with a creative dynamism of its own. "Omnibus," Vol. I—good, bad, and indifferent—added up to an hour and a half of self-liquidating tension. It was, to employ a dictionary definition which Alistair Cooke did *not* quote at the beginning, "a vehicle . . . for conveying passengers short distances." —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Vale

By Fern Maddox

I kneel beside your open tomb
With tearless eyes.
In life, before you ceased to answer me,
We said we could not part.
But, oh the scalding tears that seared,
Doubts of fancied wrongs let pass!
Remorse quite dragged me down
Beyond help of any mortal thing;
So cold and still I lay,
As one long passed beyond this world
To wander where there was no time nor place. . . .
And then you answered me. . . .
With ear grown calm and true,
I heard you; was ready for your message;
I was content. . . .
For nothing ever died that ever really lived:
I kneel beside your open tomb
With tearless eyes.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Films, Radio, T.V. The rise of the celluloid industry is more fabulous than any romance it has been able to concoct in its young life. In the fiction section of this week's *SR*, Budd Schulberg reviews Robert Carson's "The Magic Lantern," the semi-fictionalized doings of Hollywood folks. The rugged, early days of the cinema jungle are explored capably in "Two Reels and a Crank" (below) by Albert E. Smith, who knows the scene inside and out. Particularly entertaining is Mr. Smith's account of the swooning audience reception to the industry's first offsprings. From swooning spectators to devastating near-caricature by critic Lillian Ross is a trend exhibited in her "Picture: A Story about Hollywood." Lest we get too one-sided an impression of Hollywood and commercial grubbing, there are many sincere and art-dedicated figures equivalent to Marie Seton's biographied "Sergei M. Eisenstein" (page 35). As for radio, it has also come of age slowly. One of its happier products is Eric Sevareid, whose evaluations can now be sampled in his anthology "In One Ear" (page 37).

The Insatiable Eye

TWO REELS AND A CRANK. By Albert E. Smith and Phil A Koury. New York: Doubleday & Co. 285 pp. $3.75.

By FREDERICK L. KEEFE

FOR proof that the motion-picture industry hasn't always been the tangled web of high costs and low intrigue shown in Lillian Ross's behind-the-scenes saga of "The Red Badge of Courage," one has only to turn to Albert E. Smith's reminiscences of the diaper days of movies, long before anyone ever heard of a place called Hollywood. Mr. Smith was one of the pioneers of movie-making; he invented the first film projector, and with his partners, Jim Blackton and Pop Rock, founded the old Vitagraph Studios in Flatbush. In "Two Reels and a Crank" he and his collaborator, Phil A. Koury, tell the story of Vitagraph's rise from the ten-dollar-a-month attic room to a million-dollar operation. We are taken back to an almost incredible era—a rough-and-tumble period of rugged individualism dominated by wild escapades, cut-throat competition, and never-ending patent wars. In those days a movie could be produced for as little as three dollars and fifty cents, not counting the cost of the film; audiences would walk out on a picture that ran for more than ten minutes; actors did their emoting in addition to other duties; and a star was paid the handsome sum of five dollars a day. When one of Vitagraph's earliest films, a one-minute affair showing a famous train of the day called the Black Diamond Express, opened at Tony Pastor's New Fourteenth Street Theatre in 1896, it created a sensation. "Babies yowled," Mr. Smith recalls, "youngsters trembled like aspen leaves, women screamed, and men sat aghast." At subsequent showings Mr. Pastor had an ambulance at the theatre entrance to rush overwrought patrons to the hospital. After the novelty of pictures that moved had worn off Vitagraph tried making a movie that told a story. It was called "The Burglar on the Roof," lasted one minute, and was a huge comedy success because of a janitor's wife who wandered unknowingly in front of the camera and, thinking that the two actors were locked in genuine struggle, joined in the fight with a broom. As easily as that, slapstick was born.

—*From the Museum of Modern Art.*

D. W. Griffith directing "Abraham Lincoln."

For many years Mr. Smith was Vitagraph's official roving photographer, and some of the liveliest episodes in "Two Reels and a Crank" deal with his experiences as a cameraman: faking newsreel shots of the battle of Santiago Bay during the Spanish-American War; stealing pictures of the Sharkey-Jeffries fight; going up San Juan Hill with Teddy Roosevelt; covering the Boer War with Richard Harding Davis; taking the first pictures of a brain operation; photographing the Galveston flood destruction, the funeral of Queen Victoria, and the assassination of President McKinley. There are fascinating encounters with some of the notable figures of that time, too, and their reactions to machines that made moving pictures: Thomas Edison, who started it all; Teddy Roosevelt, who seemed to be hypnotized by the camera; Admiral Dewey, who obviously wasn't; and Mark Twain, who was so delighted with Vitagraph's movie version of his short story "A Curious Dream" that he wrote a testimonial letter. With the establishment of the star system, the author gives us revealing glimpses of many bygone film favorites: Maurice Costello, John Bunny, Flora Finch, Sidney Drew, Clara Kimball Young, Mary Pickford, Rudolph Valentino, Norma Talmadge, Anita Stewart, and others.

Mr. Smith ends his account in 1925, on the eve of another era in which pictures talked as well as moved. The film industry had grown up by then, and in growing had become complicated. Studios were doomed unless they owned their own theatre networks to show their product. Reluctant to move into this new area of competition, Mr. Smith sold Vitagraph—at that time the sole survivor of the old group of studios—to Warner Brothers.

The style of "Two Reels and a Crank" is much too rambling and anecdotal, with the result that the book is full of riches never fully explored, episodes recounted with tantalizing brevity. The reader is certain to find himself now and then wishing that the author had tried for more solidity and detail, and had paid more attention to chronology. Mr. Smith, however, has not aimed at being a film historian. He has simply tried to give one man's recollections of a fabulous era and a fabulous industry, and his sentimental journey contains more than its share of pleasant high spots.

Frederick L. Keefe is a member of the staff of The New Yorker *magazine.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—From "The Red Badge of Courage."

". . . a superior film . . . a great film."

Battle-orders in Beverly Hills

PICTURE: A Story About Hollywood. By Lillian Ross. New York: Rinehart & Co. 258 pp. $3.50.

MAKING A FILM: The Story of "Secret People." By Lindsay Anderson. New York: The Macmillan Co., 223 pp. $4.

By Arthur Knight

FEW movie articles have inspired such heated comment as Lillian Ross's *New Yorker* series on "The Red Badge of Courage" a bit earlier this year. As reporting her five articles constituted something of a journalistic tour de force. The lengthy conversations she recorded verbatim gave a terrifying insight into some of Hollywood's most familiar screen names. Her masterful detailing of the curious interplay of a picture's contributory talents excelled almost anything ever written on how a film is produced. She even got behind the scenes to show the grim struggle for power that goes on constantly, the precarious balance of forces in studio politics that influences studio production. But somehow something was wrong with her story. Despite all the odds against it—a director who, according to Miss Ross, ducked out on his responsibility, a front office that used the picture as a strategic weapon in the fight between Dore Schary and Louis B. Mayer (and was apparently quite willing to have it fail at the box-office in order to keep Mr. Schary in line) —despite all these things "The Red Badge of Courage" did emerge as a superior film. In the minds of some critics, as a great film.

Now in book form, unaltered and unchanged, it becomes easier to assess both the strengths and weaknesses of this work. The series, begun as a single profile on John Huston, the director, soon developed into a whole gallery of portraits—Miss Ross's private shooting gallery. For under her cold light it is always the blemishes, the failings, the pettiness of her subjects that stand out. One senses that her descriptions, however accurate, are incomplete; it is as if she had chosen just those unflattering aspects of each personality that fitted most closely her own conception of Hollywood people—shallow, pretentious, insincere money-grubbers. Even when working together, she maintains, they are in effect working against each other, driven by ambition or fear to seize the prevailing opinion regardless of their own conviction—if they have any. How then does a picture get made?

Part of the answer is found in her portrait of Gottfried Reinhardt, the producer of "The Red Badge of Courage," a portrait that seems to grow increasingly sympathetic almost against the author's will. Clearly, at the outset, her hero is Huston. Reinhardt is introduced as a somewhat ridiculous figure, a "Teddy bear" padding about taking 16mm Kodachrome pictures while Huston is creating, worried about his poodle, Mocha, boasting that executive Louis B. Mayer is "like a father to me" and chief editor Margaret Booth "like a mother." But no sooner had Huston finished his shooting on "Red Badge" than he pulled out to begin "The African Queen," leaving Reinhardt to hold what had already become a highly unpopular bag around the studio. It was Reinhardt who battled the film through, holding it as close to Huston's original conception as the opinions of more influential members of M-G-M's hierarchy would permit. Reinhardt gains in stature as the battle draws on to its sadly compromised conclusion.

Yet even though Miss Ross's feeling for Reinhardt obviously shaded during the writing, the actual victors in this book are Louis B. Mayer, who hated the picture from the start, and canny Nicholas M. Schenck, president of Loew's, who seems to hav upported the production simply because he wanted Dore Schary to make a mistake. It is *their* evaluation of "The Red Badge of Courage" that she accepts—just another commercial picture, Number 1512, that became a commercial failure. On the other hand, the picture's artistic qualities—the very qualities that make up those little "Huston scenes" she draws attention to so frequently—apparently eluded her. Most notably she has failed to grasp Huston's unique ability to set up a scene that, by the skilful interrelationship of its characters, suggests far more than it shows. There are overtones to his people, hints at pasts and futures, that can actually survive cutting by other hands. And indeed *have* survived, it would seem from the evidence offered in "Picture." Despite all its brilliant exposition of the mechanical processes of film production, there is still a distressing ignorance of what makes a good picture.

The significance of this lack is pointed up rather well by "Making a

---

Arthur Knight, a regular contributor to SR Goes to the Movies, *is a staff member of the Institute of Film Techniques, City College of New York.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Film," a day-by-day journal on the filming of "Secret People," an English picture soon to be released over here. Whereas Lillian Ross suggests that American movies are turned out in a welter of confusion, personality conflicts, and commerce, Lindsay Anderson surveys a scene of close collaboration, mutual respect, and intelligent creation. Unfortunately, Thorold Dickinson's "Secret People" (made at Ealing, the same studio that produced "Passport to Pimlico," "Tight Little Island," "The Lavender Hill Mob," and "The Man in the White Suit") emerges as a cold, fumbling, unconvincing spy story. Organization and intelligence, it would appear, are not the only requirements for a great film. Narrative power, a strong film sense, a lively knowledge of people—all of which Huston has to a marked degree—are also necessary.

"Making a Film" is a conscientiously detailed, richly informative book on the processes of small studio production, much of which holds as true for Hollywood as for England. It includes the entire shooting script of "Secret People," descriptions of changes and deletions between script and screen—and the reasons for them—plus dozens of production shots that really illustrate the points Anderson is trying to make. (The omission of any stills or photographs from "Picture" is inexcusable.) Yet Anderson, in his own way, has missed the secret of creativity in films just as surely as Miss Ross. Both of them seem to have been writing about the wrong picture.

Genius & the Cage

SERGEI M. EISENSTEIN. By Marie Seton. New York: A. A. Wyn. 533 pp. $8.50.

By Herman G. Weinberg

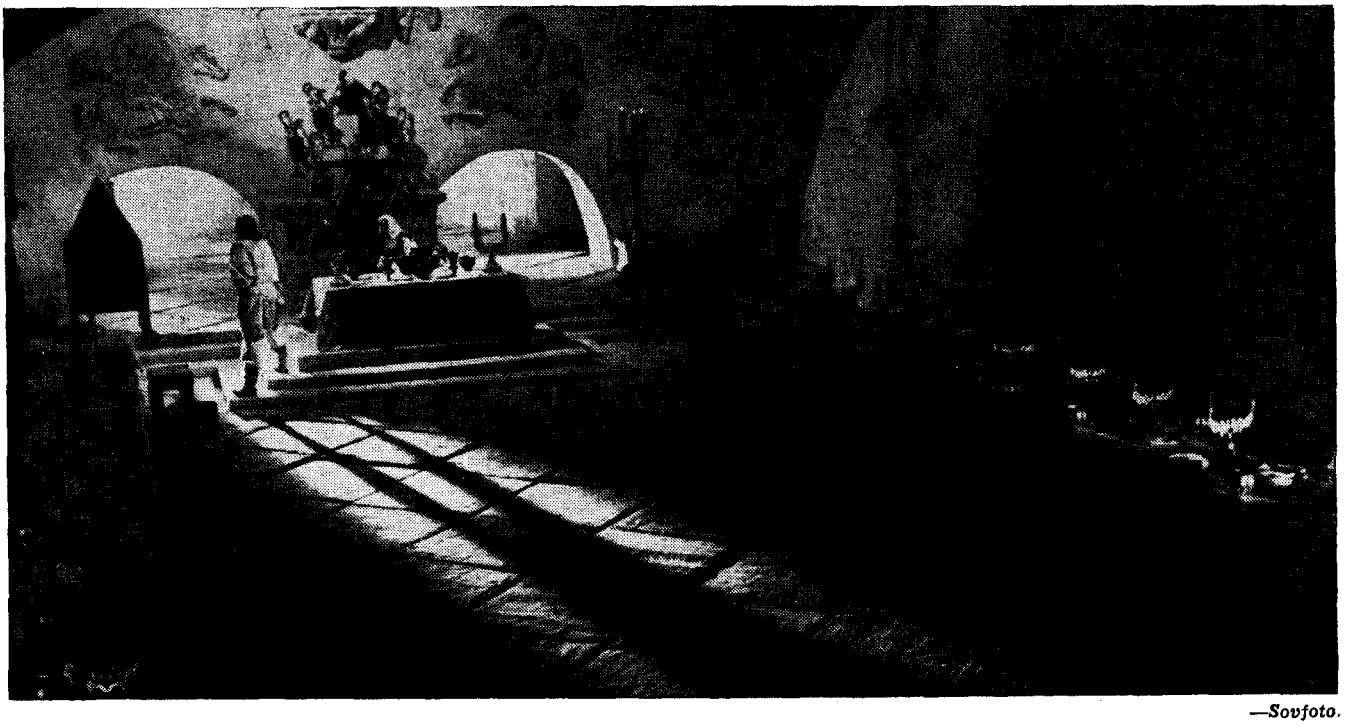
DE MONTHERLANT recounts in "Costals and the Hippogriff" Wagner's plaint to Liszt that had he been happy he would never have set down a note. "One puts into one's art," comments De Montherlant, "what one has not been capable of putting into one's existence. It is because he was unhappy that God created the world."

So far as is known, even from Marie Seton's exhaustive and penetrating biography of him, Sergei Eisenstein was a complete refutation of this. No one ever threw himself into art with a fiercer joy than he, nor did anyone in the world of the film, which he made so singularly his own, maintain a more stubborn artistic integrity. That he suffered for his apocalyptic visions, a Samson among Philistines of the Russian or American variety, was the inevitable corollary to nonconformism, and independence of spirit that has been the experience of free-thinkers from Galileo to Cézanne and Semmelweiss among their own Philistines.

As was to be expected, the most moving chapters of Miss Seton's biography deal with the tragedy of Eisenstein's uncompleted masterpiece "Que Viva Mexico," an artistic frustration from which he was never fully to recover.

There were various other frustrations, too: the criticism by the Soviet commissars of his "artistic formalism" in "The General Line" and "Bezhin Meadow" (which was scrapped midway); the abandonment of numerous grandiose projects for epic films because of the constantly shifting "Party line" that made them "impolitic"; the Hollywood adventure which was straight out of Swift's "Voyage to Lilliput"; and finally the halting of the trilogy "Ivan the Terrible" after release of the first part. During the complete span of his creative life (he died at the age of fifty) Eisenstein completed only six films; three escaped criticism in Russia—"Strike," "Potemkin," and "Alexander Nevsky." His creative and personal life was no less stormy on his home grounds than it was abroad. All this is described by Miss Seton with unusual frankness. A jolly fellow given to barbed witticisms, an omnivorous reader and student of all the arts and sciences (there was almost nothing that did not interest him), a romantic and a gentle cynic, the cinema's foremost esthetic theorist, he was at the same time a defiant rebel in life and in art.

Miss Seton follows him on the most tortuous paths of his introspection, his frequent periods of brooding and moodiness and attempts of his to give expression to some inner anguish in



—*Sovfoto.*

The czar lowers over the unattended boyars' banquet in Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible"—"the cinema's foremost esthetic theorist."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those dark moments by professing to believe, at last, in Christ. For a man whose gods once were Da Vinci, Freud, and Karl Marx, and who had no illusions save the sacred ones of art and science, in which were revealed the only true godheads, this comes as a startling revelation, if revelation it is. Certainly, the legion of Eisenstein's admirers will be hard put to accept it without documentary proof. One cannot isolate any single facet of the multi-faceted personality of so complex and bizarre a figure as Eisenstein and say, "This is it!" Like his films, each facet is only a part of a whole in which the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. This is the first requisite of genius—the rest lies in validity of achievement. Here there is no dispute.

It is an overwhelming story of sometimes unbearable poignancy of a tremendously lovable man who was a great artist and who, though he enjoyed the pinnacles of triumph in his art, also suffered grievously for it and, in the most profound sense, died for it. For Miss Seton, who knew Eisenstein intimately, this has been a labor of love. The research she has done on this biography is staggering. The book has a vast amount of previously unpublished material, including photographs, documents, and drawings.

More than anything else, it is a personal portrait of "an artist rushing forward to the future . . . to serve generations of artists yet unborn." There is much to be left to psychologists to fathom, but a salutary overtone springs from this portrait nonetheless. The freedom of the artist and his right to creative integrity is a theme of such nobility that it rises above all social systems, above all politics.

Let each search within himself who reads the biography of a great man and answer that question which some day must be answered:

"I have given you a life . . . what have you done with it?"

Surf Swimming

By Charles Wharton Stork

THE shoulder of cosmic
rhythm
Lifts and bears onward
Infinitesimal me,
Joyously conscious
I am not flotsam
Helplessly driven,
But integral and partici-
pant in
The will that bears me.

Air-Wave Idioms

OUT OF THE BLUE. By John Crosby. New York: Simon & Schuster. 301 pp. $3.

By Gilbert Seldes

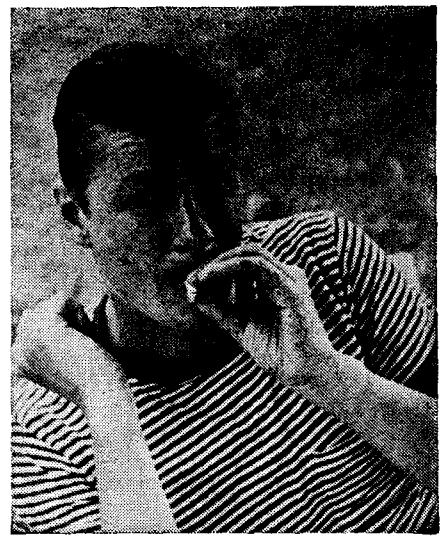
JOHN CROSBY'S "book about radio and television" offers several different kinds of enjoyment, almost all of them coming from his own wit and intelligence. I can't be sure whether he intended us to be taken in by the photograph on the jacket in which, striped sweatshirt and all, he looks a little like the young amateur pugilist Hemingway.

The major pleasures of Crosby's "Out of the Blue" I count as 1) reading this section of Crosby's comments, 2) remembering having read them, 3) recalling the programs about which they were written, and 4) finding some pieces which by evil mischance I had never read before. In New York City, where Crosby's column appears only four times a week, Tuesdays and Thursdays are dull days, and Saturday—when neither he nor Bob and Ray appear—is a sheer loss. From now on we will be able to read a reprinted column on the off-days and by strictly rationing ourselves to one a day we'll get through a year or two.

"There was some loose talk," says the foreword, "about putting together a rounded and exhaustive study of the broadcasting industry. Fortunately, this worthy but dreary enterprise was abandoned." Freely translated this means that Crosby is lazy and that his publishers have not yet learned the art of blackmailing a writer into doing what he ought to do.

It means also that Crosby, being a relatively sophisticated person (which is not the same thing as a sophisticate) with high standards of quality, has to pretend that he is essentially another guy in a sweatshirt, one of the mob. His last words are: "The fact is—deplorable as it may sound—that I greatly enjoy those things of which I most heartily disapprove." In the same afterword he also says: "I remember writing 'Lotsa Fun, Lotsa Laughs, Lotsa Loving' . . . in a total elapsed time of twenty minutes, propelled to this furious outburst by a feeling of hopeless exasperation. On the other hand, a column on 'Amahl and the Night Visitors' . . . took hours. My admiration for this work was so boundless that it struck me dumb."

In short, I do not believe that Crosby gets as much enjoyment out of the programs he intellectually despises as he pretends. That he is capable of intellectual contempt is copiously evident in this collection, and it doesn't at all imply that he is slumming when he records his pleasure in programs that everyone likes. In fact, he is doing the critic's proper job, sifting the better from the worse, regardless of popularity. This has always been done in the major arts, but critics of the popular arts are often expected to abdicate their function as if it were somehow undemocratic or un-American to say that some popular things are better than others.



John Crosby—"ferocious and funny."

After dealing brightly with the good and the silly in broadcasting for eighteen chapters, Crosby has a nineteenth where, instead of lifting a glass to the industry, he blows up the intolerable pretensions of the total apologists for our present system. He denounces as spurious the idea that the broadcasters are merely filling a demand created by the public. "The public has created a demand for entertainment . . . but the quality of . . . product should be determined by the broadcasters." (I am myself doubtful about the first part of this; the broadcasters have again and again created a demand by creating a supply before the demand existed. But the point about quality is major—and Crosby is absolutely right.)

On this subject, on censorship, on the vagaries of research and polls, Crosby is as sound, serious, entertaining as when he writes about sponsored marriages, television detectives, and Kate Smith as an American institution. On the quality of commercials he is ferocious and funny. The more important the subject, the better he writes.

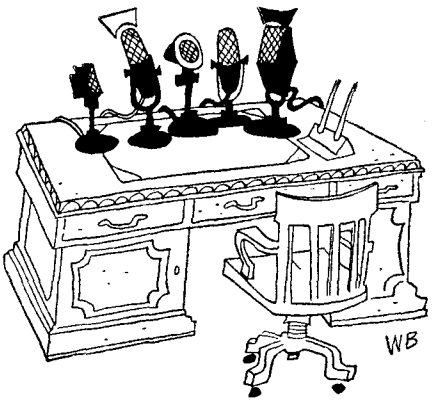
Gilbert Seldes wrote "The Seven Lively Arts" and "The Great Audience."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Flickers-Radio Notes

SHAVING THE SMITH BROTHERS: There are plenty of radios around the country that are turned on at 11:10 weekday nights (EST) for the voice of Eric Sevareid, CBS's chief Washington correspondent as well as one of its chief commentators. As voices go Sevareid's is calm and reassuring; as commentators go Sevareid is among the very best. Neither a Pollyanna nor a crepehanger, Sevareid can be counted on to shuffle the day's disjointed bits and pieces of news into five minutes of sense, free of panaceas and cliches. You don't need to tune in on Sevareid for more than a night or two to realize that he is keen, civilized, liberal, humorous, sympathetic, and rather passionately involved with the United States.

"In One Ear" (Knopf, $2.95) is an anthology of 107 commentaries that Sevareid has broadcast in the past few years. All are as easy on the eye as they were on the ear. Even the "Contents" can be enjoyed with its five pages of titles like "Shave the Smith Brothers and What Have You Got?," "The Old Bull and How to Throw It," and "Senator Pooh and the Communist Woozles." Washington, war, peace, loyalty programs, civil rights, Eisenhower, Stevenson, Truman, Christmas, correspondents, even the pronunciation of words are handled by Sevareid with such imagination that his observations and phrases echo



in your mind long after the book has been closed or the radio turned off. His performance is so consistently fine that for a moment one is apt to forget that the commentaries were written against a deadline. Anyone who may feel that there isn't a man on radio who can be *that* good would do well to read, or listen to, Sevareid tonight. —Bernard Kalb.

THE EYE & THE IDEA: There is a chap, name of Allen Funt, who has dedicated the last six years of his life to eavesdropping on 750,000 persons (one at a time) with the aid of either a hidden microphone or a hidden camera. Not one punched him in the nose. Some, it also turns out, were so overjoyed at the prospect of being heard on "Candid Mike" or being seen on "Candid Camera" that they readily signed a release, despite the fact that their candid selves often were silly, witless, and flabby. All this made Funt, never a man to embarrass another man, happy.

In **"Eavesdropper at Large"** (Vanguard, $3), Funt tells the full story of Funt. He chronicles the germination of his idea, of hiding microphones and cameras, of dreaming up ideas, of luring the man-in-the-street into the act, and of being called everything from "a dirty snoop" to "the second most ingenious sociologist in America." Modestly, Funt denies both, claiming only that he is "a straight man" in a "screwy business." There are several verbatim illustrations of Funt as a straight man like one with the electrician who cheerfully agrees to build him an electric chair. Again, there are several conclusions about human behavior based on Funt's candid excursions, such as "We are all much harder to arouse than is generally supposed." For anyone who has ever seen or heard Funt in action, there are few surprises, though eyebrows may go up from coast to coast when Funt says of those interviewed on his programs, ". . . our concentration is more on everyday people than on freaks." It, to fall back on Funt's own parlance, sounds screwy to me. —B. K.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 493

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 493 will be found in the next issue.

FLY HERB CHHN UP

GEHARYNCY, MEN FLY HERB

YOUR UCEHSMEQY.

NUHCYEYP RMYSFUXP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 492

You cannot make a windmill go with a pair of bellows.
—G. Herbert.

FICTION

(*Continued from page* 19)

War to the 1930's. In the antebellum heyday of steamboating Creole planters built mansions modeled on the ornate steamers plying the Mississippi. A onetime gambler and carpet bagger, Clyde Batchelor purchases one of these river estates from a compliant French widow. With his bride, a high-born but impoverished Virginia widow, and her young children he embarks on a lavish existence at "Cindy Lou" (a corruption of Saint Cloud), financed by sugar, tobacco, and floating palaces. The Batchelors' idyllic marriage and their children's not so successful ones, their relations with neighboring Creole gentry, and the decline of their fortunes when railroads replace steamboats form the main threads of the narrative. A grandson's discovery of oil restores Cindy Lou to prosperity and provides a cheerful ending. Mrs. Keyes deftly juggles numerous sub-plots, and lavishly describes the customs and manners of plantation and river life.

On the debit side are a sentimental style and a heavily padded story. But the author's rich panorama undoubtedly will please her wide audience.
—Ray Pierre.

GREETINGS OF THE SEASON: There are eight Christmas stories in Margaret Cousins's collection **"Christmas Gift"** (Doubleday, $2.75). All are of the type which every editor of a mass-circulation magazine prays for when it comes time to make up his December issue. In each the miracle of Christmas works the expected transformation in the hearts or circumstances of the characters. Lovers are reconciled, misunderstandings are cleared up, old and lonely people discover they are wanted and need not be lonely, criminals are reformed, dour characters lose their bitterness, enemies give up old enmities, and all's for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Miss Cousins writes a briskly competent prose that partly screens the sentimentality of her offerings. Those who can weep at each rehearing of the "Christmas Carol" will undoubtedly enjoy these though they are not quite up to the level of that masterpiece.—Edward J. Fitzgerald.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING: A century ago Yorkshire men were mining coal in Pennsylvania and copper in Michigan while other Yorkshire miners were working lead mines in the mountains of Spain. In a Spanish mining camp

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made up of men transplanted from the North Riding, Thomas Armstrong begins his long, eventful story, **"Adam Brunskill"** (Harcourt, Brace: $4). There Jim Brunskill lay dying, far from the Northern moors that had never faded from his memory, and in his last hours he told his stalwart son about the family quarrel that had sent him away from his own country. On his father's death Adam Brunskill set out for England. From London he journeyed north to the bleak windswept landscape of Yorkshire. He fell in with old Peg Stephen, wandering knife-grinder, and together they crossed the wild moorland to the valley of the Skew. It was Adam's own country, though he had never seen it until then.

Mr. Armstrong's novel is crowded with incident and rich, local scenes, but it is more than a picture of homely life in the village of Winterings. For Adam Brunskill soon encountered his burly cousin Reuben Nattrass, and he learned of the bitter rivalry between the East Side and West Side mining companies. He also met vivid and ardent Cherry Dinsdale, niece of the manager of the West Side mines. When he discovered that his cousin was seeking the favor of Cherry along with the ruin of her uncle there was need in Skewdale of Adam's shrewd knowledge of mining and of his prowess with his fists.

Mr. Armstrong, who is a very popular novelist in England, makes few demands upon his readers. He is an old-fashioned storyteller, with graphic powers of description and strong, unsubtle sympathies in a novel as hearty as Yorkshire pudding. There are times when this novel recalls pages of Thomas Hardy, but its somberness is never long sustained. Instead of impersonal and implacable fate, the villian here is flesh and blood and can be vanquished. "Champion!" Adam Brunskill comments on a far view or a fair turn of events. And champion he is, in all the earthy and unsubtle chapters of this novel.

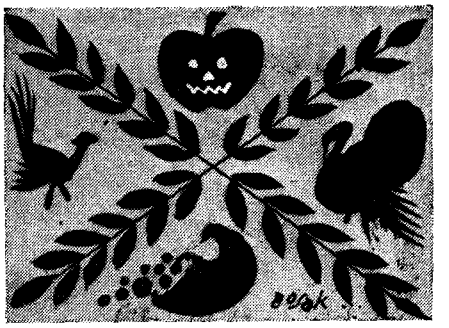
—WALTER HAVIGHURST.

LAND OF DREAMS: Dorothy L. Pillsbury's **"Adobe Doorways"** (University of New Mexico Press, $3.50) is a second collection of vignettes romantically extolling life among the Indians, Spanish-Americans, and Anglos of Santa Fe, New Mexico. There, if you will accept Miss Pillsbury's word for it, you can escape into a world that is full of gaiety, sunshine, good food, colorful costumes, and colorful customs, and no troubles except little ones. Apart from painting this idyllic picture the author has a few theses to expound. One is that the modern world is too regimented. Another is that a happy blending of the best in the old cultures with the best from the new is highly desirable. I don't think anyone will quarrel with her. Nor do I feel that her pleasant view of a life without care is unattractive. I just don't believe it. Her prose is ingratiatingly simple if occasionally a little sugary, and if you really want to escape from it all you can do so through the pages of her book. I wouldn't want to test the reality however. —E. J. F.

FINNISH TRAGEDY: Mika Waltari is capable of a change-of-pace novel. As a surprising chaser to such long, massive books as "The Egyptian," "The Adventurer," and "The Wanderer," the new book, **"A Stranger Comes to the Farm"** (Putnam's, $3), is short, virtually a novella, and presents a contemporary story. To an isolated Finnish farm comes Aaltonen, a stranger, seeking work. The farm's manager is a woman—we are given no name for her—who is burdened by a drunken, degenerate husband. An aging, kindhearted farm hand, Herman, is the only other person on the place. It does not take Aaltonen long to see the horror of this marriage. He has left certain horrors behind him in his own life. The woman has been reduced from a once better state. Inevitably the two find a bond of cleanliness and restoration between them. Before this has more than begun to flourish, however, the degenerate stirs from his lethargy sufficiently to precipitate the tragedy latent in the situation.

Just what Mr. Waltari's purpose is in this dark tale, other than the telling for its own sake, I do not know. It is effective, striking, in many ways. Yet in spite of the sparseness and compactness of the book he manages to make it almost lush, or purple, in some of its passages. It is good of its kind, but I am afraid it is more of an interesting item in relation to Waltari's body of work than an enhancement of his reputation. The publishers liken it to "Ethan Frome" and there is perhaps a slight basis for the comparison. On the whole, however, it has too much passion in it, and too much of a "Grand Guignol" quality, to be the counterpart of Mrs. Wharton's bleak classic. —EDMUND FULLER.

ENFANT TERRIBLE: There is probably nothing wrong with Calder Willingham that a good editor couldn't correct merely by declining to publish him. His latest effusion is called **"Natural Child"** (Dial, $3.50) and it evidences all the lack of discipline, pretentious volubility, and sophomoric posturing that have been his hallmark



since his first promising novel. Its story has to do with the love life of Bobbie, a girl from the South, and George, a wolf on the fringes of Manhattan's literary bohemia. It is told in selfconsciously illiterate fashion that is supposed to be amusing, now in the first person, now in the third person. There are the customary references to sex, normal and perverse. There are pages of bombastic dialogue by unpleasant characters. And there is a final attempt to explain the whole thing away as an elaborate joke on the reader. That it is. —E. J. F.

DISILLUSIONED COMRADE: Neither life nor literature has given us many Communists who ultimately changed into beings endowed with the faculty of recognizing man as created in God's image. We have had the opportunity to witness a quantity of Communists, in real life as well as in literary works of our contemporaries, who had broken with the Party and gone on to fight their own personal wars with it and those who, with Stalinist cynicism, had offered their real or fictional experiences to their former enemies in spite of the fact that they never experienced any inner transformation. Unfortunately, we have heard very little about a real transformation in which a philosophical materialist changed into a philosophical idealist, or about a man who had managed to free himself from within.

Hans Habe's new novel, **"The Black Earth"** (Putnam, $3.50), attempts to portray such a theme. A man born in poverty rebels against his set pattern of life, frees himself from his feudal ties, flees to Budapest, is initiated into the revolutionary movement in 1914, and after joining the army reaches the Soviet Union as a Hungarian soldier. There, acting under orders, he contacts his comrades and becomes the leader of the deserters. He returns with the Russian army as a major and later on plays an important role in political life in his homeland. At the moment when his dream of freeing the enslaved peasants seems to materialize, he is rendered powerless and realizes that the new era is merely the continuation of the old one.

—EGON HOSTOVSKY.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to Poison the Well

WALTER CROSBY EELLS

RED BOGEY VERSUS WHITE PERIL. So reads a five-column head in the issue of *Blitz* for April 5. *Blitz* is a left-wing paper, published in English in Bombay, whose masthead modestly states that it is "Asia's Foremost News Magazine." It claims to have a weekly circulation of 75,000 and a half-million readers in the vast sub-continent of India. The subhead for this article reads: "The Orient Refuses to Be Fooled by Western Propaganda." The lead sentence: "Not a day passes without some Dollar-Darling, Diehard, Democrat, or Damnfool warning the poor Indian Dope against Soviet aggression, Chinese expansionism, and of course the Communist menace!" The article proceeds to review in highly biased form recent developments in the trouble spots of Korea, China, Indo-China, Malaya, Burma, India, Ceylon, Turkey, Egypt, Tunisia, Morocco, South Africa, and Japan. The conclusion of this full-page article may be quoted for the edification of American readers:

> BEWARE AMERICA! You Can't Fool All People All Time! All Asia and Africa are aflame. They naturally look to Soviet Russia, People's China, and the Central European democracies for guidance and inspiration because these nations have already solved problems identical to their own in the revolutionary, Marxist-Leninist-Maoist way. In utter panic and desperation, the imperialists are seeking to confuse the people with anti-Communist propaganda. After perverting the mind of the world, their object will be to declare war upon and destroy the Russo-Chinese bloc. But the people of the world know, as we do in India, that if the Western warmongers succeed in destroying the Communist countries, our own freedom and independence will be lost forever. That is why the people of Asia and Africa stand solidly behind the peace movement. The Americans may succeed in fooling some of our people for some time, but they cannot fool all the people at all times.

The writer and his wife, after four years' service in Japan with the Occupation, have just completed a year's tour through the countries of Asia from Hong Kong and Indo-China to Lebanon and Turkey. Since he had spent the greater part of his time during the last year in Japan in combating the Communist influence in the reorganized Nipponese universities, he was particularly interested to observe and study the Communist menace in the countries of Asia, so many of which are seething with unrest and struggling with problems of reorganization.

An important vehicle of Communist propaganda is the wide circulation of Communist literature in the Asiatic countries, not only from Soviet and Chinese sources, but also in publications orginating in the countries themselves. A good example of the virulent poison being constantly circulated to the reading public of India is the quotation from *Blitz* just given.

The majority of the populations of most of the Asian countries, unfortunately, is illiterate, but for the literate minority, which comprises the leadership of the countries concerned, there is a mass of Communist literature available. In India, in particular, it is offered in almost every bookstall. The writer at a single sidewalk newsstand near the University of Bombay bought a half-dozen most attractively printed and illustrated Communist publications (in English) printed in Russia, China, and Czechoslovakia for three or four annas (four or five cents) each. He was offered a 200-page cloth-bound "Life of Lenin" for nine annas (eleven cents). Such publications, and hundreds of others, are being sold at

less than cost. The blank paper on which they are printed costs more than the selling price in most cases. The simple explanation, of course, is that they are being liberally subsidized from Communist sources. They are being freely purchased and widely read by university students and other young intellectuals.

A statistic picked up in India is that 67 per cent of the world's newsprint is used in the United States for its 156,000,000 people, but less than 1 per cent is used in India for twice the population. But far too much of that precious 1 per cent is being used by *Blitz* and a host of other Communist and left-wing publications.

Another paper is the frankly Communist *Crossroads*, "The Progressive Weekly." Sample headlines observed: (five-column) "FREEDOM OF SPEECH MEANS: IN USSR TO TALK OF PEACE AND NOT OF WAR. IN USA TO TALK OF WAR AND NOT OF PEACE." "WHILE SCHOOLS CLOSE, FEES INCREASE, TEACHERS STARVE IN INDIA, CHINA IS QUENCHING THIRST FOR LEARNING." (four-column) "COMMUNISTS: FATHERS OF EVERY PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT." "DOLLAR NOOSE TIGHTENS AROUND TURKEY'S NECK."

Mrs. Roosevelt's visit to India and other Asian countries, which occurred while the writer was there, was the occasion for particularly pointed and vicious comments and slurs. Thus *Crossroads* in an editorial (March 21):

> Mrs. Roosevelt was sent to India to sing the praises of the Dollar Land and to entice us deeper into its parlor. She has been very sweet and suave, very understanding and sympathetic. . . . But the people of India will know how to rebuff the blandishments of the U.S. imperialists. They will tell the insolent Yankees not to poke their dirty snouts into our affairs.

Another "liberal" journal, the *Bombay Forum*, in a three-column box, headed "Eleanor Roosevelt's Mission," says:

> On international politics, America has taken the most uncompromising stand against Communism, or particularly against Russia and China, and her set course seems to be to defeat Communism anyhow, even by war if necessary. . . . There is always a suspicion around the corner that the American aid is not so philanthropic as it is paraded to be, but a hideous and calculated scheme to chain the economies of the newly-freed nations of Asia to the chariot wheels of "dollar imperialism." These distrusts the Americans are at pains to remove from our minds and, the shrewd observer that she is, Eleanor Roosevelt has been very tactfully and imaginatively working to create new understanding in the minds of the Indian people and the peoples of Southeast Asia. Her answer throws no new light on America foreign policy—her condemnation of Communism is but an expression of the usual American attitude. But there

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is an air of grace, goodwill, and understanding about this lady, which do not seem to be the strong point of most American some-bodies.

One of the popular features of *Blitz* is its regular page of question and answers, as often as possible with a barb attached. Samples:

From Moni Chatterji, Calcutta. Is Eleanor's anti-Soviet bias true to the life, work, and spirit of her great husband Roosevelt?
Answer: Indeed, no, Madam. Eleanor Roosevelt has lately been speaking more as the propagandist of American Reaction than as the widow of FDR.
From R. V. Deshpanda, Jogeshwari. Mrs. Roosevelt said that Communists cannot come into power because Bharat [India] is a very religious country. What is your opinion about this statement?
Answer: This is what the Czar and Chiang Kai-Shek thought, too, about Russia and China!

Marked violation of good taste was found in the Beirut paper *Al Youm* which reported Mrs. Roosevelt's speech appealing for some type of Arab-Israeli reconciliation under the headline: "MAY GOD RENDER HER FACE UGLIER—THE OLD HAG MRS. ROOSEVELT COMES OUT WITH MORE NONSENSE."

In a recent issue of *Blitz* appeared a full-page article with the five-column head: "MISERABLE LOT OF OUR TEACHERS AND STUDENTS UNDER CONGRESS RAJ." Sample quotation:

> Under Congress rule, when students raise their legitimate demands, they are invariably refused. When students are forced to fight for the minimum essential conditions for study they are brutally repressed and accused of "indiscipline," "disregard of studies," etc., in a large number of institutions—both Government and non-Government—everything is done, including threats of rustications [expulsions] to prevent students from reading even such papers as *Soviet Union, Soviet Land,* and *Blitz,* which are banned from the Reading Rooms. Most ferocious is the attack on the right of students to organize and struggle for betterment of their conditions and fulfilment of their just rights and demands.

In another full-page feature story with a five-column head, "LID OFF THE V(O)ICE OF AMERICA," in a purported dispatch from its Washington correspondent, *Blitz* says:

> The Voice of America—pronounced "Vice of America" by its Hindi announcers and broadcasting with the call letters "VRU" (which means "I Lie" in Russian)—is frantically looking for Indian agents. . . . Voice people are very uncommunicative about their staff and other internal matters. Your correspondent, however, has been able to peep through their curtain and here is a story.

Subheads for the following article: "Indian Stooges Peddle Propaganda for Uncle Sham," "Indian Stooges Want to Become US Citizens," "Swami Too Joins Yankee Band Wagon."

A few more quotations from *Blitz*'s popular page of "Questions and Answers:"

T. E. Varadran, Tiruchapalli. Which is the country where Communism is most essential?
Answer: No line can be drawn between country and country. But as things are moving, Communism is inevitable in all.
Kumari Anjuli Sen, Bhagalpur. Why do Americans boast so much of their Way of Life when the Negroes in the US are still being treated as they are?
Answer: That is precisely the reason why they have to BOAST in an exaggerated manner.
(No name). What do you think of Trigve Lie's outburst against the Korean-Chinese charges of germ warfare?
Answer: True to his name, Trigve LIED again!!!
Rajinder Singh, Kanpur. What is progress?
Answer: That which is absent under the Congress Raj!
E. M. Pardeshi, Dindori. Who is the general without an army . . .?
Answer: Ike Eisenhower. . . . And the army without a general?
Answer: The unemployed.
Das Pabwe, Simla. Who are the two best brains in India?
Answer: Your question, Chum, created quite a riot over here in *Blitz* office, until we decided not to answer it because of our modesty!

MR. B. C. ROY, chief minister of the province of West Bengal, speaking at Calcutta, reported some of the calumnies spread against the Congress Party by the Communist Party in connection with the recent Indian elections. He referred to a broadcast by Radio Moscow which said:

> Quoting reliable sources, a newspaper conducted by the Communist Party in Calcutta, states that the leadership of the ruling party in India, namely the Congress Party, has a secret plan for falsifying the results of the Parliamentary elections. The plan provides for the setting up of a camp for training special personnel in methods of falsifying election returns. According to the paper, an expert is to come soon from the USA to supervise training in the camp.

Mr. Roy commented that there never had been a bigger lie than this. He said that there was "general agreement that the election had been one of the fairest ever held anywhere in the world."

Ceylon also has its own Communist journal. *The People's Voice*, published twice a week in Colombo, has a wide circulation in what its people like to call the "Enchanted Isle." It conducts a constant campaign for a "United Communist Front" in Ceylon and is therefore anti-Government, anti-American, anti-British, and pro-Soviet. It abounds in slighting references to "British imperialists," "Yankee murderers," "American-inspired propaganda," etc. A two-column head in one issue read: "YANKS OPPOSED TO CEYLON'S ENTRY INTO THE UN." Extracts from issues scanned during the writer's three weeks' visit in Ceylon may be of interest.

> In Korea, American soldiers are turning over in large numbers to the North Korea side, for the fighting man has a passion for justice and truth.
> The idea of America as the champion of freedom has faded out and has been replaced by the idea of America as the military power seeking to push other countries about as pawns in its military game.
> American prosperity? American people are going into debt at the fastest rate in their history. In 1945 private debts totaled 396 dollars for every man, woman, and child in the country. Today the figure is 733 dollar for each person.
> U.S. education: The results of a special examination of 11,000 Los Angeles high school students between the ages of sixteen and eighteen showed that 18 per cent of the students did not know there were twelve months in the year. Three per cent shrugged in puzzlement when asked to look at a clock and tell the time. Most did a fair job with the alphabet, but 4 per cent were not able to tell what letter came before "M," although they were given a choice of the letters K, L, N, and O.

Such are a few samples of the type of Communist and anti-American literature circulated throughout much of the Orient today. Comparatively little is being done to counteract it. But its efforts usually fail to meet those who need it most. As Dr. Abdollah Faryar, director of the United Nations Information Center in Teheran, said to the writer while he was in troubled Iran: "The United States Information Library here in Teheran is excellent, but no Communist would dare be seen in it."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seep through the Soviet censorship.

This leads to one minor criticism. While respecting the author's understandable desire to present only the facts and the integrity of their presentation, some political evaluation of them might have been in order. It might have helped to bring more life into a mass of data which is not easy to digest for the untrained observer.

Nevertheless, out of the profusion of books that has been written about the Soviet Union Mr. Schwartz's will remain for years to come a source of authoritative information concerning a little-known—but most significant—aspect of Soviet life.

The Boss

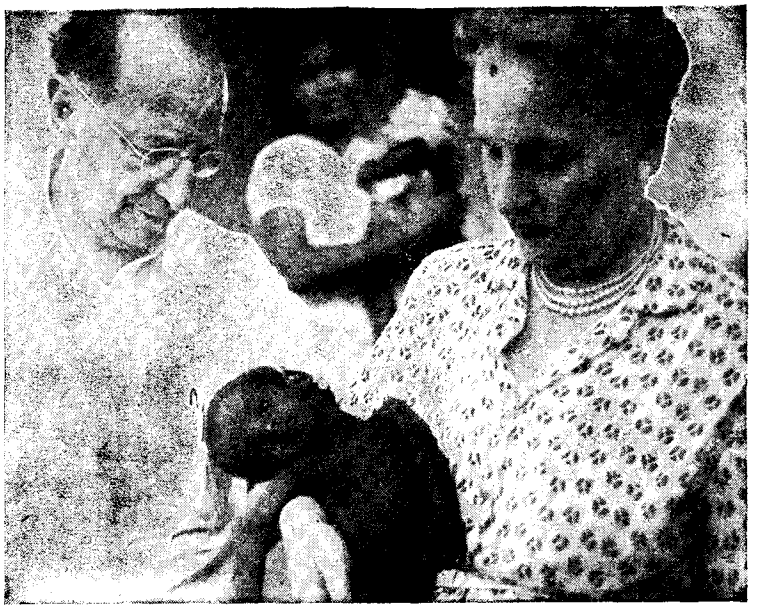
STALIN. By Nikolaus Basseches. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 384 *pp.* $4.75.

By Harry Schwartz

SINCE the brooding figure of Stalin casts a shadow of threat and fear over all the free world, it is not surprising that this most powerful single man in the world today has increasingly captured the attention of biographers. Within the past decade we have had Leon Trotsky's estimate of his great opponent, Bertram Wolfe's most penetrating study of the pre-1917 period, Isaac Deutscher's controversial but literarily skilled work, and, most recently, Louis Fisher's popularization. Nikolaus Basseches, Moscow-born and for fifteen years correspondent in that city for an Austrian newspaper, is the latest, but certainly not the last, entry in the Stalin biography-sweepstakes.

In a very real sense no really satisfactory biography of Stalin has been or can yet be written. A dweller in the shadows who emerges briefly on ceremonial occasions, Stalin has sought deliberately to hide his real self behind the symbol built up by his propagandists. The accolades of his sycophantic press give us few clues for that press is too busy praising "the greatest genius in world history" to give many hints of the flesh-and-blood personality that is reality. Even so elementary a question as Stalin's pres-

Harry Schwartz, author of "Russia's Soviet Economy," is a member of The New York Times *staff.*



Am I My Brother's Keeper?

IN INDIA I asked myself this question when I saw thousands of homeless sleeping in the streets of Calcutta and Bombay. When I saw half starved children and "hunger limp" babies like the one above.
IN KOREA (My schedule did not permit me to examine the 28 orphanages in which CCF assists Korean children). There is only ugliness and misery in Korea. Wandering refugees, little ragged children, destroyed homes. There is hardly a family not broken, fathers taken prisoners or shot, mothers abused and carried off or left dead behind a broken wall. A destroyed country of rubble, rags, disease, hunger and human misery.
IN JAPAN in the Elizabeth Saunders Home for GI babies, deserted by their American fathers, and 18 other CCF orphanages, all over-crowded.
IN GERMANY where I saw some of the several million people who are refugees in their own country. Those who escaped from East Germany won their freedom at great cost. Few families escaped intact. Children, parents, wives and husbands shot down or dragged off to labor camps. Those who escaped are destitute. They can't find work and have inadequate food and shelter.

The sick little children of India, the wandering orphans of Korea, that flaxen haired German miss, who saw her father killed, does God charge me with their plight? I have returned from overseas with the realization that the Communists care enough to make very successful capital of democracy's failures and with the strong conviction that we Americans can not close our eyes or stop our ears to the cry of a hungry child anywhere in the world — black, brown, yellow or white. The hungry children of the world are more dangerous to us than the atom bomb.
CCF assists children in 97 orphanages in the following countries: Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, Formosa, Indonesia, India, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Malaya, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, United States and Western Germany. You can adopt a child in any of these countries for ten dollars a month and the child's name, address, picture and information about the child will be furnished. Correspondence with the child is invited. Smaller gifts are equally welcome. God sees not the coin but the heart that gives it.

For information write to:
Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
RICHMOND 4, VIRGINIA

PUZZLED . . . about Christmas gifts?
Just give POST SCRIPTS
A Happy Jamboree of Humor and High Jinks from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Chosen by JOHN BAILEY
with over 100 illustrations by HENRY SYVERSON
AT ALL BOOKSTORES $2.95
MACRAE SMITH COMPANY • PHILADELPHIA

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ent marital status cannot be answered satisfactorily, let alone others of much greater psychological or political importance. Against this background of ignorance, even the most conscientious biographer must often substitute rumor, surmise, and speculation for missing facts.

Mr. Basseches's view of Stalin is best summarized in the author's own preface: "I am making no attempt to depict Joseph Stalin as a superman: I do not believe in the existence of supermen . . . The phenomenal element in the rise of Joseph Djugashvili (Stalin) is to be sought not in his career but in the Revolution . . . many qualities which the overwhelming majority of men value are quite unnecessary for the attainment of success; the qualities that count are hardness, astuteness, cunning, often unscrupulousness . . . Stalin's success is composed of many elements—chance, conscious effort and conscious seizure of opportunities, and idealistic fulfilment of what a revolutionary regards as his duty; and also the urge to keep his end up and to seek power."

With this over-all estimate, as well as with much of this volume—particularly the stress on the importance of the Soviet bureaucracy with its hunger for more of the goods of this world—there can be little dispute. The author has obviously followed the Moscow scene closely and studied much of the available source material, though the complete absence of documentation is often distressing. The writing style is simple and direct, and the translation from the German, by E. W. Dickes, is quite readable.

But any generally favorable judgment of this book must be tempered by recognition of Mr. Basseches's sloppiness in his factual material and an expression of amazement at some of his most important conclusions. Contrary to this author, Stalin did not write the "Short History of the Communist Party"; that myth is a postwar Soviet invention. Other similar examples might be cited.

More important and more mystifying are Mr. Basseches's swallowing whole of the main charges at the great purge trials of the 1930's and his paean of praise to the collective farm system. Mr. Basseches's confidence that the charges against Zinoviev, Kamenev, and Tukhachevsky reflected a real plot against Stalin is most dubious and certainly not supported here by any convincing evidence. The mere assertion that Trotsky worked with the German and Japanese secret services is not proof, except perhaps to Andrei Vishinsky. And as for Mr. Basseches's view that the Soviet peasantry supports the collective farms and that this support was decisive during World War II, this is simply grotesque. The widespread revelations of abuses among the collective farmers in 1939, 1946, and 1952 are the best indication of how uneasy is the compromise here achieved.

A Life's Work Gone

NO SECRET IS SAFE BEHIND THE BAMBOO CURTAIN. By Mark Tennien. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 270 pp. $3.50.

By Julien Steinberg

NO book has yet appeared which compels more belief than does Father Mark Tennien's account of the ordeal of contemporary China. Speaking as both observer and victim, Father Tennien, a Maryknoll priest, provides us with a model of dispassionate reporting. Knowing that the grotesque story he has to tell is almost too difficult for any civilized human being to believe, he adopts entirely the language of understatement. He foregoes justified brooding about his own anguish and reports on the story about him. This then is not the story of a priest who was repaid with debasement and misery for a lifetime of service to the people of China. It is the tale of what happened to those people, and, as such, Father Tennien is still serving them.

His account, based on a diary he kept, begins in November 1949, at the time when the entire mainland of China, save for a pocket in the southwest, had fallen to the Red Chinese. Into Kwangsi Province, Father Tennien's home for twenty years, swept Red armies from three directions. Having heard extraordinary stories from refugees, which the good priest could not quite believe, he was now about to see for himself.

The first stage was reassurance of the population while the Red armies chased the retreating Nationalists. This was a comparatively tranquil period. Posters proclaimed freedom and protection of property, and the world heard again that the Chinese Reds were orderly, and fair, rulers. The second stage came early in 1950 when the political functionaries who followed the armies arrived. Along with them came the stigmata of more familiar Communist rule. One was permitted to make no move without a travel permit; a form had to be filled out for every overnight stay; a system of espionage for each village was constructed, and the experience of someone looking and listening through one's window became common; dissenters began to disappear. In July 1950, after the U.N. stood up to Red aggression in Korea, the regime replied with still more arrests. In December 1950, after Red China threw itself into Korea, the purge was stepped up drastically, victims were now called "agents of the American invaders." By May 1951 total terror was the order of

Your Literary I.Q.

By John T. Winterich

"THEY HAVE THEIR ENTRANCES"

Here are the first speeches, complete and unabridged, of ten title-characters in Shakespeare's plays. Who are the characters? Score ten points for each correct identification. Eighty up is excellent, seventy is good, and sixty is not to be sneezed at. Answers on page 44.

1. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
2. How now! who calls?
3. 'Tis better as it is.
4. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
5. I will go wash,
   And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
   Whether I blush or no. Howbeit, I thank you.
   I mean to stride your steed, and at all times
   To undercrest your good addition
   To the fairness of my power.
6. Is the day so young?
7. Imprisoned is he, say you?
8. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
   If after this command thou fraught the court
   With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
   Thou 'rt poison to my blood.
9. A little more than kin, and less than kind.
10. Who were those went by?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the day. Thus, barely one year after conquering China, the regime was already involved in foreign aggression, and was on its way to a rule of bloody terror which—for ferocity, openness (the regime recently *admitted* having already executed two million "bandits"), and extent—is unprecedented even in Soviet Russia.

Father Tennien patiently, and with a gentleness which must be called heroic, furnishes us with a first-hand account of the stages, and means, by which long-suffering China has been made to suffer as never before. He explains in detail the "land reform" system which is, inexplicably, still admired by some in America, the "self-criticism" sessions, life in prison, the hounding of the foreign missionaries, the policy of uninhibited executions, the psychology of the Government interrogators, and the effect of these brutal innovations on Chinese life.

One sample will suffice, for it is entirely revelatory of the actions and culture of the regime that now rules China, and that opposes us in savage combat in Korea. In early 1952 five Canadian Sisters were put on public trial in Canton. The charge against them, in actuality, was that they ran an orphanage for abandoned Chinese children. The propaganda charge: that they had systematically slaughtered those children. Conducted along the well-established lines of a Moscow trial, the proceedings were broadcast all over the nation. In free Hong Kong many sat horrified by their radios and listened to a spectacle that might have been taking place in the Colosseum of ancient Rome. A mob of some 5,000 had been herded into the Chungsham Memorial Stadium. Communist cheerleaders worked the mob up into a frenzy of hate. Announcers excitedly described the proceedings much as if they had been telling of a football game. Not one witness was permitted to speak for the Sisters, not one was allowed to say what the Chinese editor of a Hong Kong paper later said: that the Sisters had left a land of comfort to devote their lives to the service of the Chinese people, that they had picked up abandoned babies left by their hopeless mothers on the city dumps to die, that such children were left nightly outside the door of the orphanage, that the Chinese mothers knew that only here would the children be fed and nursed, and that if they died they would be given a decent burial.

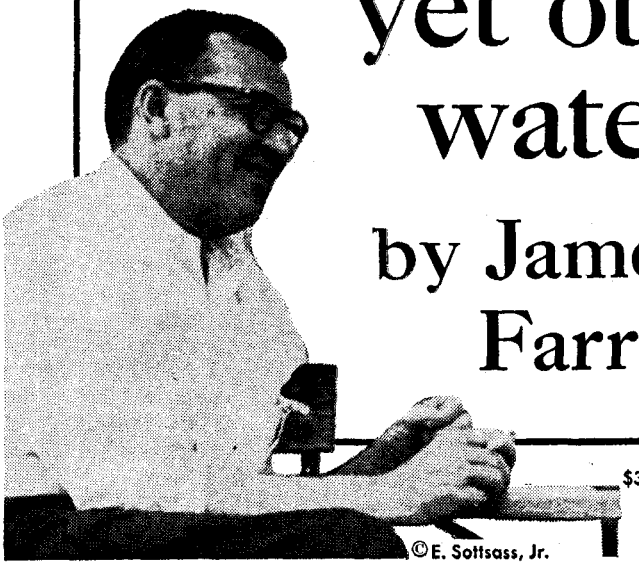
One question is primary: why should the Communists *publicize* many of their atrocities, as they indisputably do? Father Tennien's answer: 1) they are completely confident of world victory and seek mainly to serve the purposes of internal propaganda; 2) they

"His best book since STUDS LONIGAN"

—Newsweek

yet other waters

by James T. Farrell



$3.75 AT ALL BOOKSTORES

Vanguard

An appreciative, calculating and knowing look at women . . . by some of the world's best writers.

THE GIRLS FROM Esquire

In the safety of the pages of *Esquire*, such connoisseurs as John Steinbeck, James Jones, Budd Schulberg, Ferenc Molnar, Irwin Shaw, and many others, have written about the most interesting subject in the world—*women!* This book is a compendium of what they have said. A lavish volume of enlightenment and sophisticated entertainment, with 30 complementing Esquire cartoons.

$3.95 at all bookstores, RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

AUTHOR'S OPPORTUNITY

As established, reputable publishers, we can publish, promote and sell your book if it has literary merit. Send for our FREE book, PUBLISHING YOUR BOOK, for full information—at no obligation.

COMET PRESS BOOKS, *Publishers*

Dept. SRL 11 West 42 St. N. Y. 36, N. Y.

For All Your *Cat-Owning Friends* The Perfect Gift is

CATS MAGAZINE

Fiction—Poems—Articles—Pix All About All Kinds of Cats

Send Only $3.00 for each 1-yr Subscription (Sample 25¢)

CATS-5111 House Bldg.-Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

count on, and publicly gloat over, American indifference to domestic Chinese policies. Shortly before leaving China, a Red official told him: "Say what you want about Communist China when you get to America. It will make no difference."

Stuffy Stalemate

PRESS SNAFUS: Lt. Col. Melvin B. Voorhees, formerly a newspaperman in the Pacific Northwest, describes in his **"Korean Tales"** (Simon & Schuster, $3) the workings of the Eighth Army headquarters in Korea (EUSAK). For the most part, he deals with the press and problems of military censorship. Seven of the twenty-one pieces are imaginative, but they are not far removed from the author's experiences. Colonel Voorhees names, indicts, and presents the evidence against those war correspondents, press bureau chiefs, and public journals whose avid desire for news scoops led them to compromise military security.

He has a profound pity for the Koreans, those proud people of ancient culture who seem bewildered by and out of place in our mechanical and materialistic century. He presents their intimate knowledge of the devastation, which some of us may think of only as an abstract struggle for power, in several effective vignettes, stories neither cliché nor tearful. Most interestingly, the author also describes Generals MacArthur, Walker, Ridgway, and Van Fleet frankly as human beings.

"In places this book is controversial," Colonel Voorhees says, "and it is deliberately so." The colonel overestimates the polemic nature of his impressions. Suggesting, for instance, that a military commander may be motivated to a certain extent, as are other men, by ambition is hardly a revelation. Such questions as the effectiveness of air support in Korea and the former EUSAK-X Corps relationship are all but settled. What Colonel Voorhees has to say on these as well as on other issues, however, is always sober, pertinent, and informative. The public may hear much more about Colonel Voorhees and his controversial disclosures. For refusing to submit his manuscript for Army review before publication, as required by regulations, the author presently faces an inquiry and possible court martial. —JOHN M. GEORGE.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Cleopatra. 2. Juliet. 3. Othello. 4. Macbeth. 5. Coriolanus. 6. Romeo. 7. Timon. 8. Cymbeline. 9. Hamlet. 10. Cressida.

THE SCOPE OF DICKENS

(*Continued from page* 14)

flected less in his writing than in the pages of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round,* both of which were full of articles devoted to the clear and vivid explanation of scientific invention and discovery. Many of these were concerned with the practical application of science in technology, agriculture, and industry, but an appreciable number dealt with scientific theory. Faraday's lectures on chemistry and physics inspired a series of pieces in *Household Words.* Darwin's "Origin of Species," which startled so many dovecotes in nineteenth-century thought, was greeted in *All the Year Round* with an article of lucid and respectful exposition calling attention to the far-reaching implications of its theory. The "dreadful hammers" of the geologists clinking away at "every cadence of the Bible phrases," that so distressed Ruskin, had no terrors for Dickens. He read Lyell's "Antiquity of Man," and calmly ranged himself with Colenso's demonstration that the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua could not be considered reliable scientific documents.

The full range of any writer's knowledge is seldom mirrored in his books. Some of what fascinates his mind lights no fires beneath those crucibles in which the work of imaginative creation is fused. The poets like Lucretius, Goethe, and Shelley, the novelists like Melville, Dostoievsky, and Mann, who are directly inspired by philosophy or science or religion, who strive to incorporate into the cosmos of their work everything that they know, are not the only representatives of literary greatness. Keats shared some of the noble political enthusiasms of his friend Leigh Hunt, but these are seldom the subjects of his poems. The novels of Henry James, save possibly "The Princess Casamassima," show small concern with the thronging problems of modern industrialism. Whatever concern Shakespeare and a host of other great and lesser literary figures felt for Dean Inge's "great subjects" is indirect and implicit rather than a deliberate and conscious preoccupation.

Seen in this light, Dickens is more conspicuous for the scope of his interests than for their paucity. Though his religious views are imaged only by implication in most of his works, he was sharply concerned with the role of the churches in society. Inclining toward Unitarianism, he had little respect for mystical religious dogma. He hated the Roman Catholic Church, "that curse upon the world," as the tool and coadjutor of oppression throughout Europe. But it was the social and political affiliations of its organization that he fought, not its religious faith. He was so far from being antagonistic to individual Catholics that Clarkson Stanfield and Percy Fitzgerald, both members of that church, were among his closest friends and he had even hoped that his daughter Mary would marry Fitzgerald. The Oxford Movement he despised as an endeavor to revive candles, incense, and all the ornate flimflam of ritualism in England. He applauded the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and believed that ultimately the same course would be forced upon the Church of England. That church, too, he saw as hand in glove with privilege, riddled by nepotism and politics, but crippled by the strength of the dissenting sects. Many of these, however, with their gloomy zeal, their arid creeds, and their antagonism to everything warm and genial in life, he disliked even more than the Established Church. From the ranting pulpit-thumper of "Sunday Under Three Heads" through the gloomy cruelty of the Murdstones and the Old Testament vindictiveness of Mrs. Clennam, he never ceased girding at the bleak self-righteousness and the uncharitable distortion of true benevolence he found in them.

This same spirit animated his feelings about philanthropy and social reform. He could not bear the blind zealots who were more concerned with propagating the Gospel in foreign parts than with helping the victims of poverty and ignorance at home. Vigorously active in philanthropy himself, he consistently satirized those who distorted it into a disguised means of gratifying their own greed for power. His own ideas had been strongly influenced by Benthamism, he had written for the *Examiner,* one of the chief organs of the utilitarians, and he shared many of their aims of radical reform, but he refused to substitute abstract theory for the actual welfare of human beings. No doctrinaire utilitarianism could persuade him to offer up living sacrifices on the altar of political economy. Nothing could make him believe that industry would be ruined unless labor was enslaved to an iron law of wage. He insisted that when men worked long hours in dangerous or unsanitary sur-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

roundings for earnings so small that they and their families were half starved, something could and must be done. He insisted that they had a right to light, air, water for drinking and washing, education, and leisure and enjoyment in their lives. The obstacle to these goals, he saw, was privilege, and the fact that government and law were tools of privilege; and he passionately called on England's ruling classes to set their house in order lest the day come when violence and disorder sweep them away. He did not believe that they were all so cruel and selfish as to be utterly callous to human suffering. He knew that there were landowners and members of the nobility with warm hearts, merchants capable of a noble generosity, industrialists earnestly desirous of ameliorating the conditions in mines and factories. But even these were so caught in the complex web of the economic system that there was little that they could do as individuals; and the great body of all these groups, he saw, were so blind and so immersed in retention and acquisition that nothing but shame, fear, or force would make them yield a fraction of an inch. He therefore called upon the working class to make the weight of its numbers felt and insist that legislators be elected who would amend the injustices of society.

IN THAT society and its political structure he came finally to have no faith whatever. Only when the voice of the people was heard might representative institutions cease to be an utter failure and become instruments of good. But when representative institutions ignored the people and represented only their exploiters, when wealth dominated all the proceedings of the legislative body and class prejudice insisted that the poor must be "kept in their places," elective governments were only puppets manipulated by the real but hidden rulers, as he had depicted them in "Bleak House" and "Little Dorrit." Under these circumstances, corruption proliferated everywhere, rival forces of privilege fought each other, each branch and department of the Government became a hotbed of special interests, each bureau itself became a special interest obstructing outside interference with elaborations of red tape like the Circumlocution Office.

Two such different critics as Chesterton and Shaw have paid tribute to the social and political insight with which Dickens portrayed modern society. The Circumlocution Office, said Chesterton, is a complete picture of the way England is actually governed at this moment." And Shaw notes: "If Dickens's day as a sentimental romancer is over, his day as a social prophet and social critic is only dawning. Thackeray's England is gone, Trollope's England is gone; and even Thackeray and Trollope mixed with their truth a considerable alloy of what the governing classes liked to imagine they were, and yet never quite succeeded in being. But Dickens's England, the England of Barnacle and Stiltstalking and Hamlet's Aunt, invaded and overwhelmed by Merdle and Veneering and Fledgeby, with Mr. Gradgrind theorizing and Mr. Bounderby bullying in the provinces, is revealing itself in every day's news, as the real England we live in."

All these things Dickens saw as clearly and despised as bitterly as Carlyle, but unlike Carlyle he did not call upon an aristocratic elite or a divine dictator hero to step in, sweep representative institutions aside, and establish a benevolent despotism. Instead, he called upon the people to assert and save themselves. He saw red at the snobberies that, after making education almost a class monopoly, then sneered at the masses as ignorant and brutish. Far from fearing the results of the Reform Bill of 1867, he believed the newly enfranchised masses would take their electoral responsibilities more seriously and discharge them more wisely than most of those who distrusted them. "My faith in the people governing," he said in 1869, "is, on the whole, infinitesimal; my faith in the People governed is, on the whole, illimitable."

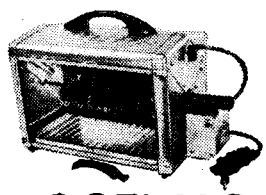
Even at the time there were commentators who tried to twist this declaration into something equivocal, as if Dickens's meaning were that he believed not in the people governing themselves but in their being governed by others. Aside from the fact that Dickens was temperamentally incapable of any such tricky word manipulation, he himself, in a speech only a few months later, clearly denied that interpretation. Quoting Buckle's "History of Civilization in England," he restated his meaning: "They may talk as they will about reforms which Government has introduced and improvements to be expected from legislation, but whoever will take a wider and more commanding view of human affairs, will soon discover that such hopes are chimerical. They will learn that law-givers are nearly always the obstructors of society instead of its helpers, and that in the extremely few cases where their measures have turned out well, their success has been owing to the fact that, contrary to their usual custom, they have implicitly obeyed the spirit of their time, and have been—as they always should be—the mere servants of the people, to whose wishes they are

OVER 100,000 COPIES IN PRINT!

"What more acceptable gift could one give a thoughtful young person than an international art gallery?"
—SATURDAY REVIEW

FAMOUS PAINTINGS
An Introduction to Art for Young People

By Alice Elizabeth Chase, Yale University Art Gallery. 48 glowing, full-color, full-page (7" x 10") masterpieces . . . Over 120 illustrations in black and white gravure . . . The fascinating stories of artists and their great paintings—Botticelli, Cezanne, Winslow Homer, Van Gogh, and many others.
Only $3.50 at all bookstores
PLATT AND MUNK



THE AMAZING
ROTISS-O-MAT
The Original AUTOMATIC Home Barbecue and Infra-Red Broiler with 3 Heat Control
Try this altogether new approach to ovenless roasting and broiling—far ahead of all other methods. For superb dishes of unsurpassed flavor and succulence—prepared easily and quickly under an even steady temperature without heating up your kitchen.
A wonderful gift or a practical addition to your own home. $59.95 postpaid (no C.O.D.'s please). Money Back Guarantee.
JACK CARTER 20C Cornelia Street New York 14, N. Y.

The new Professor Pennyfeather murder mystery!
ENROLLMENT CANCELLED
BY D. B. OLSEN $2.50
THE NEW CRIME CLUB SELECTION

BOOKS ON
PSYCHIATRY
PSYCHOANALYSIS
PSYCHOLOGY
SOCIAL SCIENCES
• complete stock of current and hard-to-get titles, mostly at substantial savings.
• we successfully service over 3,000 educators, doctors and institutions.
► send for free list S-12P
SELECT BOOK SERVICE
1186 Broadway • New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bound to give a public and legal sanction." It was the people, not their governors, whom Dickens trusted, and the people that he wished to see rule.

They represented Dickens's only real hope for the world. He had no panacea to solve all problems. In his own day he worked piecemeal within limited areas for every particular improvement that seemed to him attainable. Though he understood how external circumstance could twist and ruin men's lives, and hoped to make the opportunities for human fulfilment available on the widest scale, he was not an economic determinist and did not believe that people were only the products of environment. Though he saw that government agencies were corrupted by powerful influences, he did not believe that it was an intrinsic defect in the potentiality of government. He never ceased to demand that government continually remake itself into the instrument of human welfare. Unlike those who worry about "creeping Socialism," he was no opponent of centralization. But he was not an abstract theorist. He never formulated any blueprints of systematic social reform or any constitution for the ideal political state. Instead of trying to elaborate the entire machinery for the improvement of the world, he sought to portray its human goals. He was "an independent Dickensian, a sort of unphilosophic Radical," who spoke for the hopes of mankind.

Those aims are implicit in the hosts of living people crowding the great panorama of his pages. What writer except Shakespeare has created a larger and more various world or one more rich with the pulsing truth of actuality? If there are novelists whose characters are more subtly realized than those of Dickens, whose creations have a more intricate psychological complexity, there are none whose characters have more vitality or are truer to humanity at its core. His method, to be sure, is neither the enormous and elaborate complexity of Shakespeare and Tolstoy nor the psychological analysis so differently exemplified by Stendhal and Dostoievski. The contrast between Dickens and such writers as these is essentially the same as that painted by Lytton Strachey in a brilliant antithesis of Shakespeare and Molière:

"The English dramatist shows his persons to us in the round; innumerable facets flash out quality after quality; the subtlest and most elusive shades of temperament are indicated; until at last the whole being takes shape before us, endowed with what seems to be the very complexity and mystery of life itself. Entirely different is the great Frenchman's way. Instead of expanding, he deliberately narrows his view; he seizes upon two or three salient qualities in a character and then uses all his art to impress them indelibly upon our minds. His Harpagon is a miser, and he is old—and that is all we know about him: how singularly limited a presentment compared with Shakespeare's bitter, proud, avaricious, vindictive, sensitive, and almost pathetic Jew!" In Tartuffe, Strachey continues, there is the same sharp limitation to essentials. "He displays three qualities, and three only—religious hypocrisy, lasciviousness, and the love of power; and there is not a word that he utters which is not impregnated with one or all of these. Beside the vast elaboration of a Falstaff, he seems, at first sight, hardly more solid than some astounding silhouette; yet—such was the power and intensity of Molière's art—the more we look, the more difficult we shall find it to be certain that Tartuffe is a less tremendous creation even than Falstaff himself."

Such was Dickens's method, too, and in Fagin and Pecksniff, in Uriah Heep and Squeers, it achieves its own astounding triumphs. But with that English exuberance Dickens has in common with Jonson and the comic dramatists of the Restoration, he does not restrict himself to Molière's stripped classical structure. With inordinate gusto, he returns to Micawber again and again, perpetually renewing our joy in recognizing a character that under innumerable variations in circumstance is always richly itself. Like the recurrent themes in a symphony, Dickens's people appear and reappear, David's Dora always pattering her childish-pathetic tinkle of keys, Mr. Bounderby sounding his bombastic brass, Miss Flite or Gridley or Captain Cuttle or Mr. Toots being themselves. But Mr. Dorrit and Pip are there too, reminding us that these figures are not always simple, that they are capable of psychological complexity, that they even change and develop.

To certain readers, however, they seem unreal, vivid perhaps, enormously entertaining, but mere caricatures rather than people. E. M. Forster calls them "flat" characters, and is vaguely worried by the feeling that in consequence they ought to be merely mechanical and Dickens's vision of humanity shallow. Even in the midst of this attack, however, he uneasily recognizes their "wonderful feeling of human depth" and admits Dickens's greatness. It may be argued that no character in literature is ever more than a selection of representative qualities from among the infinite number that constitute the whole of any actual human being, hence that all literary portraits are really a kind of caricature, with omission and exaggeration a part of their very nature, and their appearance of "reality" a victory of their art. Nor does mere accumulation of detail automatically produce greater reality; there are caricatures that in a dozen strokes achieve a truer likeness than the most elaborate portraits. There is no need, however, of resorting to any such mere defense. Santayana hits the very heart of the issue in a direct attack:

"When people say that Dickens exaggerates," he writes, "it seems to me they can have no eyes and no ears. They probably have only *notions* of what things and people are; they accept them conventionally, at their diplomatic value. Their minds run on in the region of discourse, where there are masks only and no faces, ideas and no facts; they have little sense for those living grimaces that play from moment to moment upon the countenance of the world." When Dickens slashes through the convention, the human ego protests. "'What a bad

WRITERS!

We have just released a new book for writers entitled

YOUR ROAD TO WRITING SUCCESS

$1.98 postpaid.

This book is replete with "know-how" material, dealing with television, book-length manuscripts, fiction and non-fiction, short stories and articles. If it is your intention to write for these fields, this 34 chapter book is indispensable.

J. S. Duffy of Quebec, Canada

special instructor for the Army, has this to say of this book:

"In my opinion it is a lot more than what you modestly claim for it. It's the best thing I've read in thirty years . . ."

Please note: If for any reason you are not completely satisfied, you may return same for complete refund, no questions asked.

Send $1.98, cash, check or money order to:

Daniel S. Mead Literary Agency
419 Fourth Avenue,
New York 16, N. Y.

(Please mention The Saturday Review)

Jig Saws

to intrigue the particular—Par Picture Puzzles are craftsman cut of mahogany backed wood.
■ for SALE—Ready Cut and Custom Cut
■ for RENT—By Mail throughout U. S. A.
Free descriptive booklet 'S-A' on request.
PAR CO., Ltd. 18 East 53 Street, New York 22

BOOKS ON ART

•complete stock of current and hard-to-get titles, mostly at substantial savings.
•we cater to the connoisseur, the collector, the educator and the serious student.
►send for free list S-12A
SELECT BOOK SERVICE
1186 Broadway • New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mirror,' it exclaims; 'it must be concave or convex; for surely I never looked like that. Mere caricature, farce, and horse play. Dickens exaggerates; *I* never was so sentimental as that; *I* never saw anything so dreadful; *I* don't believe there were ever any people like Quilp, or Squeers, or Serjeant Buzfuz.' But the polite world is lying; there *are* such people; we are such people ourselves in our true moments, in our veritable impulses; but we are careful to stifle and hide those moments from ourselves and from the world; to purse and pucker ourselves into the mask of our conventional personality; and so simpering, we profess that it is very coarse and inartistic of Dickens to undo our life's work for us in an instant, and remind us of what we are."

The courage that gave Dickens "a true vision of the world" and the kindness that made it predominantly a comic one, Santayana points out, also account for his gusto in piling up reiterative detail to mountainous heights that distress shrinking delicacy as overemphatic; "he mimics things to the full; he dilates and exhausts and repeats; he wallows. He is too intent on the passing experience to look over his shoulder, and consider whether we have not already understood, and had enough. He is not thinking of us; he is obeying the impulse of the passion, the person, or the story he is enacting. This faculty, which renders him a consummate comedian, is just what alienated him from a later generation in which people of taste were esthetes and virtuous people were higher snobs; they wanted a mincing art, and he gave them copious improvisation, they wanted analysis and development, and he gave them absolute comedy."

Only in his earlier days, however, was his art one of improvisation; he became a conscientious literary craftsman painstaking to the minutest detail of style and structure. He had, to be sure, no such general theory of the esthetics of the novel as Flaubert and James agonized to exemplify in their work. But he took his aims with as much earnestness as they did theirs, and strove to perfect a narrative technique that should never call attention to the devices whereby the reader was prepared for each development in the story, but was unobtrusively put in possession of all that he needed to know in order to make every sequence appear spontaneous and inevitable. Only on the surface does he have affinities with naturalism; deep below, he is vibrant with poetic undertones, pregnant with the weighted symbols of allegory, dwelling often within the dark and mysterious region of myth. If he sometimes overworks certain de-

For those of your friends who appreciate the better things in life— good books, the best music and art, fine plays and films, exciting travel— may we suggest Christmas gift subscriptions to *The Saturday Review*

The Saturday Review *is the supreme gift for your friends who, like you, are vitally concerned with the complex, endlessly fascinating world we live in. When you give a subscription to* The Saturday Review, *you are giving brilliant writing about the things that interest people of taste—writing by Bennett Cerf, John Mason Brown, Irving Kolodin, Goodman Ace, Robert Lewis Shayon, James Thrall Soby, and many others. You are giving your friends a stimulating world of entertainment and ideas fifty-two times a year. If you fill out the order form now, your friends will receive their first copy of* The Saturday Review *and a gift card in time for Christmas.*

THE SATURDAY REVIEW,
25 W. 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

Please send The Saturday Review for one year to the following. (1 one-year subscription, your own or gift, $7.00. Each additional subscription, $5.00).

Name.....
Address.....
City.....*Zone*....*State*.....
Gift card to read from: .....

Name.....
Address.....
City.....*Zone*....*State*.....
Gift card to read from: .....

My name.....
Address.....
City.....*Zone*....*State*.....

☐ *Please include my own subscription* ☐ *New* ☐ *Extension* ☐ *Payment enclosed* ☐ *Bill me later*

11-29

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vices of style, like his notorious tendency to fall into iambics in moments of emotion, and his excessive use of rhetorical repetition, at his best he is dazzling in verbal brilliance, coruscating in comedy, and, if anything, exorbitant in his ingenuity of plotting. "Bleak House," "Little Dorrit," and "Our Mutual Friend," all masterpieces of his maturity, are dark and tremendous symphonic structures almost epic in magnitude and impressiveness.

CHARLES DICKENS, said his adoring friend James T. Fields, was "the *cheerfulest* man of his age." But Fields did not see beneath the surface and did not realize that the cheerful demeanor, the courageous faith, were as much achievements as they were the sparkling gifts of temperament. The Pickwick sun had risen out of the darkness of the prison and the blacking warehouse, not out of the radiance of a cloudless childhood. And the resolute belief in life and in humanity that Dickens maintained was a banner that he held high in spite of all the evils he saw in society, and in spite of the gathering clouds of personal misery that shadowed his later years. Dickens carried his distresses in his heart, not upon his lips. In middle age, like his middle-aged hero Clennam, he would not be so weak and cowardly as to hold that because a happiness had not come his way or worked well for him, "therefore it was not in the great scheme, but was reducible, when found in appearance, to the basest elements. A disappointed mind he had, but a mind too firm and healthy for such unwholesome air. Leaving himself in the dark, it could rise into the light, seeing it shine on others, and hailing it."

Dickens himself refused to remain in the darkness. Over and over again, though with increasing weariness and difficulty, he beat back the shadows. Out of his sympathy and indignation at men's sufferings, he built up a picture of society and its failures, of the obstacles to the harmonious fulfilment of human needs, that is unsurpassed for clarity and understanding. Out of his own life of struggle and frustration, he wrought a philosophy of dauntless and generous courage that could laugh while it fought and struck its mighty blows for mankind. He was one of the heroes of art, not merely battling the unpastured dragons of life's waste, but enriching and creating a world. When Keats was near the point of death, "perhaps," he was heard to say, "I may be among the English poets after my death." Matthew Arnold gave the world's reply: "He is; he is with Shakespeare." Of what English novelist can that be said except Charles Dickens?

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 30¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 22¢ a word; 26 times 24¢ a word; 13 times 26¢ a word; 6 times 28¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

WRITING? Recommended leading authors, publishers, for editing, criticism, collaboration, research, translation, secretarial services. SARA CLYNE, 119 West 57 St., NYC. Circle 5-7735.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Efficient, Economical, Prompt. GLADYS-IRENE LEAHEY, 551 Fifth Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-2227.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, plays, stories, novels, all languages marketed. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 6, Colo.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, ALL FORMS. Specialists in Theses, Books, Plays. MSS delivery and pickup to publishers and magazines. Free Booklets. Announcing $10,000 Prize Contest for books, fiction and nonfiction. WRITERS' SERVICE, 7 East 42 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-5690.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS; Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 35 St., NYC. LAckawanna 4-0178.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED with intelligence and dispatch. PEGGY SWEET, 424 Madison Avenue, NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

WRITERS! If you are interested in television sales, write today for particulars. We sell outstanding programs. MEAD LITERARY AGENCY, 419 Fourth Ave., NYC.

MANUSCRIPTS OR SIMILAR MATERIAL duplicated by new process, same day or overnight. 5¢ per page for first thousand. Operating 168 hours per week. Telephone or write for details. OVERNIGHT DUPLICATION SERVICE, Inc., 57 West 45 St., NYC 36. LUxemberg 2-0840.

TOO BUSY TO WRITE that important speech, article, essay, etc.? Top-flight experienced scribes will write exactly what you want speedily, economically! SPOTLIGHT, 113 West 42 St., NYC.

EXPERIENCED TRANSLATOR will convert all types of German prose into faultless English. Box L-991.

OUT-OF-PRINT

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

BOOKS FOUND! Fast service—reasonable prices. Send titles wanted—no obligation. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-SRL, Beverly Hills, Calif.

BOOKS LOCATED. No charge for searching. Send your wants. DELTA BOOK SERVICE, 2856 Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis, Tenn.

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. ABRAHAM'S MAGAZINE SERVICE, 56 East 13 St., NYC.

MAGAZINES—THOUSANDS from Dime Novels to Fortunes, 1715 to date. "BACK NUMBER" WILKINS, Danvers, Mass.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail-order Catalogue 30¢.

BOOKS

COMPLETE BOOK SERVICE—New and used books, hard to find books. Book sets, magazine subscriptions, technical books. Established 1900. CRIST BOOK SHOP, 381 Wabasha, St. Paul, Minn. We buy books.

EUROPEAN BOOK CENTRE, P.O. Box 5022, AMSTERDAM, NETHERLANDS. Unusual items of English Literature; French History, 1750-1850; German Fiction; Arts—applied Arts. Ask for free catalogues.

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1902. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER Co., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS in or out of print. If it's a book we may have it. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St., NYC 38. Oldest old book shop in NYC.

THOUSANDS OF BOOKS on hand. If I haven't got the one you want, I'll find it. DELLA MONTGOMERY, R. No. 6, Box 53-B, South Bend, Ind.

SAVE 50% to 80%. Send for FREE bargain catalogue No. 381-SR, UNION LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 123 East 24 St., NYC 10.

LEARN TOUCH TYPING, excellent book, $1.50. VILLAGE SERVICE, G.P.O. Box 540, NYC 1.

BOOKPLATES

BOOKPLATES, free samples, brochures—America's most unusual designs. RAPP STUDIOS, 150 WEST 34 St., NYC 1.

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs. BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

PERSONALS

WANTED IMMEDIATELY: Young man (28-40) to direct upper Midwest State historical society's museum, staff of 6 and large group of volunteer women workers. Minimum credentials: ability to research regional history and interpret it for broad educational program, to write and speak effectively and be responsible for vital public relations. Starting salary $4,560. Excellent working conditions in one of nation's most dynamic institutions of its kind. Send full experience, photograph, at least 5 references. Box L-825.

INSTITUTO ALLENDE—Arts, crafts for hobbyists and professionals. Room and board from $2 daily. Mexico's most beautiful colonial town, superb climate. For illustrated prospectus write to Stirling Dickinson, Instituto Allende, San Miguel Allende, Gto., Mexico.

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capital, Washington, D.C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which includes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weissinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D.C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information.)

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported pearwood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a toy. $10.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo, 63 East Grand Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

POWERFUL VOICE QUICKLY DEVELOPED with Diaphragm Exerciser. Write VOICE DEVELOPER, Box 665 (21), St. Louis, Mo.

TO FOSTER GOOD WILL. Free instruction course by *mail in the Catholic religion. No obligation.* Write CATHOLIC INFORMATION SOCIETY, Department S, 214 West 31 St., NYC.

POSTCARD BRINGS FREE BROCHURE describing IDIOM, exciting new quarterly of experimental writing. *Address P. O. Box 86, Passaic, N.J.*

BENNINGTON COLLEGE FACULTY MEMBER needs a 4-room apartment in Manhattan for the period beginning about December 23 and ending March 1, 1953; can exchange a 4-room apartment in Vermont. Write Box L-959.

DRAMATISTS: Awards, possible production, double critiques; deadline March 1. Address inquiries: DRAMATISTS' ALLIANCE, Box 200 Z, Stanford, Calif.

FRENCH-ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS AND RESEARCH. High quality. Gentleman. Box L-785.

A SENSATION WITH COCKTAILS. 6 vacuum-packed tins deliciously roasted California Almonds, gift packaged. Ideal Holiday Gift. Shipping weight approximately 4½ lbs. $4.85 postage prepaid. Money order or check to ALMONDS, P.O. Box 873, Menlo Park, Calif.

50¢ DOLLAR can be stretched by getting top-value *accommodations at the* BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, NYC, where you can combine comfort, cleanliness and convenience with economy. Excellent popular-priced restaurant and coffee shop. NYC's only hotel overlooking United Nations and East River. Fine clientele; attentive staff. Singles from $3.50 to $7, doubles from $6.50 to $12. Request booklet S. BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 42 St. and First Ave., NYC 17, ELdorado 5-7300.

WANTED: LOVING ARMS AND EMPTY SHELVES for our Sensational Book Bargains; Write for FREE catalogue! OLD PROF'S BOOK SHOP, 9 West Lawrence St., Pontiac 15, Mich.

OWNER RETIRING after 30 years, selling beautifully equipped sanitarium in Southern California Valley. Lucrative business. Box 493, Verdugo City, Calif.

ABC SHORTHAND in one week. $2 returnable. ZINMAN, 215-S West 91 St., NYC 24.

CROW'S NEST TRIPS TO EUROPE. Sixth Summer 1953. Language teacher and French wife tour Europe *extensively but leisurely in own private automobiles.* Small group. All ages. Don't miss 1953 trip the way you did 1952—Inquire NOW. Donald R. Hart, Jr., The Gunnery, Washington, Conn.

I AM ENGAGED in collecting material, anecdotes, letters, information, etc., about the late Sinclair Lewis in preparation for a biography. I will be grateful to anyone who will aid me in this task and will promptly return anything sent to me if it is requested. Address Harrison Smith, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 St., NYC.

DO YOU KNOW THE ETHICAL MOVEMENT? Books and pamphlets dealing with the purpose and philosophy of the Ethical Societies—"Religious Education of the Child," Algernon D. Black; "Mental Health and Ethical Conduct," Lawrence K. Frank; "The Vision of Felix Adler," Horace L. Friess; "Ethics of Marriage," Jerome Nathanson; "Beyond Church and Synagogue," David Saville Muzzey—25¢ each. Write for publications list. NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE, 2 West 64 St., NYC 23.

PUZZLERS: SEE the SEA HORSES on PAGE 44, for MORE FUN.

CAREER OPPORTUNITY. Excellent earnings. Must be *free to travel. Sell art to museums, universities,* collectors. Call on established clientele. Describe background. FERDINAND ROTEN, 123 W. Mulberry St., Baltimore 1, Maryland.

YOURS ALONE—Your house in Pen and Ink Sketch on *Note paper, Playing cards, etc.* TIFFT, 286 Tifft Road, Dover, N. H.

PERSONALS

YOUNG NEWSPAPERMAN of varied interests, abilities, desires to move from daily copy desk to creative editorial position in magazine or publishing field. Box L-984.

COLLEGE TEACHER on Sabbatical 1953-1954 would share or keep small quarters New York, feed dog, etc., while you travel. Box L-983.

HIGH LEVEL INSTRUCTION in piano-theory-composition. *Adults—beginners or professionals. References.* Telephone ELdorado 5-6985 (NYC).

WOMAN WHO ENJOYS WORKING with older people desires administrative position field of Geriatrics, preferably non-sectarian. University education, *excellent business background, plus recreational* and institutional experience with seniors. Box L-981.

YOUNG WOMAN seeks travel companion for Caribbean Cruise. Box L-978.

YOU TOO can make writing a rewarding pastime. Write LITTLE BIOGRAPHIES, McComb, Ohio.

TRAVEL COMPANION, plan tour (optional), abroad, U.S.; *conscientious, college graduate.* Box L-976.

YOUNG MAN with indifferent looks but magnanimous personality wishes to become international rover as companion and right arm. Box L-975.

DRIFTWOOD JEWELRY EXTRAORDINARY solves Christmas problems. Oysterseed Orlin, 1743 — 6th, Bremerton, Washington.

YOUNG WOULD-BE POET seeks job working alone *or in right atmosphere.* Box L-972.

SECRETARY, WALL ST. EXECUTIVE, college and business school background, varied experience, desires similar position with rurally located company. Box L-971.

WANTED: Participants for trip to Europe, Spring 1953. Box L-970.

MASON-HAMLIN STUDIO UPRIGHT, exquisite tone, perfect action. Telephone ELdorado 5-6985 (NYC).

POETIQUETTE—Do's and Don'ts in verse writing *arranged on Tarzia's comparative analytic chart* of the forms of poetry. $1. Box L-967.

HOLLY—the Christmas gift with Pickwickian flavor. 10 to 18-inch potted plants with many red berries. Keep indoors until spring. Grows rapidly. May be trained as bush or tree. $5 postpaid. H. R. Davidson, R.D. 1, Easton, Pennsylvania.

YOUNG FRENCHMAN, Ph.D., completely bilingual. Teaching experience American and French universities. Specialist French literature and history. *Excellent literary and publishing background.* Former editor important publishing house Paris. Seeks position as instructor educational institution or in publishing. Reply Box L-968.

NEW YORK WRITER wishes share her home on Mobile Bay *with another woman under 50—European* preferred. Small income essential. Box L-946.

HEIRLOOMS FROM EUROPEAN ARISTOCRATS, priced attractively. Request interesting description. Count d'Anea, c/o Grinstead, Box 516, Hotsprings, *Arkansas.*

EDITOR'S HELPER. A man of 54, I know both ends and the middle of the United States, I have read much and written slightly less. Have done considerable editing of own magazines, lost money but *gained experience. Have also reported, run linotype,* read proof, rewritten copy, lined out headlines, even written editorials; all this for wages. Kelly Janes, Monterey, Mass.

THEATRICAL CONSULTANT AND CRITIC—Impartial advice, *opinions, suggestions,* on every detail of theatre, radio, motion pictures, TV. Rates and appointments. Telephone SUsquehanna 7-1684 between 12 and 4 P.M.

POLISHED, prominent, intelligent southern boy (21), *high principles; desires assist prominent business* executive—notable, personal duties. Box L-995.

PERSONALS

AVOID THE RUSH, THE FUSS, THE CRUSH! Send now for the most distinctive modern group of Christmas cards. 12 for $1. Direct from studio to you. GLADYS LARACK, P.O. Box 84, Cooper Station, N. Y.

STAGE AND ITS STARS for sale, 11 portfolios, limited edition, published 1888. Voluminous biographical material and 110 exquisite large steel engravings suitable for framing. Best offer. Fred Bray, Wilmette, Illinois.

I'D RATHER BE a bit overworked than not. I can offer 5 years of general experience in publishing: 3 with leading book publisher—reporting on manuscripts, copy editing, proofreading, handling editorial correspondence; 2 years (currently employed) rewrite, working with authors, for magazine and other publications of national organization. Would like associate editorship with book or magazine publisher at decent, if not munificent, salary. Young *woman.* Box L-954.

REGISTERED PROFESSIONAL NURSE, personable, intelligent, secretarial skills, good driver; wants job taking her away from New York cold to warm South. Box N-4.

MALE, 21, educated (Harvard), seeks employment in or near Connecticut as researcher, personal secretary or in almost any individualized capacity. Also willing and able to do physical work. Personable, versatile, reliable. Box L-985.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

FINE SMALL HOUSE, 2 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, beautifully located in North Carolina thermal belt. $26,000. Details on request. Box L-947.

COZY 5-*room village house, all conviences,* enclosed garden. $8,500. Box 75, Dorset, Vermont.

MODERNIZED OLD FARMSTEAD. Exceptional situation. Income. Price $7,400. William Vaughn, Unity, New Hampshire.

FIRE ISLAND, Ocean Beach. 3-bedroom house, furnished, good kitchen, fireplace, sundeck. $7,300. Telephone GRamercy 3-8576 (NYC), evenings.

For Rent

THREE-BEDROOM FURNISHED HOME in picturesque *setting near Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. January* to September. Box N-3.

VACATIONS

CHRISTMAS—NEW YEAR'S at SEVEN HILLS. Winter sports . . . records . . . hot drinks 'round the fireplace. THE HOWITTS, *Seven Hills,* Lenox, Mass.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N.Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

COLONIAL CHARM amidst wooded Litchfield Hills; luscious food, casual and intimate. SKI TOW. Blazing fires for relaxation. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

NAIDNI-ON-DUNMORE, Brandon, Vermont. Always a home for holidays. How about joining us? Extra good food. No planned entertainment.

GREEN SHADOWS. Old Lyme, Conn., quiet, informal, country life; good food, comfortable beds.

ENJOY HISTORIC CHARM of nation's oldest city. Stay at BUCKINGHAM HOTEL, St. Augustine, Florida—famous for sincere hospitality, friendly personal service, good food. Reasonable rates.

MEXICO, Tepoztlan, historical mountain village *described in many books, 2 hours from Mexico City:* 2 bungalows, furnished, W.C., shower, large tropical garden. $50 monthly. Inquire: Dr. Wolff, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y.

WINTER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Roaring fires. *Crystal splendor. Nothing whatever to* do. Brandon, Vermont.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 975

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

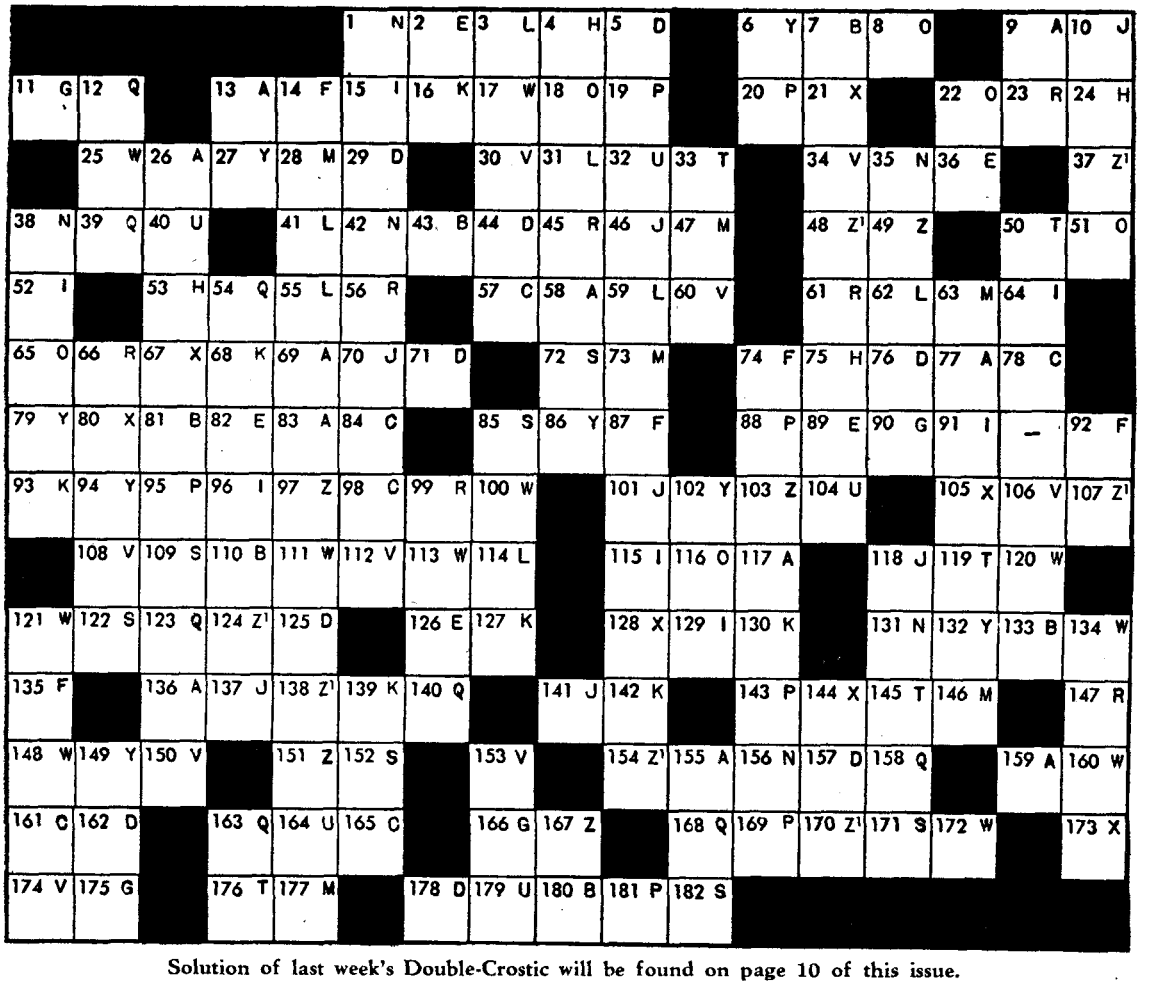
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Saint in Greek and Latin Churches who protects against floods, fire, earthquake.	136 9 155 77 117 13 69 159 58 83 / 26
B. Miss Primrose in "The Vicar of Wakefield."	43 81 180 133 110 7
C. Refectory of a monastery.	84 165 98 57 161 78
D. Exclamation humorously expressing cannibalistic appetite (comp.).	125 76 71 5 157 178 29 44 162
E. Describing the Gate of Dreams through which pass the visions which do not come true.	82 89 126 2 36
F. Ancient Egyptian goddess of the upper heaven; hence, of wisdom, etc.	135 87 92 74 14
G. Russian river in whose delta is Leningrad.	175 90 11 166
H. Important coal-mining center in Luxembourg.	4 24 53 75
I. Shakes and mangles with the teeth.	115 15 96 91 129 64 52
J. Rudimentary visual sensation, as of sparks, or flashes of light or color.	101 46 141 118 137 70 10
K. Dross.	139 142 127 130 68 16 93
L. Former Italian colony whose capital is Asmara.	59 55 3 41 114 62 31
M. Bullfighter on foot.	47 177 63 28 146 73
N. Ancient name, birthplace of Harun al-Rashid.	131 42 35 1 38 156
O. To laugh loudly and scornfully (comp.)	8 116 22 18 51 65

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
P. Calcareous concretion in the ear.	88 19 95 169 20 181 143
Q. The horse most likely to win.	163 54 39 168 140 123 158 12
R. Famous old prison near western wall of old city of London.	99 66 61 45 23 147 56
S. Appellation of Oscar Wilde as setting the style lampooned in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience."	182 152 72 122 171 85 109
T. English proprietor of the Chocolate House famous for meetings of wits (London, 1697).	50 119 145 176 33
U. Monster with whom the Red Cross Knight had his first adventure in Spenser's Faerie Queene.	40 179 104 164 32
V. Large trout of North American lakes, wh. often reaches more than 20 pounds.	108 153 34 174 60 30 106 150 112
W. An informal social gathering (comp.; colloq. U.S.).	17 134 111 100 160 25 120 121 148 113 / 172
X. Center of government in the Anglican Church.	67 144 173 105 80 21 128
Y. Class of vertebrates, chiefly intermediate bet. fishes and reptiles.	102 6 94 86 149 79 27 132
Z. Prime minister of Italy who went to live abroad an advent of Fascist regime.	167 151 97 49 103
Z¹. With "of Mankind", surname of the good Roman emperor Titus.	170 124 138 48 154 37 107

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR / RECORDINGS SECTION

HIGHLIGHTS

Page

OPERA IN ENGLISH: A LAYMAN'S VIEW
By Dale Warren 51

CRITICS' CHOICE: CHRISTMAS 1952 54

OPERA ROUNDUP
By Paul Hume 58

OPUS 18 TO OPUS 135
By John N. Burk 62

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By Irving Kolodin 64

THE SPOKEN WORD
By Irwin Edman 68

RECORDINGS FOR THE YOUNG
By Beatrice Landeck 72

Opera in English: A Layman's View

DALE WARREN

WHAT is sometimes called the intellectual climate of a particular time may, conceivably, produce a growth that will seem peculiar and contradictory to any time but that one. The notion, for example, of an Isadora Duncan dancing an interpretation of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony to the playing of a symphony orchestra would today seem an absurdity. That is all taken care of by the ballet companies, which have adopted some part of the Duncan approach and done something with it as an individual art form.

Somehow, I'm inclined to think that those who are currently advocating performance in English of the standard opera repertory are pursuing a like kind of artistic fallacy. One does not need to take the untenable position that "English is not a singable language" to take the wholly tenable position that works should be sung, whenever possible, in the language for which the composer wrote the music. The future of opera sung in English seems to me bound up with the future of operas written to be sung in English. As in the case of Duncan and the symphony orchestra, I can see a new influence — the English language — added to the resources of the old—the opera. But I can't see that adding an extraneous element — like Duncan's movement—to an existing art work—like Beethoven's Seventh Symphony—is going to make either more understandable to a public unversed in both.

It seems to me a fundamental error to contend that because people listen intently in the theatre for every word that is spoken, the same focus of attention prevails in the opera house. The actor's first concern is to make his lines intelligible to his audience, and the playwright's first concern is to write in such manner that these lines, when spoken, convey a precise meaning. But opera is not primarily a play. It is defined by the dictionary as "a drama in which music is the essential factor." The singer's function is to mold the word to the musical phrase through the power of his voice and the suggestion of his actions. Obviously this can be done to far greater effect when he employs the words for which the composer wrote than when he relies on substitutes, no matter how ingenious. It is this blending of music and drama which sets opera apart and makes it a distinctive art form. Endeavors to shift the text into the language of the audience, in the erroneous theory that it will therefore be understood and enjoyment thereby heightened, would seem one of the grosser miscalculations. Wise heads and gray heads and heads that no longer nod have gone down to defeat on this battleground before many of us were born.

NEEDLESS to say, agitation for opera in English seems a particular affectation to those who have come to know the works in the original. The confirmed opera-goer no more wants to hear Puccini in English than Wagner in Italian or Debussy in Gaelic. The magic is dispelled, the romance shattered, the illusion destroyed. Something indefinable and irreplaceable is lost when there is a departure from the objective toward which the composer aspired. The plaint that Germans hear Italian opera in German or that the Italians accept German opera in Italian is no compelling argument for us to do the same. We have the blessed detachment of objectivity on our side. Somebody else's endorsement of compromise is no reason why we should endorse it also.

As conceived by Gluck, "Alcestis" was a French opera, the musical line determined by the sound of the text, the spacing of its vowels and consonants. Moreover, by custom and usage, the French language has served singularly well for classical themes from Racine and Corneille on. To those long

---

Dale Warren is an editor at Houghton Mifflin Co.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW ON RCA VICTOR RECORDS
Milanov, Bjoerling, Barbieri, Warren
IN VERDI'S
Il Trovatore
(COMPLETE)
ANOTHER SUPERB EXAMPLE OF
"THE Triple DIFFERENCE"
IN RCA VICTOR RECORDS
THE WORLD'S GREATEST
Artists
Today, as when Enrico Caruso first sang into the horn 50 years ago, "the world's greatest artists are on Victor Records."
THE WORLD'S TRUEST
Sound
RCA Victor, leader in the science of sound, today brings you "New Orthophonic Sound," with widest dynamic range.
THE WORLD'S FINEST
Quality
Rigid inspections in every step of manufacture, plus a new anti-static compound, assure clear and noise-free surfaces.
RCA

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

familiar, if only through recordings, with the phrase "Divinités du Styx," it comes as a rude jolt to hear the entreaty paraphrased as "Gods of Eternal Night." In spite of Flagstad's superb enunciation, it bears too close a resemblance to the mundane "Stars of a Summer Night" for comfort.

From where I sit, and I know only a smattering of Italian, "Ridi Pagliacci" has an impact that no tenor can achieve from "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." Then, too, there are the tricks of language, the word values and constructions that make perfect lyrical sense as written, but hardly in paraphrase. Rodolfo's "Chi son? Son' una poeta" is straightforward question and answer in the Italian, hardly paralleled by the stilted "Who am I? I am a poet" offered in some literal English renderings. (I reserve judgment on how the new English text by Howard Dietz will deal with such problems.) Carmen's "L'Amour," certainly, is something different from "It's love," which is a dime a dozen for every twist of the radio dial. Manon is truly affecting when bidding "Adieu" to her "petite table," in a way that "Goodbye, my little table" simply cannot be. The pathos, the atmosphere, befitting powdered wigs and oversized skirts, are dissipated and gone.

THE simple fact is that opera is no part of a realistic art and the efforts to make it so must, therefore, go against its essential character. We accept the convention of characters who sing their emotions because in so doing we divorce ourselves from literalism and play along on a different level of emotional response. To compromise these values by the intrusion of alien words and phrases is to confuse further a subject by no means clear to begin with.

Contrary to the implications of those who propagandize for it, opera in English is no part of a brave new esthetic world. The books recording the lore of opera in America are full of it, always with the same dismal ending in failure. Traveling road companies whose stock in trade was opera in English have not survived. A company which offered the same formula in the Metropolitan itself fifty years ago, another a little later in Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House, did not succeed. Opera in English, regardless of place, price, promise, or publicity has never had lasting acceptance, nor has it paid off financially. The opera-going public has never accepted it as more than a passing if persistent curiosity. It has not solved box-office problems, nor provided increased revenue, and it is doubtful if it ever will. The windswept queues go home to nurse their disappointment along with their chilblains because they cannot gain admittance to a German "Tristan," not to an English "Khovanchina."

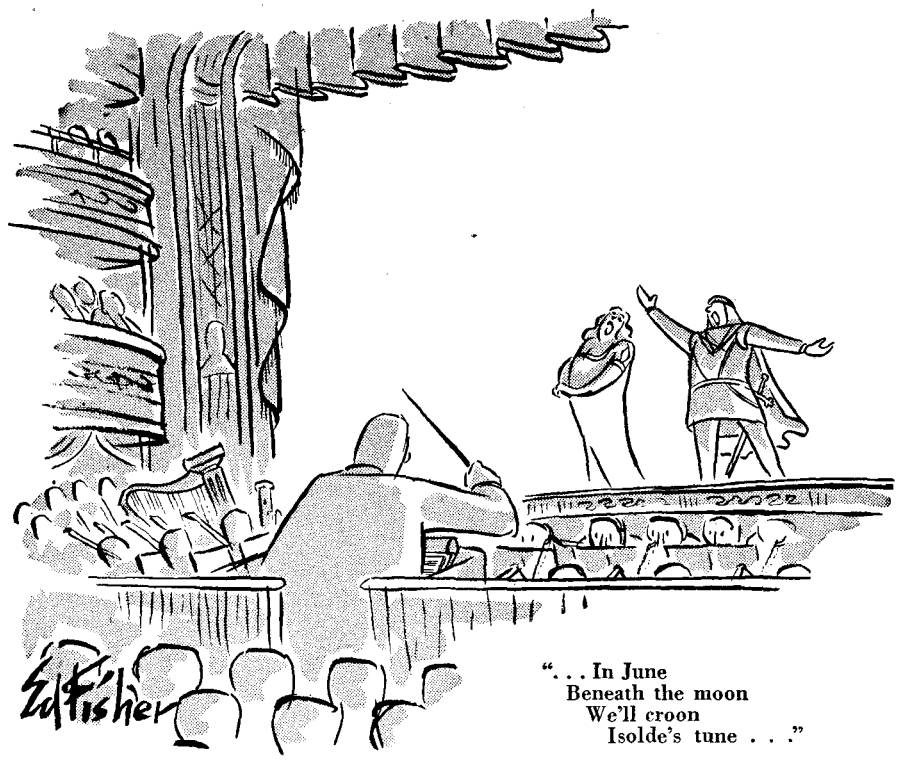
The translation of librettos and the coaching in the so-called "vernacular" of the international artists who justify the high prices charged for Metropolitan Opera are never going to keep the wolves away from the doors on Broadway, 39th, or 40th Street. More likely to be kept away are the music-lovers who know, with all their rational and emotional faculties, that this publicized shift to a native tongue carries with it a shift from the genuine to a spurious or *ersatz* article. Nor can it be justified as a move to fill an opera house, already in large measure subscribed from orchestra to top balcony. Even a layman knows—based on his own experience of housekeeping—that the Metropolitan's problem is a problem of rising production costs and the falling value of the dollar, of labor relations and other factors long known to the professionals and suspected by us amateurs.

Thirty years ago, when the German gutturals were unacceptable in the aftermath of an hysterical prejudice aroused by World War I, the Metropolitan attempted "Parsifal" and "Tristan" in English. The public was not impressed, and the venture was retired as soon as decently possible. We still have to develop a breed of librettists and composers who can deal with the problem of *original* operas in English. It is nearly a quarter of a century since I heard Charles Wakefield Cadman's "native" opera about the Indian girl "Shanewis"; all that I remember today is a perverse snatch of dialogue: "And where did your mother *find* her?" "In Okla*homa*, when I was a*broad*." Hardly a treat to musical ears.

It may be argued that the success at the Metropolitan in recent seasons of "Fledermaus" and "Così fan tutte" in English are weakening to the arguments I have advanced. The fact should be noted, however, that both are works in a comic spirit; both have much in them that is conversational; thus they are much more amenable to paraphrase and reworking than the bulk of the repertory. One may add, also, that the skill applied by Howard Dietz to "Fledermaus" and by Thomas and Ruth Martin to "Così" far transcended the average, in literacy and singability. Even so, once Rosalinda was launched on her "Czardas" or Don Ferrando on "Una aura amorosa" it became a matter of profound indifference to the listener whether Hilde Gueden or Ljuba Welitch was singing in German or Esperanto, and the tedious repetition of "My love is a flower" almost offset the charm of Richard Tucker's singing of the Mozart air.

The fact is that there is much more to be done in the area of action and decor to make the average opera performance tolerable to the eye than there is to the texts to make them intelligible to the ear. The visual effect of Tyrone Guthrie's treatment of "Carmen," down to the minutest detail, plus Rolf Gerard's satisfying decor, gave renewed appeal to this classic for many whose knowledge of

(*Continued on page* 67)



". . . In June
Beneath the moon
We'll croon
Isolde's tune . . ."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

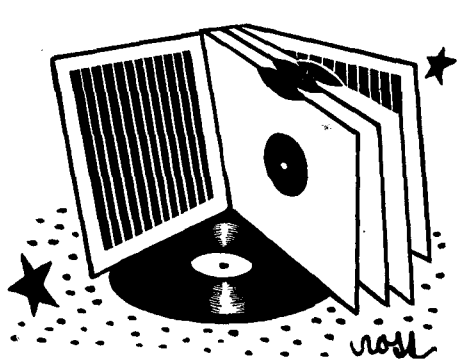
Critics' Choice: Christmas 1952

HALF a decade of sampling critical opinion for this yearly purpose has convinced me that, where enthusiasm for their calling is concerned, few groups can show more than the country's record critics—a group, incidentally, of increasing influence, perceptions, and numbers. The budget-ridden buyer may add a mental aside that anyone could muster enthusiasm when the matter involved comes without cost and serves as the adjunct of a livelihood. But let us not forget obligations as well as privileges: if the average buyer had to listen to all the records he *didn't* like in order to have, without cost, the few that he did like, he might have some reservations himself.

We make mention of this factor in noting that, almost *en masse,* the critics of the country have fallen upon the Beethoven Ninth Symphony as recorded by Arturo Toscanini for RCA Victor and declared it their choice as the "choice" recording of 1952. In actual numbers, it is named by seventeen out of some thirty-five persons answering, beginning with **Victor Prahl** of the *Springfield* [Mass.] *Sunday Republican,* and proceeding with **Warner Twyford** of the *Virginian-Pilot* (Norfolk), **Lily May Caldwell** of the *Birmingham News,* **Edward P. Halline** of the *Milwaukee Sentinel,* **Thomas B. Sherman** of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch,* **Delos Smith** of the United Press, **Ann Holmes** of the *Houston Chronicle,* **John M. Conly** of the *Atlantic Monthly,* **Irving Sablosky** of the *Chicago Daily News,* **Oscar Smith** of the *Akron Beacon Journal,* **David E. Peugeot** of the *Buffalo Evening News,* **J. Albert Fracht** of the *News and Courier* (Charleston, S. C.), **Norman L. Johnson** of the *Courier-Journal* (Louisville), **Leo Miller** of the *Bridgeport Herald,* **Felix Borowski** of the *Chicago Sun-Times,* **Shirley M. Bell** of the *Charleston* [W.V.] *Daily Mail,* and the editor of RECORDINGS. A number of others have named it in subsidiary categories among the outstanding issues of the year. Other Toscanini recordings which took the place of honor are his direction of the Brahms Symphony No. 4, nominated by **Patterson Greene** of the *Los Angeles Examiner* and **Harold Schonberg** of *The New York Times,* and "La Mer," preferred by **Albert Goldberg** of the *Los Angeles Times.* Otherwise, the only other item to receive more than one vote in this category was the Ormandy version of the "Symphonie Fantastique" on Columbia, the choice of **Carl Lindstrom** of the *Hartford Times* and **Mrs. Eugene Carter** of the *Chattanooga Times.* **Carter Harmon** of *Time* and **Douglas Watt** of *The New Yorker* are in agreement with the previously mentioned seventeen in singling out the Ninth Symphony, but the former prefers it in the Kleiber version on London, the latter in the Weingartner version on Columbia.

A favorite in the popular category, by almost as large a margin as the Toscanini Ninth Symphony, is the two-record set of Benny Goodman broadcasts of 1938 issued by Columbia under the title of "Jazz Concert No. 2." Though a consequential number of those replying do not review popular records, no less than fourteen of those who do named the Goodman album as their favorite among this year's popular issues. Significantly (in terms of the broad musical values involved) it appeared on the lists of nine critics who also preferred the Toscanini Ninth. Three others who preferred it were **Ruth Tripp** of the *Providence Journal-Bulletin,* **Ray La Rocque** of the *Worcester* [Mass.] *Telegram,* and **Ogden Dwight** of the *Des Moines Register and Tribune.* Also **Charles Menees** of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch,* who is that paper's counterpart, on the popular side, to Thomas B. Sherman. Pop specialist Menees cites Billy May's "Big Band Bash" (Capitol) and "Woody Herman at Carnegie Hall, 1946" (M-G-M) as other notable productions in this genre.

Though the Columbia recording of "Così fan tutte" has barely begun to make the rounds of the reviewers, it is named by four as their favorite operatic recording of the year. Several votes are noted for the Toscanini "Bohème," several others for "Don Carlo" on Cetra-Soria, the latter ranking high in the opinion of **Walter F. Grueninger** of *Consumer's Research Bulletin.* The opera vote is otherwise widely split, with a small faction, led by **Norman S. Nadel** of the *Columbus* [Ohio] *Citizen* giving cheers to Mitropoulos and Columbia for the production of Berg's "Wozzeck." Likewise singled out for praise are the same composer's "Lulu" and Schoenberg's "Erwartung."



A name worth noting for its repetition on six lists is that of Dinu Lipatti, the greatly admired Roumanian pianist who died last year leaving behind him only a tragically short list of recordings. **Herbert Kupferberg** of the *New York Herald Tribune* cites Lipatti's playing of the Chopin Waltzes (Columbia) as the best piano disc of the year, a judgment in which **William L. Doudna** of the *Wisconsin State Journal* (Madison) concurs. The others give their preference to his playing of the Grieg and Schumann piano concertos as paired by Columbia. As those who are music-wise realize, this is an expression of esteem related wholly to the phonograph, for Lipatti never appeared in this country, gave few recitals abroad, and has been promoted by no agency, clique, or "society." It affirms that a musical reputation can be established on merit alone, if it is as great as Lipatti's.

Though a sizable fraction of the respondents were canny enough to by-pass an invitation to name a "favorite LP of all years"—some libeled the editor as ridiculous for supposing that one could pick out a "favorite" from the vast number of superlative issues in this recording epoch — several openly expressed themselves, with interesting results. For Felix Borowski, veteran music critic of the *Chicago Sun-Times,* it was the complete issue of the Beethoven string quartets by the Budapest Quartet on Columbia; for Sherman, of St. Louis, the Lipatti concertos (Columbia); for Doudna, of Madison, Wis., the Columbia issue of Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell," which crept into a number of other listings though no special provision was made for it, category-wise. We note, also, another endorsement of the Toscanini version of the Beethoven Ninth from Lindstrom, of Hartford, who has promoted it out of the mere temporal category of the best orchestral recording of the year to rank as his all-time favorite. At another extreme of what makes a "favorite" is one critic's mention of the Beecham recording of Tchaikovsky's "Capriccio Italien," at another the Noel Coward-Ogden Nash embellishment of Saint-Saëns's "Carnival des Animaux."

To judge from the blank spaces in a large proportion of the answers, children's records are either not received or not reviewed by most of those who deal with the major musical issues. Among those who answered

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this query, the only agreement came from Oscar Smith, of Akron, and David E. Peugeot, of Buffalo, who gave mutual acclaim to RCA Victor's issue of the Walt Disney "Peter Pan." Others mentioned in this category were the Young People's "Three Little Trains," "Tugboat Peter Moran" (Columbia), "Music for Early Childhood" (Columbia's New Music Horizons' series), and Lionel Barrymore's "Ali Baba" (M-G-M).

In directing attention, in almost identical words, to RCA Victor's Treasury series, Miss Caldwell, of Birmingham, and Smith, of Akron, make it plain that they feel the record buyer should have access to the best material of all time, not merely the contents of current catalogues—a view long promoted by RECORDINGS. Says Miss Caldwell: "One of the greatest contributions to musical libraries and to opera lovers . . . is the series of reissues from the vaults of RCA Victor." Says Smith, in citing the vocal issue of this series as his favorite LP, "This is the finest way to hear the so-called 'golden age' voices."

Noted with interest also is the approval bestowed on several companies for their enterprise in reaching out not merely for unfamiliar repertory, but for neglected works which are authentic masterpieces. Kupferberg, of the *Herald Tribune*, notes Vivaldi's "Beatus Vir" on Vox as an instance of this; Prahl, of Springfield, points to the forty cantatas of Bach on LP as one of the "greatest services" rendered by LP.

FOR those who might be trying to remember what the critics were thinking about last year at this time, it might be noted that twelve of them gave high endorsement to the Claudia Muzio reissue on Columbia and a half-dozen others put a red line under the "Chaliapin as Boris" compilation by RCA Victor. The new "Carmen" issues by both RCA and Columbia were praised, also the then-new reissue of "Don Giovanni" from Glyndebourne. Among symphony recordings a man named Toscanini was frequently mentioned—for his "Eroica," for his Strauss "Don Juan," and in the opera category for his "Traviata."

One certainty may be appended as summation: anyone who buys, or gets as a gift, any musical work or performance mentioned in this compilation can confidently expect accomplishment on a superlative level. It is a remarkable thing, when one polls expert opinion and asks for answers in terms of "outstanding," how little that is meretricious or second rate is even mentioned, let alone agreed upon.

—THE EDITOR.

Hobson's Choice

HEREWITH the department's usual Christmas suggestions, fragrant and various. Notice is served that grandpa will positively bust his galluses over the first item:

Hot: We are in receipt of a letter from a Boston disc jockey referring to the sound of Bob Scobey's Frisco Band as "grotesque." In view of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the idea of a Boston disc jockey is rather bizarre in itself, but we will accept his impeachment and merely say that if anyone wants to hear "Chicago" played the way the composer intended it to sound, Scobey and his grotesquerie will fill the bill. Furthermore, the dividend on the other side is "Sailing Down Chesapeake Bay" (Good Time Jazz 71). Also from the California littoral comes the second record of little Claire Austin, who sings so much like big women named Bessie Smith and Malissa Nix Rainey. Miss Austin is currently at work on "Oh Daddy" (Good Time Jazz 69) with the accompaniment of Turk Murphy, his trombone, and his ragtime chamber group. The boys plunge into a number called "Mesa 'Round" on the reverse, but the big news is the pure and powerful voice of the songstress.

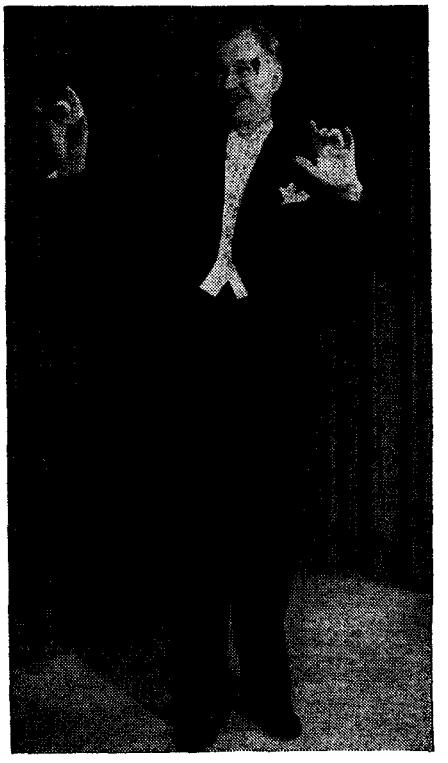
Don Ewell is a white pianist of Chicago who learned his syncopation in the general area of the late Jimmy Yancey and who played for a while with the extraordinary New Orleans combination of the late Bunk Johnson. He is an impeccable wearer of the old school tie, and there could hardly be a pleasanter gift for a jazz traditionalist than Ewell's long-player (Windin' Ball 101). There are four numbers of his own—"Melancholy Stomp," "South Side Strut," "Spanish Singe" (very Jelly Roll Morton), "Delmar Drag"—and four classics—"Mabel's Dream," "Willie the Weeper," "Beale Street Blues," and "Atlanta Blues" (sometimes called "Make Me a Pallet on the Floor"). This gentleman is a pianist and a scholar.

Cool: I find George Shearing's little quintet so cool, sometimes, as to be virtually arctic, but there is no gainsaying their musicianship, and they have a deft and polished LP called "I Hear Music" (M-G-M E155) including their versions of "I Hear Music," "Easy Livin'," "Over the Rainbow," "Lonely Moments," "A Ghost of a Chance," "Wait Till You See Her," "So This Is Cuba?" and "How High the Moon." The clarinetist Buddy De Franco ranks as a modernist, although cool is hardly the word for some of his work, and his trio whip out "Carioca" with much of the feeling of the old Benny Goodman threesome (M-G-M 11303). This is fast, brilliant clarinet playing especially indicated for performers on that instrument.

Sweet: Just about twenty years ago the English bandmaster Ray Noble began to be represented on the Victor lists with a series of works which had the debutantes beside themselves. I was beside the debutantes at the time and can testify to the validity of their enthusiasm. So can a new LP which contains the best of those perfumed efforts—"The Very Thought of You," "Blue Danube," "Time on My Hands," "Love Is the Sweetest Thing," "Tiger Rag," "Lying in the Hay," and "Goodnight, Sweetheart" (RCA Victor LPT 3015). Make no mistake about it, the slow numbers of this collection are schmaltz and the fast ones are corn. But if it is schmaltz and corn you want, you've got it. The best.

Josef Marais and his wife, Miranda, are South African "balladeers" with an international reputation, and they make some very pretty, genteel music by adapting local folk and popular

(*Continued on page* 82)



Ray Noble—"perfumed efforts."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTINUING IN A GREAT
LONDON FFRR TRADITION

NOVEMBER RELEASES

AIDA
COMPLETE RECORDING
(VERDI)
LLA-13
Three 12"
$17.85
(including libretto)

Aida ..... *Renata Tebaldi*
Rhadames ..... *Mario del Monaco*
Amneris ..... *Ebe Stignani*
Amonasro ..... *Aldo Protti*
IL Re ..... *Fernando Corena*
Ramfis ..... *Dario Caselli*
Messenger ..... *Piero di Palma*

Chorus and Orchestra of Accademia di Santa Cecilia
Conductor: Alberto Erede

TOSCA
COMPLETE RECORDING
(PUCCINI)
LL-660/661
Two 12"
$11.90
(including libretto)

Tosca ..... *Renata Tebaldi*
Cavaradossi ..... *Giuseppe Campora*
Scarpia ..... *Enzo Mascherini*
Angelotti ..... *Dario Caselli*
Sacristan ..... *Fernando Corena*
Spoletta ..... *Piero di Palma*
Shepherd Boy ..... *Gianfranco Volante*
Sciarrone Jailer ..... *Antonio Sacchetti*

Chorus and Orchestra of Accademia di Santa Cecilia
Conductor: Alberto Erede

LAKME
COMPLETE RECORDING
(DELIBES)
LLA-12
Three 12"
$17.85
(including libretto)

Lakme ..... *Mado Robin*
Gerald ..... *Libero de Luca*
Nilakantha ..... *Jean Borthayre*
Frederic ..... *Jacques Jansen*
Mallika ..... *Agnes Disney*
Ellen ..... *Claudine Collart*
Mistress Bentson ..... *Jane Perriat*
Rose ..... *Simone Lemaitre*
Hadji ..... *Pierre Germain*
Domben ..... *Edmond Chastenet*
Marchand Chinois ..... *Camille Rouquetty*

(ARTISTIC DIRECTION—MAX DE RIEUX)
Choeur et l'Orchestre de l'Opèra-Comique, Paris
Conductor: Georges Sebastian

SPECIAL RELEASE

The Most Thrilling Operatic Tenor Voice of Our Time,
MARIO DEL MONACO, Sings Verdi and Puccini Arias

TOSCA—Recondita armonia *(Puccini)*
TOSCA—E lucevan le stelle *(Puccini)*
GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST—Ch'ella mi creda *(Puccini)*
MANON LESCAUT—No! pazzo son *(Puccini)*
TURANDOT—Non piangere Liu *(Puccini)*
LUISA MILLER—Quando le sere al placido *(Verdi)*
LA TRAVIATA—De miei bollenti spiriti *(Verdi)*
MACBETH—Ah! la paterna mano *(Verdi)*

with Orchestra of L'Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome
Conductor: Alberto Erede
LS-670 $4.95

LONDON

THE WORLD'S FINEST QUALITY RECORD

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . and still they come!

LL 625 / 626 — **DAS LIED VON DER ERDE** (Mahler)
Kathleen Ferrier—Julius Patzak with The Philharmonic Orchestra.
$11.90 — Conductor: Bruno Walter
ICH BIN DER WELT ABHANDEN GEKOMMEN (Mahler)
ICH ATMET EINEN LINDENDUFT (Mahler)
UM MITTERNACHT (Mahler)
Kathleen Ferrier with The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.
Conductor: Bruno Walter

LL-634 — **SYMPHONY NO. 5 IN E FLAT MAJOR** (Sibelius) (Op. 82)
$5.95 — The Danish State Radio Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Erik Tuxen
KARELIA SUITE (Sibelius) (Op. 11)
The Danish State Radio Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Thomas Jensen

LL 636 / 637 — **THE SLEEPING BEAUTY**—Complete Ballet (Tschaikowsky)
L'Orchestre de la Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris.
$11.90 — Conductor: Anatole Fistoulari

LL-651 — **LE CID**—Ballet Music (Massenet)
$5.95 — **LES PATINEURS**—Ballet Music (Meyerbeer-Lambert)
The London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Robert Irving

LL-639 — **LA DAMOISELLE ELUE** (Debussy)
$5.95 — **ODE—A LA MUSIQUE** (Chabrier)
LE ROI MALGRE LUI—Chanson Tzigane (Chabrier)
Janine Micheau, soprano, with L'Orchestre de la Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris and Chorale Elisabeth Brasseur. Assisting soloists; Claudine Collard & Jean Mollien. Conductor: Jean Fournet

LL-586 — **SYMPHONY NO. 49 IN F MINOR** "La Passione" (Haydn)
$5.95 — **DIVERTIMENTO NO. 2 IN D MAJOR** (Mozart) (K. 131)
The London Mozart Players. Conductor: Harry Blech

LS-591 — **CONCERTO IN D MINOR FOR BASSOON AND STRING ORCHESTRA**
$4.95 — (Vivaldi)
CONCERTO IN C MINOR FOR OBOE AND STRING ORCHESTRA (Marcello)
Henri Helaerts (Bassoon)—Roger Reversy (Oboe) with L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. Conductor: Ernest Ansermet

LS-647 — **LES DEUX PIGEONS** —Ballet Music (Messager)
$4.95 — **LE ROI MALGRE LUI**—Fete Polonaise (Chabrier)
LE ROI MALGRE LUI—Danse Slav (Chabrier)
L'Orchestre de l'Opera Comique, Paris. Conductor: Richard Blareau

LS-600 — **SONATA IN C MINOR** (Vivaldi)
$4.95 — **THREE PIECES FROM HARPSICHORD CONCERTI** (Rameau)
Trio de Trieste

LONG-PLAYING plus FULL FREQUENCY RANGE RECORDING

LONDON

THE WORLD'S FINEST QUALITY RECORD

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Opera Roundup

"LAKME" will be seventy next April. Thanks to LP, she is now completely available to devotees, new and old. The services of the Opéra-Comique, where Delibes' opera bowed in, have been enlisted for a version which will probably stand forever as the most that anyone can do with and for the touching Hindu girl (London LLA 12, $17.85).

The *raison d'être* for any performance of "Lakmé" is the presence of a coloratura soprano able to work her way through the leaps and bounds of the second act. The Metropolitan has given the opera for such stars as Marie Van Zandt, Marcella Sembrich, Maria Barrientos, and Lily Pons. For Pons, rather than for "Lakmé" *per se*, was the opera elevated in 1946 to the privileged honor of an Opening Night. And for those who have enjoyed watching as well as listening to the Pons manipulations of voice and body, it has been a pleasure not often found in the opera house.

London has given its recording into the hands of a soprano new to us, Mado Robin. They have done well. There is a combination of naiveté and of fine vocal art in her singing. Just as one thinks she is about to overdo the *jeune fille* angle, along comes a solid, rich sound that shows this Robin knows not only her notes but her story as well. The voice is larger than those we sometimes hear in the part, but it has an agility and legato thoroughly delightful for the role. What's more, if you want higher and higher notes in your coloratura roles, Mlle. Robin mounts directly to a top G sharp in the "Bell Song." She makes an exciting thing of the upward octave leap to the high E at the end of the first part of the "Bell Song." This is the spot where most sopranos stop and take a big breath before attacking the upper tone. The difference is right and startling.

But a good "Lakmé," like any other proper opera, needs a balanced cast. And London introduces more than one new voice on this set. The Nilakantha is handsomely sung by a French bass of real depth. This is a sound we have missed in recent French operatic sets, such as London's "Pelléas," where the Arkel has a baritone timbre. But in this new release Jean Borthayre is a singer to admire in every phrase. He is in the Journet-Plançon line.

Libero de Luca, the Italian tenor who has been working in the French capital for several seasons, is vocally admirable in the Gerald role. But he is still some distance from the elegance of phrasing the part needs. He breaks phrases where it is hard to believe he needs a breath, yet for no other apparent reason. The voice is virile, but the part calls for soft singing which he does not supply.

Claudine Collart is a sturdy Mallika, though occasionally inaccurate in rapid motion. Minor parts are particularly well sung, and the chorus is brilliant. George Sebastian is the conductor, to whom Act I seems to hold charms that escape me. Had he moved in with more of the directness of tempo he gives in the second act, it would be a better show. As it is, the fans who have kept "Lakmé" going for forty-five performances at the Met, and those who have waited for it to achieve permanent status on records, can now be completely happy in a performance not likely to be surpassed.

One would have thought the market for "Tales of Hoffmann" had been satisfied. Nevertheless, the new, abridged version on Urania discs (Urania 224, $11.90) will and should find happy homes among collectors. The recording is in German. But for various reasons the language seems relatively appropriate. The setting of the Prologue and Epilogue is Nuremberg, while the last act takes place in Munich. And Hoffmann's famous narrative in the Prologue is the legend of Kleinzach, which sounds perfectly at home in German. It may be that E.T.A. Hoffmann's original tongue is merely finding its way back in some devious way through the libretto of Barbier.

Another reason for welcoming this set is that in its abbreviation it gives the greater part of the best music without omitting too much of the opera's essence. This is, of course, heresy to those for whom "Hoffmann" is an untouchable masterpiece.

Add, finally, the voices of Erna Berger as Antonia and Peter Anders as Hoffmann, plus an excellent Olympia sung by Rita Streich, and the vocal side of things equals those of either of the two complete versions. More heresy can creep in here, for to at least one pair of ears the great closing trio between Antonia, the voice of her mother, and Dr. Miracle has an excitement of pacing and of climax that neither Beecham nor the Opéra-Comique recording gives. Arthur Rother conducts the chorus and orchestra of Radio Berlin in a well-engineered production.

Where German does not too greatly hamper the "Tales of Hoffmann," it—and a heavy-handed performance—proves fatal for excerpts from "Giroflé-Girofla," an operetta from France. The work of Alexandre Charles Lecocq, who once won an Offenbach prize for a setting of "Le Docteur Miracle," "Giroflé-Girofla" (Urania URLP 7054, $5.95) is an all too forseeable hassle centering around twin sisters who are engaged, one to her papa's creditor's son, the other to a Moorish chief. The kidnaping of one sister on the day of the intended double wedding provides the suspense of the piece. The music, as here abridged, is slow, heavy, and lacking in any Parisian flavor. It is aided in its torpor by as lustreless singing and playing as we have heard in long months of listening. Too bad.

—PAUL HUME.

* * *

SO far as I know, the Polymusic recording of Mozart's "Zaide" (PRLP 901/2, $11.90) provides the first hearing the present generation has had of this score, which was discovered among the composer's properties after his death. It lacks an overture, connecting dialogue, and the third act implied by the two finished ones. In every other respect, it is a musical achievement even superior to "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," which it resembles in content, surpasses in interest, and precedes in time.

As in the later work, the earlier one is concerned with the love of a Turk's captive (here Zaide) for one who would liberate her (Gomatz). They are aided to escape by Allazim, a friendly servant of the Turk Soliman. As the two acts come to an end, the fugitives have been brought back and sentenced to death. By contrast with "Die Entführung," where much the same kind of dramatic scheme is cushioned by laughter, not to say buffoonery, the atmosphere here is prevailingly serious.

Considering the lovely melodic freshness of this score, its purity and purposefulness, one can only assume that it was left unfinished because

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mozart could find no producer who considered it marketable. When he returned to the same general theme in "Die Entführung," it was with a *buffa* coloration that almost but not quite dimmed the charms of the remarkable airs for Constanza and Belmonte. The "Turkish" atmosphere (bass drum and triangle) which frequently makes "Die Entführung" a trial are absent from "Zaide," but also, unfortunately, are the elements to round it out for stage presentation.

However, this need not deter any phonophile from the rich pleasure in the endearing matter that exists, especially as presented here under the sympathetic direction of René Leibowitz. Hugues Cuenod's fine artistry is as effective in the German text as it has been in other languages, and the unheralded Mattawilda Dobbs is a soprano of Berger-like purity with —if the praise is not insupportable— more vocal quality. The others are all acceptable. The orchestra (Paris Philharmonic) is a bit smaller than it should be, but the recording is spacious, clear, and beautifully balanced.

Two conflicting trends of Cetra-Soria may be noted in the concurrent appearance of a "Bohème," of which Ferrucio Tagliavini is the particular star (Cetra-Soria LP set 1237, $11.90), and a nineteenth-century *buffa* by Valentino Fioraventi entitled "La Cantatrici Villane," involving a number of excellent singers of which no single one is particularly prominent (Cetra-Soria LP 50102, $5.95). In the "Bohème," Tagliavini enthusiasts will hear their favorite in good if rather light voice, with a charming Mimi by Rosanna Carteri, an excellent Marcello by the gifted Giuseppe Taddei, and a resonant Colline by Cesare Siepi. Regarded in the round, this "Bohème" must take third place behind the vastly more stimulating one conducted by Toscanini for RCA Victor, in which Jan Peerce and Licia Albanese outdo their counterparts of this issue, or the suaver, more aurally satisfying London version with Tebaldi.

On the other hand, the revision of Fioravanti's score of 1806 prepared by Renato Parodi for an Italian production of October 1951 acquaints us with a light-footed entertainment (akin to certain earlier issues on Cetra-Soria) of which we cannot hear too much these days. Whatever the original form, the present one is animated, compact, and consistently amusing. Nor need one take the dramatic scheme, involving three sisters who aspire to be *prima donne,* the amorous maestro who has his eye on one of them, or the soldier-husband of another who returns unexpectedly, too seriously.

The artifices of the framework are amply justified by the decorations imposed upon it, especially as supervised by the able Mario Rossi. Sesto Bruscantini adds to his repute as a ranking operatic singing-actor with his fine work as the singing teacher, and Alda Noni, Ester Orell, and Fernanda Gadoni collaborate admirably as the sisters. Of the others, Agostino Lazzari is outstanding for the flexible way in which he sings the tenor music of the returned husband. The unusual attention to dramatic plausibility (conveyed by sound effects, applause, etc.) adds to the interest of the whole. Excellent enunciation and well-balanced recording are further assets of this welcome enterprise, which is typical of a Cetra resource no other company can match.

A complete version of Gluck's "Orfeo," especially one sung in the appropriate Italian text, was obviously a predestined addition to the rapidly expanding catalogue of opera on LP. Urania's issue on URLP 223 ($18.50) provides the physical fulfilment of this desirable issue, but under conditions of Germanic inspiration that fall considerably short of bringing to life (that is to say, "animating") the fervor and expressiveness of Gluck's great score.

The dominant elements are the conducting of Arthur Rother and the singing by Margarete Klose of the music for Orfeo. The former is serious and well-intentioned, but lacking in the flexibility, sense of pace, or mere intensity to comprehend the ebb and flow of Gluck's purpose. Miss Klose is a sumptuous voice for some aspects of the music, but without the variety of utterance or the technical resource to deliver its numerous nuances. Erna Berger is identified as the Euridice, but the likeness of her vocal quality provided in Act II is hardly convincing. The average of the recording is acceptable, but the chorus is too far from the microphone for proper balance.

—Irving Kolodin.

* * *

WE call it "Pique Dame" (which is German for "Queen of Spades") and we know its principal arias—if we are familiar with them at all—by such names as "Es geht auf Mitternacht" and "Als du zum Gatten mich erkoren." But Tchaikovsky entitled his opera "Pikovaya Dama," and the words to which he set his music were not German words. I, for one, have never felt very comfortable hearing Tchaikovsky's music sung in the usual German translation, sensing a basic and pervading contradiction between the shape of the melody and the sound of the text. Now comes a performance of "Pique Dame" by an all-Russian cast, recorded in Moscow and sponsored here by Colosseum (CRLP 130-133, $23.80), which convinces me that my reservations were well founded. Though I know not a word of Russian, I sense an unmistakable and irresistible "rightness" in its mating of text and music. Add this recording to the case for opera in the original propounded by Dale Warren elsewhere in this issue.

"Pique Dame" comes from Tchaikovsky's most fertile period, composed just after "The Sleeping Beauty" and of the same fabric—if not so consistently inspired—as that wondrous ballet score. The opera's focal point, the

(*Continued on page* 80)

Mattawilda Dobbs—"Berger-like purity."

—*Sabine Weiss.*

Hugues Cuenod—"fine artistry."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Columbia
PRESENTS
MOZART'S
Così
fan
Tutte
(Women Are Like That)
THE MERRY
NEW ENGLISH VERSION
PRODUCED BY
THE METROPOLITAN
OPERA ASSOCIATION
The new hit of the Metropolitan Opera repertory, staged by Alfred Lunt, now completely and exclusively performed on Columbia "Lp" Masterworks.
You'll delight in this delicious, racy performance.
Your dealer has it now.
THE METROPOLITAN OPERA ASSOCIATION RECORDS EXCLUSIVELY FOR
Columbia
Lp MASTERWORKS
the exclusive trade-mark of Columbia Long Playing Records—symbol of highest quality.
Trade-Marks "Columbia," "Masterworks," ®'s, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Marcas Registradas.

THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The foreign reports this month emanate from France, Britain, and Denmark.*

PARIS.

THE present catalogue of long-playing records available in France, listing over two thousand entries, is the second largest in the world at the present time. It represents the combined output of some thirty manufacturers — some independent, some affiliated with American firms—in less than three years, under production and economic conditions far different from those in the States, and with a potential market representing but a small percentage of the musical public. Despite these discouraging conditions, "high sources" in the industry feel that within another twelve months the French cumulative catalogue will equal the American in size.

American visitors have been surprised to find LP prices in France almost double those in the States. Actually, the differential for the French collector is far worse than that. A musically minded American stenographer, for example, can count her earnings in terms of twelve LP's, or six cheap player-attachments, per week. Her French counterpart, on the other hand, does well to earn seven LP's, or one player, per *month*. Thus, the average collector can look forward to buying at most one or two items a month. Large sets, like the Decca "Parsifal" or "Pelléas," find their way mostly into the libraries of professional men or bankers. What is more, there is no economic advantage in converting to LP in France; players are of poor quality and frightfully expensive, and the LP recording of a symphony usually costs no less than the shellac equivalent. Despite this, almost no serious music has been issued on shellac for over a year.

Why this discrepancy between price and buying power? Part of the explanation lies in the expense of importing American equipment and vinylite. The French Government imposes some of the highest import duties in Europe, and the record industry here is dependent to an enormous degree on imports. A lack of skilled craftsmen is another problem, for the loss through bad plating and pressing runs surprisingly high. Still, LP's are only $5.50 in England, but almost ten dollars here. The real answer is hard to find; much of the price determination seems to have been arbitrary, perhaps to protect dealers with large shellac stocks.

However, there seems to be a change in the offing. One possible break in the situation may come from the future operations of the big Philips company in Holland. Philips can be likened somewhat to RCA in the size and scope of its activities; a leading manufacturer of radio and television sets, phonographs, and parts, it has now been growing rapidly into a leading power in the record industry. Some weeks ago Philips pulled the rug out from under its competition on the opening day of the Paris Television Salon by suddenly reducing its advertised prices on new TV sets by about one-third. If these tactics are brought to bear on their LP record prices, we may see a general industry-wide reduction, or even a price war. In either case, the consumer can be sure to benefit.

Philips records are issued in France with labels in English; obviously the company's major objective is the English and American markets. The recordings can boast of superlative engineering and thoroughly solid musicianship. For the past year Philips has been building a catalogue of standard fare. Recordings have been made in Holland and Germany, with the Amsterdam Concertgebouw and Berlin Philharmonic Orchestras conducted by Eugen Jochum and with the efficient Hague Residentie Orchestra under Willem van Otterloo. I have heard Van Otterloo's recordings of the Berlioz "Fantastic" and the Beethoven Ninth and was greatly impressed by the intelligence of his work. In the Berlioz there is a genuine excitement, with little stooping for effect, and in the Beethoven a fine sense of cumulation and proportion. Jochum's Beethoven Fifth is also a first-rate disc; I have heard no other recorded performance that seemed so right so much of the time.

Despite all problems, LP's are issued here at a steady pace. The companies are making a general and sincere effort to place records within the reach of as many budgets as possible. Erato, for example, in issuing the Haydn Society's "Don Giovanni" in France, re-edited the tapes to fit on three discs rather than four, and the Columbia LP of Bartók's "Music for Strings,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

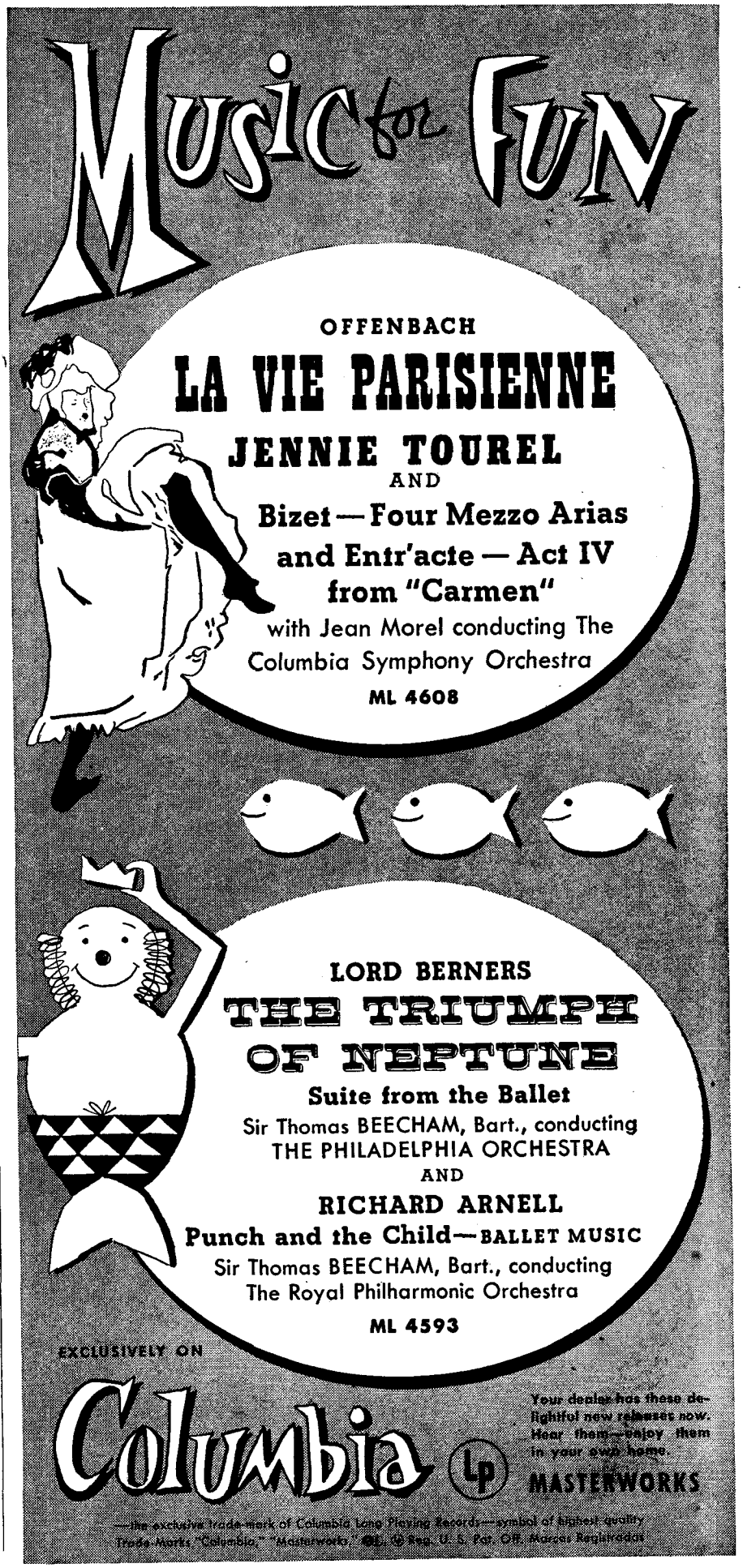
Percussion, and Celesta" was cut down from a twelve-inch disc to a ten. The seven-inch 33 rpm disc is quite popular here, since it can be made to hold twenty minutes of music by the variable-groove system. Two choice seven-inchers I have heard come from Les Discophiles Français; one has Mozart's Symphony No. 32 and "Paris" Overture, delectably played by the Maurice Hewitt Chamber Orchestra; the other has choral works by Debussy and Ravel sung by the marvelous Marcel Couraud Chorale. Discophiles Français have been a leader in the economy drive; they have coupled Beethoven's Fourth and Fifth Symphonies on a single disc (indifferently conducted by Hewitt) and have been converting many of their former twelve-inch records to ten-inchers. L'Anthologie Sonore has also transferred much of its old shellac catalogue to seven- and ten-inch LP's.

THE major activity at Pathé-Marconi, the French branch of EMI, has been the new "Boris," recently completed at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées and due for immediate release. There is so much that is good in this set that it is difficult to condense an opinion. Boris Christoff takes on a dangerous task in singing the three major bass roles, but he carries off the trick beautifully due in large measure to the tremendous dramatic force projected in his singing. Dobrowen's conducting establishes him as one of the finer musicians of the day, and the supporting cast and chorus are excellent. Furthermore, the French engineers were fully equal to the task. The result? An overwhelming Russian-sung version of "Boris," but in the Rimsky-Korsakoff edition. If equal justice could be done the original score, all would truly be well.

Other recent recordings of French origin include a charming, if rather soft-spoken, performance of the Ravel Concerto by the venerable Marguerite Long, coupled with the Fauré "Ballade" (Columbia), and a sensational performance by a young man named Yuri Boukoff of Menotti's rather tawdry Piano Concerto (HMV). André Cluytens, who conducts the Menotti, is a man who deserves attention in the States. Here in Paris he is a workhorse: two or three nights a week at the Opéra or Opéra-Comique, one or two with the Conservatoire or some other orchestra, and a steady stream of recordings. His "Damnation of Faust" at the Opéra is a brilliant performance and should be recorded; his orchestral work, over a wide range of sympathy, is as fine as anyone's here today.

Another fine set which should see

(*Continued on page 75*)


Music for Fun
OFFENBACH
LA VIE PARISIENNE
JENNIE TOUREL
AND
Bizet—Four Mezzo Arias and Entr'acte—Act IV from "Carmen"
with Jean Morel conducting The Columbia Symphony Orchestra
ML 4608
LORD BERNERS
THE TRIUMPH OF NEPTUNE
Suite from the Ballet
Sir Thomas BEECHAM, Bart., conducting
THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
AND
RICHARD ARNELL
Punch and the Child—BALLET MUSIC
Sir Thomas BEECHAM, Bart., conducting
The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra
ML 4593
EXCLUSIVELY ON
Columbia
LP
MASTERWORKS
Your dealer has these delightful new releases now. Hear them—enjoy them in your own home.
—the exclusive trade-mark of Columbia Long Playing Records—symbol of highest quality
Trade Marks "Columbia," "Masterworks," ®, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Marcas Registradas

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Opus 18 to Opus 135

JOHN N. BURK

THE sixteen string quartets of Beethoven (together with the "Grosse Fuge") have been recorded by the Budapest Quartet, playing the Stradivari instruments of the Gertrude Whittall Foundation (Opus 18 in SL 172, $17.35; Opus 59, 74 & 95 in SL 173, $22.59; Opus 127, 130, 131, 132, 133 & 135 in SL 174, $27.83). Their simultaneous issue must give even those jaded by the wonders of LP a sense of awe and respect for the medium which makes the feat possible.

This is a late day to describe or extol the quartets of Beethoven. But how can one be silent after facing all sixteen at once? Listening to their eight hours of music gives a renewed sense that they have received the whole of Beethoven. They should be held up to prove that an artist is truly great when each work implies all of him, while the succession of his works unfolds always new resource, continual growth without repetition. Nothing could be plainer than Beethoven's satisfaction with the medium which drew him by its purity of color, which never constricted but constantly liberated him by its possibilities for delicacy and detail, its complete viability. Three times in his life he really closeted himself with the form, and since these three times were early, middle, and late, with gaps between, we have in the quartets the strongest possible argument for the three-period history.

Let someone else try to choose between the three groupings. The six of Opus 18 were all brought out in 1801, after some withholding on the part of Beethoven, who was then looked upon by conservatives as a pretentious young upstart, and who had too much respect for the quartets of Mozart and (the still living) Haydn to put less than his best into his own. Anyone who tries to attach the word "imitative" to Opus 18 is obviously talking through his hat. It is more profitable to submit to the youthful fervor, the open sentiment of the fine variations in No. 5 or the Adagio affetuoso of No. 1 (although the sentiment is here drawn rather thin).

The Rasoumowsky Quartets are the Beethoven of the "Appassionata," which they shortly followed in 1807. The promise of Opus 18 is fulfilled with fluency, ardor, and tonal amplitude. At the same time, the diverse and unclassifiable Beethoven looks back in the minuet of the third quartet of these three (Opus 59), or the slow movement of the first which seems to borrow a theme from Haydn's in D major, Opus 75, No. 5. The Molto adagio of the second foretells the great final slow movements.

Quickly passing Opus 74 and 95, inconvenient to categorize, but by no means to be slighted, we find ourselves completely immersed in the third period with his last five, his final musical testament (the F major, Opus 135, was his last complete work). He was concise at the last but not before having written four quartets colossal in concept, elaborate in the working out. There is at times an abounding energy and brilliance in the last quartets, but the full-throated power of string chords is often tempered in favor of voice complexities where the richness is contrapuntal. The grandeur of the Ninth Symphony, the mysticism of the "Missa Solemnis," the penetration of the "Hammerklavier" Sonata are to be found in these five. The scherzos of Opus 127 and Opus 135 can be placed confidently beside the Scherzo of the Ninth. There is much intricate detail of part writing in the development sections of these five, but in the final quartet he returns to brevity and, in the slow movement, to the utmost simplicity.

The assembling of the sixteen under one label by the Budapest Ensemble provides a profusion of choice, for the Pascal Quartet has just done the same thing (Concert Hall CHS 1201/1213, $5.95 each). Of the two sets I would unhesitatingly take the Budapest on both counts of performance and tone reproduction. But there are many other recordings, especially of the favorites, at which every group must have its fling. Certain others have awaited (and it must be admitted still await) an adequate capture of overall sound, such as the "Harp" Quartet, Opus 74, where restless arpeggio figures present problems in clear reproduction, or Opus 130, where the parts are widely spaced. There is surely room for several versions of the last three quartets—if they are superbly handled. The choice among them is less controlled by individual readings than is the case with the symphonies where there is a conductor to drive or drag his musicians at will. Here, on the contrary, we have four musicians who must think and play as one, find a norm of musical good sense, and find it directly under their fingers, adjusting their dynamic range and their tempos to the best physical results. The Budapest Quartet do tend to take slow movements such as the Adagio of the A minor (Opus 132) or the introduction to the C sharp minor (Opus 131) a shade slower than others, justifying their tempo by delicately expressive inflection. Their rapid movements tend to be as swift as clear articulation allows, as in the fugal finale of Opus

—Reni Photos

Budapest Quartet—"a reined romanticism."

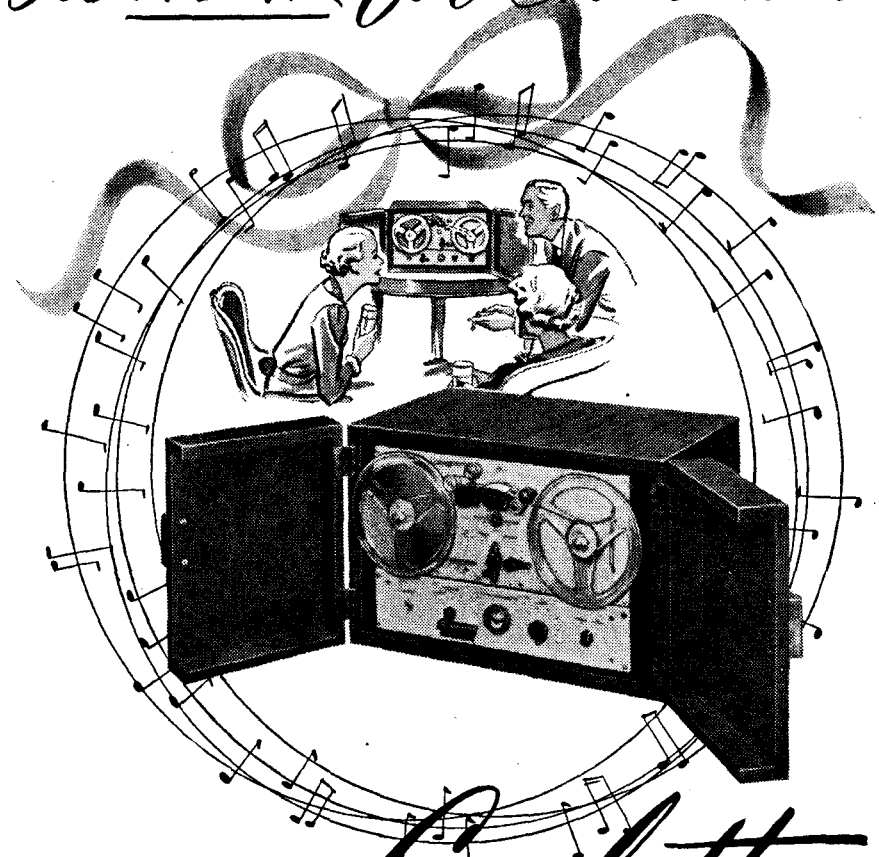
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

59, No. 3, or the more precipitate scherzos of Opus 127 or 135.

Certainly, some past recordings will hold their own. Those by the Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet (Westminster), and the Griller Quartet (London) are fuller and more opulent in sound. It is to be hoped that the in-their-way incomparable Grillers will add to Opus 95 and Opus 132. Some will prefer these recordings, in such respects as sustained passages in an even pianissimo where the tone is with others elusive to the engineer. Others will consider the over-all tone as too robust and out of character, and prefer the Budapest tone reproduction as closer to that of four individual instruments—more personal and life-like. The six earlier Budapest recordings now in the LP catalogue are in some cases very close to the new ones. Those of Opus 18 have needed remaking, for the tone is dull by comparison to the more supple and glowing tone of the new ones (the Coolidge Auditorium in the Library of Congress, where these were made, has a good recording resonance, with however a few "ghost" notes). In the new recordings there is a fine separateness in the cluster of voices. The style of the present personnel as compared with the earlier personnel of the Budapest group with two of the former four is remarkably similar. A direct comparison of the recordings of each demonstrates that there is indeed a "Budapest" tradition, conveyed no doubt by the continuity of Josef Roisman as leader. That style is warmly expressive, every accent finely shaded, with a tendency to rhythmic stress and strong sforzandos. It is the true Beethoven style—a reined romanticism. Placed beside these, certain other recordings (not to mention names) sound rigid and obtuse. In the final quartets the Budapest's understanding of style is extended to the larger plan where free imagination is called for. An occasional fleeting instance of a flawed intonation or a covered leading voice is no more than a reminder that these four are not quite superhuman.

The recording engineer has faithfully represented the Budapestian delicacy of nuance, but in doing so sometimes forfeits body and luster in the high violin range, as in much of Opus 130, the finale of the A minor (Opus 132), or the "Grosse Fuge," where the Barylli Quartet is more successfully brought through. On the other hand, Opus 59 is full-bodied, while the brilliant scherzo and finale of Opus 127 are instances of faithful pick-up, and Opus 95 (the "Serioso") stands handsomely beside several rivals. The slow movements throughout are something to cherish.

It's HEAR for Christmas

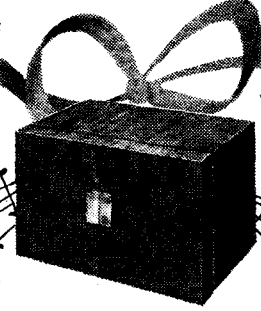


magneCordette

professional tape recorders for home and office

Give your family the realistic brilliance of high fidelity tape recordings right in your own home! Your favorite AM and FM radio programs—the voices of your children and family friends — can be faithfully preserved and replayed for your listening pleasure. Professional in quality, yet priced within reach, MagneCordette represents the utmost in magnetic recording for the home. Start a family "sound library" today, for enjoyment in the years ahead.

New *For the first time, Magnecordings by Vox, finest tape recordings by world-famous artists for replaying on your MagneCordette! Greater fidelity and tonal purity than could ever be obtained on disc recording! Hear them at your Magnecord dealer's.*



The magneCordette comes in a rich blond or rich, dark mahogany finish cabinet, to match any decor. Priced at only $395. For a demonstration, see your Classified Telephone directory under "Recorders."

magnecord, inc.

Dept. SR-11, 225 West Ohio St., Chicago 10, Illinois

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings in Review

Masterful Mahler

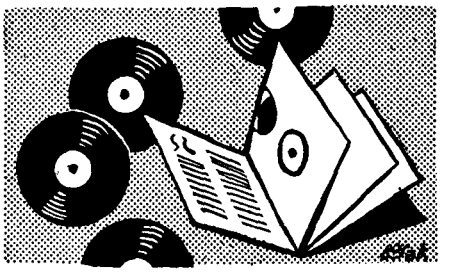
MAHLER: *"Das Lied von der Erde." Bruno Walter conducting, with Kathleen Ferrier, mezzo-soprano, and Julius Patzak, tenor.* (London LL 625-626, $11.90.) *Symphonies No. 5 and 10 (Adagio only). Hermann Scherchen conducting the orchestra of the Vienna State Opera.* (Westminster WAL 207, $11.90.)

THE good will that has permitted artists under contract to London and Columbia occasionally to cross company lines and pool their talents has now provided the musical public with one of the historic issues of our time. How Walter and Ferrier affect each other in the presence of Mahler has had an ample demonstration in the "Kindertotenlieder" which appeared on Columbia ML 2187 some months ago, and it is affirmed here. What fires the mind is the stunning work of Patzak, who was a fine artist and no longer a young man when I heard him twenty years ago. Such ripe artistry combined with a still serviceable voice is a phenomenon on the fringe of incredible.

From the opening blast of the horns, one is aware truly of participating in an Occasion, something akin to the greatest of actual-performance recordings combined with the utmost in care in processing. Mood and atmosphere, two of the rarest commodities to convey in a recording, are present in abundant measure, testifying to the wholehearted effort of all concerned. This assuredly includes the personnel of the Vienna Philharmonic, whose strings have rarely sung more appealing. And those who tout the virtues of "binaural" should study the realism achieved on these discs by wonderful balance based on clear woodwinds in proper proportion to the voices.

As to the qualities of the music, it is hard to think of a match for its eloquence and invention (in the Viennese tradition) since the man who said, "My time will come," died. Considering the splendor of sound at some climaxes, I doubt that anyone will begrudge London the latitude of using three LP sides for "Das Lied," though Vox has compressed its hardly competitive version onto two sides. No continuity is disrupted thereby, since the songs are separate entities. On the fourth side Ferrier sings, affectingly, three Rückert songs.

Scherchen's version of the Fifth Symphony shows, in his first attention to Mahler on records, that his reputation as an interpreter of this composer is well founded. What emerges is rather more dynamic and drama-laden than the previous version by Walter which, for undisclosed reasons, Columbia has chosen not to issue on LP. This approach has its penalties as well as its benefits, for when the thrust of Mahler's inspiration falters, the insistent drive provided by Scherchen tends to make the bombast more acute than it need be. However, the opening funeral march (whose reminiscence



of the trumpet fanfares in Haydn's "Military" Symphony is intensified by Scherchen's association with the earlier work) and the adagietto are both splendidly played. As recording, it is close to the best Westminster has produced in Vienna, a substantial endorsement for any effort.

The "fragment" (if an adagio lasting twenty-odd minutes can be so characterized) of the uncompleted Symphony No. 10 is a real find for the general music-lover as well as the Mahler devotee. Conceived, as Kurt List says in his appropriate annotation, on a pattern of endless variation, it is a magnificent piece of tonal soliloquy. In sustained thought and originality of conception, it is one of the most satisfying movements in Mahler's catalogue, with an absorbing extention of ways of writing evolved by Wagner in some pages of "Parsifal." Scherchen's delivery of it has every suggestion of authenticity, in a vein of deep affection and poetry.

Half-Awakened "Beauty"

TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Sleeping Princess." Anatole Fistoulari conducting the Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire.* (London LL 636-637, $11.90.)

AS promised, London has followed its issue of "Swan Lake" with virtually all the delightful music by Tchaikovsky included in the Sadler's Wells Ballet's three-act version of "The Sleeping Beauty." The four sides include no less than twenty-five sections of the score.

By conventional standards of conducting and orchestral playing, the work of Fistoulari is efficient enough and his ensemble plays well. However, if it is unfair to tax London with the superior standard of the late Constant Lambert, we can still ask for the kind of similarly sensitive feeling for ballet music that London itself has sponsored in the several fine recordings directed by Roger Désormière. This, however, Fistoulari does not provide, either in fluid line, supple variation in tempo, or highlighting of orchestra colors. It is energetic, straightforward, and more than a mite heavy handed.

Something in the quality of sound here merits London's attention, and either explanation or correction. That is a decided metallic sheen in the string sound, some lack of mellowness or vibrance in the brass. I have applied the various measures available in the better types of compensators, but—short of chopping the high end drastically—the undesirable effect remains. A comparison with the Vienna Philharmonic string sound in the Mahler, noted previously, will show some difference not wholly related to locality.

Lesser Weber, Least of Liszt

WEBER: *"Konzertstück," Opus 79. Robert Casadesus, piano, with George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra;* also LISZT: *Concerto in A (No. 2). The same.* (Columbia ML 4588, $5.45.)

IF this pairing conveys a kind of baffling reminiscence, the reason is simple: Casadesus himself had a version of the Weber "Konzertstück" on

Review Resume

CHABRIER: "Suite Pastorale"; also BIZET: "Jeux d'enfants" Suite. Warwick Braithwaite conducting Royal Opera House Orchestra. M-G-M E 3000. *SR* Nov. 15.

DELIBES: "Lakmé" excerpts. Lily Pons, soprano. Decca DL 4024. *SR* Nov. 1.

GERSHWIN: "An American in Paris"; also PROKOFIEV: "Classical" Symphony. Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 9020, $5.72. *SR* Nov. 15.

MOZART: Sinfonia Concertante, K.364, and other works. Various soloists and orchestra of the Perpignan Festival conducted by Pablo Casals. Columbia ML 4563/8. *SR* Nov. 8.

MOZART: Piano works. Paul Badura-Skoda, performing the same music on a piano of Mozart's time and on a contemporary instrument. Westminster WL 5153/4. *SR* Nov. 8.

RAVEL: "Introduction and Allegro"; also DEBUSSY: "Danse Sacrée et Danse Profane." Eduard van Beinum conducting the Chamber Music Society of Amsterdam. London LS 621. *SR* Nov. 15.

STRAUSS: "Rosenkavalier" duets, etc. Risë Stevens, mezzo, and Erna Berger, soprano, with Fritz Reiner conducting. RCA Victor LM 9010. *SR* Nov. 1.

VERDI: Various arias. Mario del Monaco, tenor. London LS 670. *SR* Nov. 1.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

78 rpm (with Eugène Bigot conducting), and Columbia itself sponsored the Malcuzynski version of the Liszt Second Piano Concerto in the first phases of long play. Needless to say, both sides of this new disc surpass their predecessors, not only in mechanics but particularly in the spirited work of the ever-improving Cleveland Orchestra under the direction of George Szell.

In terms of performance, Casadesus is temperamentally more at one with Weber than he is with Liszt, possibly because his musicianship counts for more in the former than in the latter. However, it is not a piece that wears well, save for the delightful little *marcia* in which the piano has merely one flourish—perfectly timed by Casadesus, incidentally, to set off the *fortissimo* that follows in the orchestra. The *presto* rondo has its charm, but it is rather fragile. As for the Liszt, it hardly merits the rather sober manner Casadesus provides, at the expense of some virtuoso elan he does not provide. Excellent sound in both works, with a nice balance between orchestra and piano.

"Emperor" or Prince Regent?

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto No. 5 in E flat. Paul Badura Skoda, piano, with orchestra of the Vienna State Opera conducted by Hermann Scherchen.* (Westminster WL 5114, $5.95.)

A DISCUSSION in these columns a month or so ago of the talented Badura Skoda's playing of the Beethoven Concerto No. 4 brought some inquisitorial correspondence demanding to know whether the "caste system" pervading the concert-hall dispensation of opportunity should be transferred to record making. The implication was that the writer considered that only "name" artists should be entrusted with the performance of "name" works.

My only point—namely that Badura Skoda needed more hardening in the fires of actual performance before his unquestionably good metal acquired the temper to work against such works as the later Beethoven concertos—is more than borne out by this latest production. I have rarely heard the delicate tracery of some lacelike passages more cleanly articulated, but the deep power, the clangorous strength to sound Beethoven's tremendous fanfares are mostly absent. If you want an accounting of this work in which the "Emperor" is still a young prince regent, Badura Skoda is your young man, but not otherwise. In its own terms, it is beautifully realized—but those terms are not Beethoven's.

Anna Russell—"a wonderful exuberance."

This sympathetic view of Badura Skoda's present limitations can hardly be extended to Scherchen's variable treatment of the orchestral score. Often it is splendidly straightforward and suitable to the situation, but some tutti passages fall into a pattern of heavy-handed accents hard to associate with this unquestionably well-informed musician. Excellent sound throughout, if appreciably less forceful and proclamative than the recent RCA Victor with Horowitz and Fritz Reiner.

The Comic Impulse

"Anna Russell Sings?" Anna Russell. (Columbia ML 4594, $5.45.)

IT'S a familiar fact that humor is an elusive proposition and that one man's potion is another man's poison. To judge from the built-in laughter provided with this memento of Anna Russell's Town Hall recital of January 13, 1952, the afternoon vastly amused those present; and I find myself responding on cue to all the audible evidence presented. Now and again, there is laughter which could be only visually provoked, and the record listener is left unsatisfied; but these deprivations are a small part of the whole.

In her highly artful way, Miss Russell suggests the comic impulse of Beatrice Lillie matched with the musical sophistication of Alec Templeton, a truly formidable combination. If she has not yet earned the commendation of "combining" rather than merely "suggesting" the qualities of these paragons, it is high praise that the likenesses emerge. Her sound musical training at the Royal College of Music (London) is implicit in the fact that she creates all the material she uses.

This material runs to types—take-offs on singers of German lieder, French art songs, English folk songs, modern music of no nationality—and the types sometimes emerge as stereotypes. Let us recognize, however, that she is working in an uncharted field and can conceivably refine her methods when she is sure of her direction. Certainly she has a wonderful exuberance to offer, a kind of caustic irreverence, a large capacity to induce laughter. This is solid currency in any market, and especially welcome in the inflated one of musical values.

A "New" Strauss Tone Poem

STRAUSS: *"Josephslegende" (Opus 63). Munich State Opera Orchestra conducted by Kurt Eichhorn;* also: *"Der Rosenkavalier," Preludes to Acts I and III, and "Festmarsch," Opus 1.* (Urania URLP 602, $11.90.)

CONSIDERING the amount of early, late, and middle Strauss that has been played in the concert hall during the last quarter century, it is rather remarkable that this ballet score of 1914 has never been honored, even as an abbreviation. For it is certainly a work of more originality and power than the later "Alpensymphonie," which has had its share of attention.

Perhaps the factor of greatest disadvantage to it is length—three LP sides, or over an hour of music. Perhaps the action could fill in the lapses of interest that attach to certain of the slower episodes, but one doubts—even then—that it would hold the attention for as long as Strauss thought it might. Without question, however, the tempestuous opening and the brilliant climax accompanying Joseph's liberation are first-class Strauss, and there is not so much of that in the world for one to reject this much more of it.

As a prospect for imminent reproduction, "Josephslegende" is slightly impractical, not alone for the huge size of the orchestra involved, but also for the scope of the corps de ballet, principals, and subprincipals indicated in the action. Thus, it is an addition of special interest to the recorded literature, whether or not its interest is sustained throughout. Eichhorn's direction is powerful and clarifying, the orchestral playing excellent, the recording on a higher level of quality than Urania has generally achieved in the past. The excerpts from "Rosenkavalier" that fill out side four are doubtless from the complete opera previously released, and do not add much to the value of the whole.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings Reports: Classical LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Quartet in F (Opus 135) with "Grosse Fuge." Barylli Quartet. Westminster WL 5151, $5.95.	Exceptional solution of the sound problem posed by these works, especially by the "Grosse Fuge," one of the most formidable in the literature. However, I do not think the ensemble dredges quite as much meaning of the patterns as it might. The F major is very well played.
Beethoven: Sonata in A, Opus 47 ("Kreutzer"). Jascha Heifetz, violin, and Benno Moïséiwitsch, piano. RCA Victor LM 1193, $5.72.	Less value, performance-wise, than the promise in the names of the performers, with conscience rather than conviction prevailing. The range of dynamics is narrower than it should be, with the piano in particular held to less than its due. There is, in fact, no outstanding version of this work on the market, but that is no reason to accept an imperfect one.
Beethoven: Symphonies No. 2 and 4. Bruno Walter conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia ML 4596, $5.45.	Neither of these comes close to the previous standard established by Beecham, largely for want of the volatility and animation he imparted to each. No outright distortion, actually, of meaning, but a tendency always to laboring the obvious. The Second suffers more thereby, but the net of the two sides is stolid, rather heavy-handed music. Excellent balance in the sound. The two sides total sixty-seven minutes of music, an accomplishment to which Columbia points with pardonable pride.
Brahms: Symphony No. 1 (Opus 68). Rafael Kubelik conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MG 50007, $5.95.	Not quite up to the previous high standard of this partnership; in the first instance for a stodgy, overdeliberate reading of the score by Kubelik, in the Furtwängler manner, but not successfully so; in the second, for a sound not quite as clean or well defined as the Tchaikovsky and Moussorgsky issues previously admired.
Brahms: "Liebeslieder" Waltzes. Roger Wagner chorale, with two pianos. Capitol P 8176, $4.98.	A questionable concept in two respects, whether or not one accepts Wagner's tempos and dynamics as desirable: first, for the doubling of the voice parts specified by Brahms (whereas the microphone should make his design the easier to realize); second, for the use of an English translation, though not one word in ten can be understood in any case. Finally, I find the interpretative impulse rather pale, without the vigor or variety to serve the material properly. Good enough sound.
Chopin: "Etudes" (Opus 25) and "Trois Nouvelles Etudes." Guiomar Novaes, piano. Vox PL 7560, $5.95.	Piano playing of peerless sensitivity and control by the artist whose concept of these (and the Etudes of Opus 10) seems to me the most sympathetic now to be heard. Those unacquainted with the "three new etudes" are especially commended to them. The warmly resonant sound of the Novaes piano is lovingly reproduced. Uncommonly quiet surfaces on my copy.
Elgar: "Variations on an Original Theme" ("Enigma") and "Serenade" (Opus 20). Walter Goehr and the Concert Hall Symphony Orchestra. Concert Hall CHS 1154, $5.95.	The first "Enigma" on LP and a more than creditable accomplishment for Goehr. However, the purchaser should know that there is a Toscanini version in prospect, and be guided accordingly. The playing here of the E minor Serenade is inferior in quality to the version by Anthony Collins on London 583, and not as well recorded.
Handel: "Royal Fireworks" Suite. Eduard Van Beinum and the Concertgebouw Orchestra. London LS 620, $4.95.	Of a miscellany also including the usual excerpts from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" and the "Trumpet Voluntary" (usually attributed to Purcell but here credited to Jeremiah Clarke), the Handel music is the longest in extent and the best played. Bright work by Van Beinum, effectively reproduced. The Berlioz lacks the ultimate in virtuoso finish, but it is certainly expert.
Haydn: Symphony No. 49 in F minor ("La Passione"). Harry Blech conducting the London Mozart Players. London LL 586, $5.95.	A duplication of the previously unheard No. 49, first offered in an excellent performance by Newstone on the Haydn Society label recently. The values of the two issues are about evenly divided, with the slight edge in recorded quality to London. However, what is more likely to attract attention to this disc is the beautifully turned playing of the early Mozart Divertimento, attesting for still another time to the divinity that shaped the ends of this master at sixteen. A worthy impulse, carried out with fervor and discipline.
Meyerbeer: "Les Patineurs." Robert Irving conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London LL 651, $5.95.	Lively treatment by conductor Irving of Constant Lambert's engaging arrangement for the Sadler's Wells Ballet of some choice if not wholly characteristic Meyerbeeriana. Uncommonly acute reproduction. Both this side and the coupled excerpts from Massenet's "Le Cid" assay higher, musically, than the earlier offering, on Columbia, of the "Patineurs" music with Arthur Bliss's "Checkmate" score. Regardless of material, the recording is superb.
Mozart: Concertos in A (K.414) and C (K.467). Folmer Jensen, piano, with the chamber orchestra of the Danish State Radio conducted by Mogens Wöldike. Haydn Society HSLP 1054, $5.95.	Two of the greatest of the Mozart piano concerti (Nos. 12 and 21) played with model devotion and care by Jensen and the excellent ensemble under the direction of the able Wöldike. Rather surprisingly, the sterner challenge of the C major is more completely met than that of the more delicate A major. The former to me is decidedly more attractive than the earlier version by Casadesus, Munch, and the Philharmonic-Symphony, especially in combination with the A major, an LP first time. Bright, well-balanced recording in both instances.
Schubert: Quartet in A minor (Opus 29). Vegh Quartet. London LL 587, $5.95.	An orderly and sometimes a penetrating performance of the unique work, devalued by some unfortunate mannerisms of the first violinist, especially an inclination toward a sentimental *portamento*. I cannot see justice in the uneasy tempo of the Andante. Beautifully clean recording, a little shrill on the high end.
Strauss, J: "Wein, Weib, und Gesang," etc. Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 4589, $5.45.	Conductor Ormandy's likable work in the Metropolitan's "Fledermaus" is belied by these mannered, stiff, and generally overstressed performances. The superlative orchestra responds to the whip like a circus horse, but the results are more suitable in the showy "Perpetual Motion" than they are in "Wine, Woman, and Song" or the "Emperor." The collection also includes "Feuerfest Polka" of Josef Strauss and "Bahn Frei" of Eduard Strauss, as well as the master's "One Night in Venice" Overture and "Acceleration" Waltz. Generally good recording, though not up to the quality of the best recent Philadelphia issues. —IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OPERA IN ENGLISH

(*Continued from page 53*)

the French text was no keener than it had been before. What would English words have added to the effect of the sumptuously staged, imaginatively directed "Don Carlo"? This refreshing emphasis on stage direction, lighting, scenery, costumes, even on acting, have given new hope to those long distressed by the dusty remnants of the arm-swinging era of old. Let the creative emphasis be here, and not on the texts alone.

AT bottom one can sense a well-meaning but misguided effort to provide an "easy way" to the understanding of an art that involves a certain amount of effort for its enjoyment. The irony is that never before has that effort been accompanied by such easily accessible adjuncts to comprehension—regular broadcasts each winter of the major repertory, books and pamphlets that can be consulted at will, not to mention choice recordings of virtually any opera one is apt to encounter in the theatre, and many others beside.

The "easy way" actually exists, through such adjuncts, for Americans to have a wider knowledge than ever before of the original works in their authentic versions. Out of that knowledge, I feel sure, will come a wider audience for *original* works in English than has ever existed before, works in which the word and the tone will be mated in a way hardly possible with a translation. For while you can translate the meaning of a phrase, you cannot translate the curve of a musical line, the flavor of a modulation, the expectancy induced by a pause on a salient tone—in other words, the things that give music life, vitality, and meaning.

In the meantime, the arguments will, no doubt, go on. If you belong to the school of the present writer, it is well to have an ace up your sleeve when confronted by someone who believes that the way to "popularize" opera is to present it in the language of the people—for us, in the American tongue. A number of years ago, a few members of the Princeton University choir made a brazen attempt to shock a complacent congregation by substituting a slight variation for the words: "Venus Has Lit Her Silver Lamp." They sang instead, and with considerable relish, "Venus Has Split Her Silver Pants."

The prank fell flat because the new version sounded exactly like the old, and no one was the wiser.

Hear what you've been missing... on a

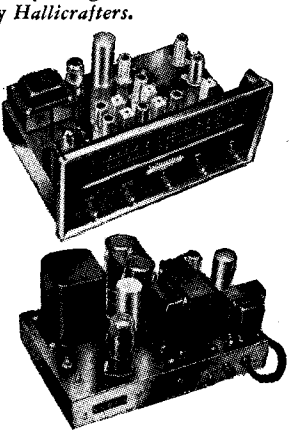
hallicrafters Super-Fidelity

a new precision AM-FM tuner and amplifier

FOR THE FINEST CUSTOM-REPRODUCTION OF SOUND EVER BUILT FOR THE HOME!

If you truly appreciate fine music, if you've not yet been introduced to the joys—the excitement—of Hallicrafters Super-Fidelity reproduction of music, regular radio and FM—a rare experience is in store for you. Records take on a new life and brilliance you never knew were there. Ordinary record players can reproduce only about a half of the tonal range possible with these superb instruments in combination with an adequate speaker and turntable unit. You literally can't know what you've been missing until you hear the wonderful difference yourself on your own customized installation. Find out about it today—the coupon below will bring you full information.

Only Hallicrafters—producers of more precision, high frequency radio communications equipment for the armed services than all other manufacturers combined, has the experience, the know-how, to create instruments such as these. The amplifier, like the tuner, is completely encased and has Underwriters' Laboratory approval. They are moderately priced, professionally designed. Don't be deceived by makeshifts. Buy the best—buy *Hallicrafters.*



Hallicrafters, Dept. SR-122
4400 West Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me the free booklet that tells how I can enjoy Super-Fidelity sound reproduction in my home.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MITROPOULOS
ORMANDY
DORATI
OBERHOFFER
VERBRUGGHEN

The story of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra ... its music, and the people who made it famous

This intimate history portrays the human side of the orchestra as well as its musical growth, from the early years under the batons of Emil Oberhoffer and Henri Verbrugghen through the great contemporary periods of Ormandy, Mitropoulos, and Antal Dorati.

The story told in MUSIC AND MAESTROS is significant to everyone who likes good music, because it shows how the musical interest and civic enterprise of a city far from the nation's musical center built a great orchestra against great odds. It is full of anecdotes about the players, the conductors, and the many famed artists who have appeared with the orchestra. Illustrated with 32 pages of fascinating photographs. A list of works performed by the orchestra is included.

MUSIC AND MAESTROS

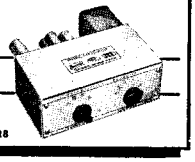
By John K. Sherman

At all bookstores, $3.75
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA PRESS
Minneapolis 14

Hear Your Records at Their Best

add a **BROCINER** PREAMPLIFIER-EQUALIZER to your sound system

Write for literature on Brociner Tone Control & Power Amplifiers, Speaker Systems — and Custom Installations.



Brociner
ELECTRONICS LABORATORY
1546 Second Avenue, New York 28

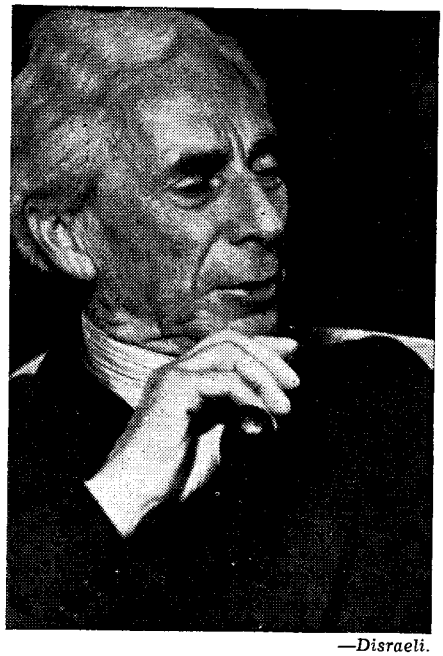
The Spoken Word

IRWIN EDMAN

THE reviewer of records of the spoken word has an ambiguous task. What is he reviewing? The fidelity and clarity with which the voice is recorded, the acoustical surface of the record? The quality of the voices themselves, the deployment of timbre, accent, cadence, music in syllables? In so far forth the reviewer becomes in these respects a highly specialized musical critic.

But how is one to detach one's self from what the records say? Or should one? Language is something more than a melodious mumbling of sound. Speech worth recording has style, of course, but the very texture of the style is the way in which certain things are expressed, feelings communicated, ideas expounded. A reviewer of discs cannot be deaf to the fact that in one case it is Racine's "Phèdre," a masterpiece of world literature, at once elegant and eloquent, ordered and intense, that has come to hand. It matters and should matter to him that another disc, like one of those here under review, reproduces one of the authentic lyric voices of our time, Dylan Thomas. The critic of recorded speech cannot properly ignore the fact that one of the discs he has to consider is the Nobel Prize acceptance speech of Bertrand Russell and that its subject matter is "Human Nature and Politics," or that another is Archibald MacLeish reciting his own verse, and still another Thomas Mann reading "Tonio Kröger," among other things, and a testament of his own faith.

But one is considering something more and something more subtle than either surface or message. Voices are more intimately, even than handwritings, the expression of a whole personality. In speech, certainly the style is the man. In the bardic intoning, the rhythmic rises and falls, the Celtic half melody, half moan of Dylan Thomas one feels something of the very essence of his person. In Bertrand Russell, how much seems to come of the man himself in the carefully timed ironies, the detachment touched with both *hauteur* and compassion, the reasonableness with its reluctant recognition of rapture. How much of the combined intellectual, artist, and bourgeois there is in the comfortable, the *gemütlich*, and (to this ear) slightly smug speech of Thomas Mann as revealed in his recording. Monica Mann tells us in a program note that Thomas Mann had a habit of reading his works, often as yet unpublished, to his family. It was, she says, like listening to "the voice



—*Disraeli.*

Bertrand Russell—"*hauteur*, compassion."

—*G. D. Hackett.*

Dylan Thomas—"melodious power."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of history." Or, she intimates, like listening to Tolstoy reading from "War and Peace." Program notes, perhaps, should not be written by members of the family.

There is a different order of considerations that comes with the presentation of recorded drama. Here one is not concerned with voice as the index of character. One is considering the effectiveness of drama presented solely via recorded sound. In the discs at hand of the Théâtre Français, one has instances of the most polished dramatic and, in the best sense, elocutionary art—a kind hardly practised in the same mode and to the same degree in any other country than France. The voices are used as if they were instruments in an orchestra, and they are directed toward a total harmony. And what voices! Tender, with a touch of steel, ranging from the most intimate whisper to eloquence thunderous, but always clear. In both the "Phèdre" and the "Andromaque" what range from Phèdre's passionate outburst of unquenchable love to pathos to pride to despair! The whole of "Andromaque" and "Phèdre" are not given, but the selections are crucially and judiciously made. With the admirable printed selected text at hand, it is an experience to follow this wonderful playing of a play all flame—hard, gemlike flame. To those not too much accustomed to hearing French, the text is essential, for despite all the matchlessly pure enunciation the pace is at emotional moments very rapid indeed.

IN some ways the most arresting of these records is that of Dylan Thomas, who is clearly in the tradition of the Welsh bard no less than that of the English poet. He reads his verse and his prose with such melodious power, with such subtly and ardently projected rhythms, that one feels that, good as it is, his poetry on the printed page is dull in comparison. Archibald MacLeish does in his perfectly poised way justice to his poetry that has its own kind of ardor and its imaginative depths. Of all these records, those issued by Caedmon must be given the prize for wonderfully brilliant reproduction. But I can testify that in the case of Bertrand Russell, it is almost literally as if he were in the room; and the records of the Théâtre Français are almost as effective. Caedmon deserves a special word of commendation for the variety and enterprise and judgment with which they are recording first-rate contemporary literature. The record of the spoken word is going to be of increasing importance. Fine as is Katherine Anne Porter's story, it is even finer read with such exact justice and feeling in her slightly husky and beautiful voice—in the quiet intensity of her just perceptibly Southern speech, but the speech above all of an artist. We may through records be discovering anew in this age of print the aural beauty of our native tongue and the tongues of men and angels.

Irwin Edman is Johnsonian professor of philosophy at Columbia University, and is author of "Philosopher's Quest," "Arts and the Man," and other books.

"Andromaque" (Racine). (Period 1492, $5.95.)
MacLeish, Archibald. (Caedmon 1009, $4.95.)
Mann, Thomas. (Caedmon 1004, $4.95.)
"Phèdre" (Racine). (Period FRL 1505, $5.95.)
Porter, Katherine Anne. (Caedmon 1006 and 1007, $4.95 each.)
Russell, Bertrand. (Audio Archives 101, $4.)
Thomas, Dylan. (Caedmon 1002, $4.95.)

URANIA

ITALIAN OPERA AT ITS GREATEST

THE FIRST IN A SERIES OF COMPLETE OPERAS RECORDED WITH THE

PROFESSORI D'ORCHESTRA & ARTISTI DEL CORO OF LA SCALA

Available early December

DONIZETTI
Don Pasquale
Dora La Gatta, Agostino Lazzari, Afro Poli, Fernando Corena; Professori d'Orchestra and Artisti del Coro of La Scala; La Rosa Parodi, conductor.
URLP 228 $11.90
2—12" & Libretto

VERDI
La Forza Del Destino
Adriana Guerrini, Miriam Pirazzini, Giuseppe Campora, Anselmo Colzani, Fernando Corena, Giuseppe Modesti; Professori d'Orchestra and Artisti del Coro of La Scala; La Rosa Parodi, conductor.
URLP 226 $18.50
3—12" & Libretto

LIBERTY Music Shops
450 MADISON AVENUE AT 50TH ST.
975 MADISON AVE. AT 76TH ST. (IN HOTEL CARLYLE)
795 MADISON AVE. AT 67TH ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y.
228 EAST POST ROAD, WHITE PLAINS
Free delivery in Metropolitan area (add 3% tax). Parcel post and insurance add 50¢ E.—75¢ W. of Mississippi.

Just Released:
Massenet: THAIS
Mme. Geori Boué, Jean Giraudau, Roger Bourdin, Michel Roux, Chorus and Orchestra, Théâtre National de l'Opéra de Paris. George Sebastian, conductor.
URLP 227 3—12" & Libretto $18.50

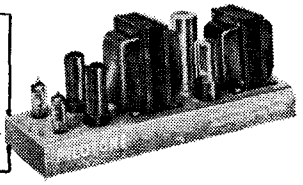
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An instant sensation! Captivates the most critical audience with its superior sensitivity, incomparable selectivity, true tone! Write for the full, exciting story of this matchless PILOTUNER . . . a "must" for every hi-fi enthusiast! **$99.95**

PILOTONE Amplifier Model AA-901

Designed for high fidelity audio reproduction from phonograph, AM or FM radio, television or microphone input. Full Williamson circuit. A supreme amplifier with traditional Pilot quality. Priced at **$99.50**

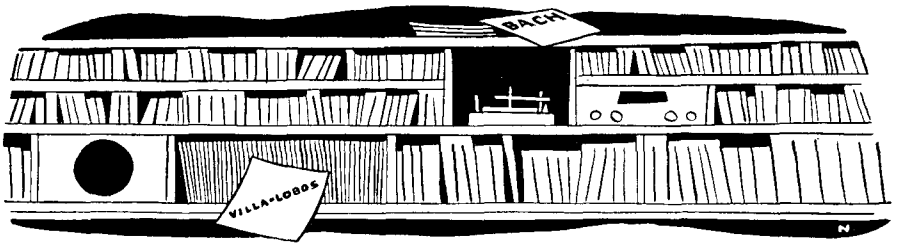
PILOTONE Amplifier Model AA-902



A compact, medium price, high fidelity unit for use where cabinet or other mounting space is limited. Can be operated with PILOTUNER Model AF-821 and similar tuners for. FM-AM radio, television or phonograph reproduction **$42.50**

★ *Write Dept. SR-1 for complete specifications*

PILOT Radio Corporation
37-06 36th St., Long Island City, N. Y.



Audio Fair Retrospect

THE Audio Fair has made its fourth annual appearance in New York; the Audio Engineering Society convened, papers with titles such as "Bypass and Decoupling Circuits in Audio Design" were delivered, and both engineers and laymen wandered in and out of the rooms on the fifth and sixth floors of the Hotel New Yorker, sampling the acoustical wares of various manufacturers. As in other years the visitor was greeted by a bouillabaisse of crashing cymbals, plucked double basses, and tinkling triangles, so that one was reminded of Caliban's speech in which the monster says: "Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments will hum about mine ears . . ."

This year's fair marked the seventy-fifth anniversary of Edison's invention of the tin-foil phonograph, and it dramatized the extent to which the gap between the qualities of live and recorded music has been narrowed since 1877. There were no exhibits to revolutionize the art of sound reproduction, but the current state of the art, including some advanced experimental techniques, was fairly represented.

Binaural reproduction was demonstrated by several exhibitors, this time from disc as well as from tape. Cook Laboratories played some of their own binaural microgroove discs with a new Livingston tone arm containing two parallel pickups. One half of the twice-recorded music, consisting of sound received by one microphone, is cut on the outer grooves; the other half, consisting of sound received simultaneously by a second mike (representing our second ear) is cut on the inner. The two pickups are prevented from getting out of step with each other by the grooves themselves, and initial synchronization is achieved by carefully matched play-in grooves for each half of the disc, so that no special skill is required in putting the two styli down on the record. Each pickup, of course, must be connected to its own reproducing channel, meaning an individual amplifier and speaker.

Binaural equipment is thus now available commercially in both tape machines and the much less expensive dual tone arm, the latter suitable for use with conventional turntables. Binaurally recorded tape or discs are still lacking, but there is talk of these being released very soon.

Fair visitors who heard only the earphone binaural demonstrations—where the flip of a switch afforded a dramatic contrast between a live, full sound that seemed to surround the listener and monaural reception from the same tape that appeared flat and artificial by comparison—will probably feel that the expense of duplicating all components of the assembly (following the player) is well worthwhile. Those who heard only the demonstrations with two loudspeakers may not be so sure. The contrast with earphones is much more impressive.

One reason for this greater contrast is that monaural reproduction through earphones is especially flat. An impossibly artificial situation is created acoustically; each ear receives the identical sound at the same instant, which can never happen when the ears are uncovered. The sounds of either live instruments or of loudspeakers, even when they originate from a single point, are bent around the head and reflected from the walls, so that each ear receives a slightly different version of the music. It is this difference which creates the "dimensional" quality sought by the binaural technique.

A second reason for the more dramatic effect of the earphone demonstration lies in the fact that when the two signals are channeled directly to the listener's ears, without interaction or local reflections, each ear can be made to receive exactly the same distribution of sound, at exactly the same instant, that it would receive in the concert hall. In this way the acoustics of the hall are substituted for the acoustics of the living room.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Binaural loudspeaker reproduction cannot do this; the results are an approximation and very much dependent upon the position of the listener with respect to the speakers. The dimensional illusion is therefore less, although the liveness is still greatly increased.

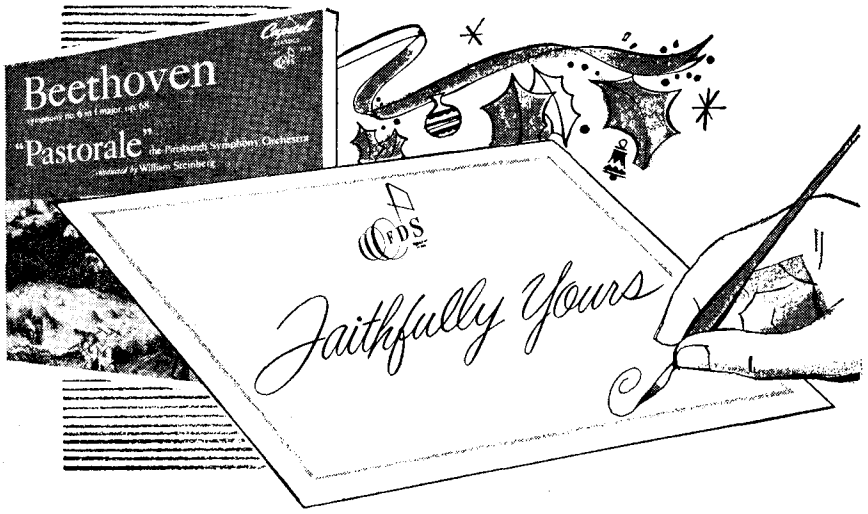
AS for the more conventional exhibits, there was no great change from last year. In stepping from one room to another, differences in the character of the reproduced sound were easily discernible, although not so easily categorized. In most cases these differences were largely a function of the loudspeakers and enclosures employed. Judging by this year's Fair the number of medium- and low-priced speakers of excellent quality is on the increase.

By and large there was a gratifying emphasis on musical values—albeit, of necessity, on those values which have to do with timbre and dynamic range. There were rooms in which one's attention was immediately drawn to the music, where the imagery evoked by the tonal colors had to do with musical instruments rather than with vibrating diaphragms and wooden cabinets.

It is impossible to list all of the fine equipment shown, but this writer was particularly impressed by two exhibits which lay at extreme ends of the price-size spectrum. British Industries featured an eight-inch Wharfedale speaker enclosed in a small R-J enclosure designed for bookshelf mounting. The demonstration did not attempt to squeeze out as much thunderous bass as possible (which other R-J demonstrations have done), and the results were balanced and very satisfying musically. At the opposite extreme, from the point of view of expense and physical volume, were the speaker systems assembled by Brociner Electronics Laboratory, which included two types of folded horn enclosures made by Brociner. The systems were designed for the home but were of professional quality, and sounded that way.

There is a cliché about our having come a long way since Edison's 1877 tin-foil phonograph, which is perfectly true, and which has probably been said at every fair and exposition of reproducing equipment since 1900. Musical reproduction indistinguishable from the live original is an old claim, first associated with the cylinder players and morning-glory horns of fifty years ago. We have come a long way, but historical perspective indicates that we are far from being at the end of the road.

—EDGAR M. VILLCHUR.



Faithful to the composer...
Faithful to the performance...and
Faithful to the finest tradition of Christmas giving — Capitol Full Dimensional Sound recordings.

MOZART: Serenade No. 10 in B Flat, K.361

William Steinberg and the Los Angeles Woodwind Ensemble repeat for Capitol Records the spectacular performance acclaimed at the Ojai Music Festival as one of the most devoted renderings of this work ever performed.

THE MUSIC OF DELIUS

"On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring"
"Summer Night on the River"
"Prelude to Irmelin"
"Caprice and Elegy"
"The Intermezzo and Serenade from Hassan"

Felix Slatkin conducts the first Long Play presentation of these concert pieces by England's "musical impressionist"...an FDS recording and performance that fully reveal the subtleties of this composer's style.

THE WALTZES OF CHOPIN

Leonard Pennario brings to this complete Full Dimensional Sound edition the virtuosity of one of America's outstanding piano talents resulting in the clearest, most brilliant reproduction of Chopin's Waltzes available on records.

FDS Full Dimensional Sound — Capitol CLASSICS

For gifts of music that say Faithfully Yours consult your record dealer for newest Christmas releases and complete repertoire of Capitol FDS Classics

KUENG RECORDERS
Fine Imported Instruments
People of the Theatre, Dancers and Musicians play the
RECORDER
Family groups play this woodwind. We have the finest instruments —Soprano, Alto Tenor, Bass and Sopranino in Baroque and Swiss fingerings. Prices from $4.00. Also the largest Recorder Music Catalog.
Send for Catalog SR-11

Hargail Music Press
130 W. 56 Street New York 19, N. Y.

MOZART'S *Opera* ZAIDE
Cuenod, Dobbs, R. Leibowitz *conducting the Paris Philharmonic*
boxed, with libretto PRLP 901/2 $11.90

SHAKESPEARE'S THE TEMPEST
A Complete Performance starring Raymond Massey songs by Paul Bowles
boxed PRLP 5001/2 $11.90

MUSIC OF INDIA FROM *Jean Renoir's* THE RIVER
The original musical score from the motion picture sound track.
Recorded in India. PRLP 5003 $5.95

Write for free catalog: POLYMUSIC RECORDS
204 East 46 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings for the Young

ALTHOUGH imitative and undistinguished records make up the bulk of the output for children, the cream of the crop is unusually good. There are records that show evidence of some respect for a child's ability to enjoy stimulating ideas and off-the-beaten-track music. Such records, reviewed below, are currently available. They cover a wide enough range to suit all tastes. Unless otherwise noted, all records are single, ten-inch, 78 rpm, in decorated jackets.

Songs & Stories in Folk Style

MUSIC FOR EARLY CHILDHOOD. (Four 10″ records in album, Columbia MJV 141, $4.55.) These songs, which appear in a kindergarten book of the same name, mark a new high in quality of singing material for schools. American folk songs, singing games, lullabies, animal songs, and others on subjects of interest to children are presented with great charm and distinction by a soprano and a baritone each with a small group of various instruments. Here are thirty-one songs that are well selected, arranged, and recorded.

NOAH'S ARK, by Oscar Brand; told and sung by Oscar Brand, David Pfeffer, and the Eugene Lowell Singers. (Children's Record Guild 1035, $1.10.) That fine spiritual "Who Built the Ark" is used as a refrain between some delightful animal folk songs in a story framework. A puppy dog, played by David Pfeffer (of "A Walk in the Forest"), watches all the animals go by and hears their songs before he finally gets aboard the Ark. The story is slight, but the singing is superb. Since most of the record is devoted to singing, it offers real listening pleasure.

WHAT KIND OF ANIMAL ARE YOU? and THE RIDDLE SONG, sung by Burl Ives with orchestra. (Decca K68, 95c.) *I KNOW AN OLD LADY and THE HEN IS IN THE HAY MOW, sung and played on guitar by Burl Ives.* (Decca K85, 95c.) Burl Ives's performances are consistent. The songs on both records are in folk-song style although they are not familiar to me as actual folk songs. "What Kind of Animal Are You?" addresses a shadow; "The Riddle Song" (not the famous one about the cherry) asks riddles in rhyme. An orchestral background gives the songs a popular flavor although the lyrics limit the appeal to a young child.

"I Know an Old Lady" is a cumulative song about animals an old lady swallowed. It is hilariously funny—so much so that Burl Ives interrupts the usual smooth flow of his performance with a few chuckles.

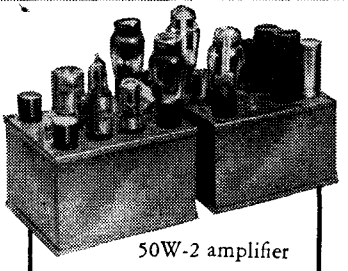
THE BARNYARD SONG, THREE LITTLE PIGLETS, and THE CRAWDAD, sung by Sam Hinton. (Decca K69, 95¢). Sam Hinton is a new find as a folk singer. Accompanying himself on guitar, he embellishes these traditional American songs with intriguing sound effects. He is an enthusiastic performer and is able to project his enthusiasm to his listeners.

Musical Scores with Narration

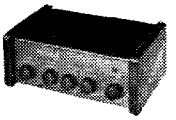
BENNIE THE BEAVER, narrated by William Keene; story by Marjorie Fischer and Gail Kubik, music composed and conducted by Gail Kubik, percussion solos by Saul Goodman, produced and directed by Hecky Krasno. (Columbia MJV 139, $1.05.) The humorous story, in light verse, cleverly demonstrates each of the percussive instruments in solo. The narrator does a brilliant job.

MY PLAYFUL SCARF, told by Norman Rose; story by Mary Robeson, music by Richard Mohaupt. (Children's Record Guild 1019, $1.10.) A young child will enjoy borrowing Mother's scarf to hold high above his head as he runs on tiptoe pretending he is a cloud. Later, he will tie it around his neck and gallop like a cowboy on a horse or march like a sailor in a parade. This record motivates

If you want greater listening pleasure from music . . . you want the laboratory perfection of the McINTOSH AMPLIFIER . . . acclaimed by leading musicians, recording engineers and those laboratories where measurement of sound is critical. Hear a demonstration of this unique, patented instrument . . . learn how *easily* it can become the heart of your own custom sound system . . . for radio, records, TV or tape. Write today for the name of the McIntosh dealer nearest you.



50W-2 amplifier



NEW PRE-AMPLIFIER EQUALIZER—Model C104 controls tone quality simply and without distortion.

Get your FREE copy of "LOST INSTRUMENTS"
A light-hearted, well illustrated, non-technical discussion of what to look for in high-fidelity reproducing equipment.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

McIntosh LABORATORY, Inc. 324 Water St., Binghamton, N. Y.
Export Division: 25 Warren Street, New York 7, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

such activities by setting the mood for them in a few words of narration before each musical sequence.

BUILD ME A HOUSE, sung by Eugene Lowell Singers; story by B. Alden, music by Rudolph Goehr. (Children's Record Guild 5018, $1.15.) The Jones family want above all else a terrace with a yellow umbrella. The rest of the house is built, almost by magic, but the builder cannot find a yellow umbrella. It is finally obtained from a passing frankfurter wagon. Although boys and girls meet the builder, the bricklayer, the carpenter, and the plumber in this story, what will really delight them is the nonsense that goes on through the entire building of the house.

Narration Without Music

FOLK TALES FROM INDONESIA, told by Harold Courlander. (Folkways Records FP 102, 10″ LP $4.45.) *FOLK TALES FROM WEST AFRICA, told by Harold Courlander.* (Folkways Records FP 103, 10″ LP $4.45.) Harold Courlander is an experienced collector of folklore. He is author of "Kantchil's Lime Pit" and—in cooperation with George Herzog—of "The Cowtail Switch," as well as editor of the Ethnic Series of recordings, many of which he made in the field. It is no wonder then that his narration is true to the spirit of the tales. He speaks simply and naturally without the aid of music or sound effects.

TUGBOAT PETER MORAN, the story of a real tugboat. (Columbia MJV 143, $1.05.) *HOOK AND LADDER NO. 99, authentic fire engine sounds.* (Columbia MJV 143, $1.05.) *SKYLINER FLIGHT 35, authentic plane sounds.* (Columbia MJV 144, $1.05.) These productions are an interesting innovation in children's records. Without benefit of story, a documentary record has been produced *on the spot* with the help of people whose daily work is in these actual situations. In the first, two children ride aboard the tugboat *Moran* as it helps dock the *Queen Mary*. They ask questions of the Captain to vocalize the maneuvers of the tugboat and also to help clarify for the listener the tugboat's whistle signals and the great ship's answers. The second title takes the listener on a ride with firemen to put out a three-alarm fire. This is as unpleasant an experience for the ear as the real thing would undoubtedly be, and it is probably just as exciting. The Skyliner Flight 35 gives some highlights of the ride on a four-engine Constellation from New York to California.

—Beatrice Landeck.

ONLY WESTMINSTER HAS NATURAL BALANCE

NATURAL BALANCE
Westminster
LONG PLAYING RECORDS

december releases

BACH
*Six Brandenburg Concerti
No. 1 in F Major; No. 2 in F Major
No. 3 in G Major; No. 4 in G Major
No. 5 in D Major; No. 6 in B Major
London Baroque Ensemble; Conducted by Karl Haas; (Complete with full score) 3—12″ . . . WL 309
*No.'s 1 & 6, No.'s 2 & 4, No.'s 3 & 5 available on single 12″ records.

LISZT
Concerto No. 1 in E Flat Major for Piano & Orchestra
Concerto No. 2 in A Major for Piano & Orchestra
Edith Farnadi—Piano; Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera; Conducted by Hermann Scherchen WL 5168

CHOPIN
Ballade in G Minor, Op. 23 Ballade in A Minor, Op. 38
Ballade in A Flat Major, Op. 47 Ballade in F Minor, Op. 52
Ginette Doyen—Piano WL 5169

BEETHOVEN
Sonata in A Major for Cello & Piano, Op. 69
Variations on Mozart's "Bei Mannern Welche Liebe Fühlen" in E Flat Major for Cello & Piano
Antonio Janigro—Cello; Carlo Zecchi—Piano WL 5171

GESUALDO • MONTEVERDI
Italian Madrigals
The Randolph Singers WL 5171

SOMETHING SPECIAL...
For Music Lovers
FREE! NEW 1953 HUDSON HI-FI CATALOG
The most complete buying guide of its kind . . . value-packed with the world's finest High Fidelity and Audio Equipment for professional and home installation.
See! Hear! Compare! by simple push button remote control, over 15,000 combinations of nationally famous high fidelity components.
Visit Our Ultra-Modern Sound Studios
Send for your FREE Catalog today!
HUDSON RADIO & TELEVISION CORP.
Circle 6-4060
Adjacent to Radio City: 48 WEST 48th ST. New York 36, N. Y. (Dept. W-11)
Downtown: 212 FULTON ST. New York 7, N. Y.
☐ Please send FREE copy of 1953 Hudson Catalog
Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

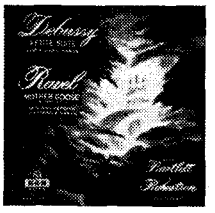
What to look for in a record changer...
PRACTICAL • STURDY
PUSHER-TYPE PLATFORM
ON ALL MODELS
Always works
Gentle to records
Simple to adjust for all record sizes
One of many features which make
GARRARD
The World's Finest
3 Speed Record Changer
Fully automatic with automatic stop
Can be used with your present set.
MODEL RC 80
$42.30 net less cartridges
Garrard Sales Corp. Dept. S-11
164 Duane St., N. Y. 13, N. Y.
Send GARRARD Fact Sheet.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

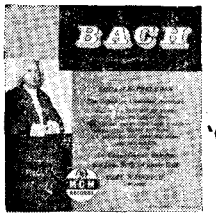
MGM Records
POPULAR CLASSICS

STRAUSS:
'BURLESKE'
DOHNANYI:
'VARIATIONS ON A NURSERY THEME'
Fabienne Jacquinot, piano
Philharmonia Orchestra of London—Anatole Fistoulari
E3004.. $4.85

BIZET:
'JEUX D'ENFANTS'
CHABRIER:
'SUITE PASTORALE'
Royal Opera House Orch.
Warwick Braithwaite
E3000...$4.85

DEBUSSY:
'PETITE SUITE'
RAVEL:
'MOTHER GOOSE'
Bartlett and Robertson, duo-pianists
E161 ..$3.00

HONEGGER:
'CONCERTINO for PIANO'
MILHAUD:
'PIANO CONCERTO #1'
Fabienne Jacquinot, piano
Philharmonia Orchestra of London—Anatole Fistoulari
E122...$3.00

BACH:
CHACONNE
and other transcriptions
Andres Segovia, guitarist
E123..,$3.00



BACH:
'PASSACAGLIA AND FUGUE IN C MINOR'
VIVALDI-BACH:
'CONCERTO IN A MINOR'
Carl Weinrich, organist
E98.. $3.00

'POPULAR BALLET MUSIC FROM GREAT OPERAS'
(Aida, Carmen, Faust, Gioconda, Lakme, Wm.Tell)
Royal Opera House Orch.
Warwick Braithwaite
E3003...$4.85

ALL PRICES INCLUDE MANUFACTURER'S FEDERAL EXCISE TAX.

Chabrier, Roussel, and Others

SPEAKING of Emmanuel Chabrier the composer-critic Reynaldo Hahn once said, "He is a stranger to tranquility"—intending this not as censure of Chabrier's character but as description of Chabrier's music. In large measure his description was accurate. When you think of "España," the "Joyeuse Marche," the "Bourrée fantasque," you realize that they all share a rollicking, boisterous agitation, a Breughelesque tumult. This quality is present also in two dances—the "Fête polonaise" and "Danse slave"—from Chabrier's opéra-comique "Le Roi malgré lui." They are not quite the equal of "España" in point of melodic invention, but they are endowed with the same rhythmic vitality, the same harmonic tang, and anyone receptive to the Chabrier idiom will find them hard to resist. The dances are paired on London LS 647 ($4.95), on which Richard Blareau conducts the Opéra-Comique Orchestra. The performances are more thoroughgoing than subtle.

Thus far Reynaldo Hahn's dictum stands up. But the "Ode à la Musique" topples it completely—unless an exception can really be made to prove a rule. In the Larousse history of French music the "Ode" is characterized as "without doubt Chabrier's masterpiece," but it is new to records and will be new too, I believe, to most concert-goers. From the moment the chorus enters with the words, "Musique adorable, ô déesse," it is apparent how far this work veers away from Hahn's description. For this joyous "Ode" is the acme of tranquility: clean, fresh, happy music, with none of the sugar-coating to which Chabrier's contemporaries so often resorted under similar circumstances. The Chorale Elisabeth Brasseur, the soprano Janine Micheau, and the Conservatoire Orchestra under Jean Fournet argue its merits most persuasively. The "Ode" was originally written for a housewarming; via this LP (London LL 639, $5.95) it should do duty many times over. Filling out the side are the "Sextuor des Serves" and Chanson tzigane" from "Le Roi malgré lui." Some time I hope we shall have a complete recording of this work; it would certainly be of more use than yet another duplication of "Fedora."

On the reverse, Mme. Micheau and company are heard in Debussy's early "La Damoiselle élue." I am afraid this score never quite lives up to the promise of its introduction, mysteriously ushered in with a succession of Satie-like chords. Too soon does the crepuscular aura begin to pall and the attention to wander, and even this fine performance, so well recorded by London, cannot hide its weaknesses. The "Epigraphes antiques" for four-hand piano lie at the other end of Debussy's career. They date from 1914 and in style resemble the "Préludes"—short expressions of indeterminate form employing a flinty, brilliant harmonic palette. An Italian duo—Gino Gorini and Sergio Lorenzi—play them with a keen regard for the idiom (Colosseum CLPS 1026, $5.95). Equally praiseworthy is their interpretation of Ravel's "Ma mère l'oye" on the overside—more *simpatico* in its evocation of fairydom than the Casadesus' matter-of-fact performance (in the Complete Piano Works issued earlier this year). Unfortunately, Gorini and Lorenzi have not been favored with commensurate sound reproduction.

LIKE Joyce and Picasso, Albert Roussel in later life wrote works that are intellectualized, abstract, harsh, and altogether difficult to grasp at first encounter. But also like Joyce and Picasso, he proved early in life that he could write very winningly in a "conventional" and more amiable style. It would be convenient to point to Roussel's D major Quartet and explain its taut, acerbic rhetoric, its reliance on fugue and other formal devices as the gambits of a composer capable of no other approach. But the same Roussel who wrote the quartet had, two decades earlier, created in "Le Festin de l'araignée" one of the most sumptuously scored and imaginatively conceived works in the twentieth-century repertoire, a dazzling melange of Ravel and early Stravinsky. René Leibowitz and the so-called Paris Philharmonic Orchestra have extracted its beauties wonderfully well (Esoteric ES 511, $5.95) and have coupled it with a work hardly ever mentioned in discussions of Roussel, "The Sandman" ("Le Marchand de sable qui passe"), a ballet composed in 1908. The latter is more episodic and less varied, but endowed with delicate woodwind writing and well worth resuscitation. I do not wish to slight the D major Quartet, which is played by the Loewenguths on Decca DL 4026 ($2.50). It is certainly more distinctive music, more Rousselian in form and content; notwithstanding, I know I shall return to "Le Festin" more often.

—ROLAND GELATT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OTHER SIDE

(*Continued from page* 61)

U.S. issue is the Oiseau-Lyre album of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio." Kurt Thomas conducts the chorus and orchestra of the Detmold Akademie, with excellent soloists; the result is a performance which moves from moments of tender pastoral simplicity to great paeans of joy.

Speaking of Bach, it was pleasant to see the name of Charles Panzéra on a program again, doing a Bach cantata with chamber orchestra. A large audience was on hand at the Salle Gaveau to pay homage to this grand old singer, and it was treated to a stage projection of the true grand manner. Unfortunately, there was little more; the voice that must serve as vehicle for this great artistry has all but ceased to exist. It was heartwarming, however, to see the music-lovers of Paris in their loving tribute to former glory. —ALAN RICH.

* * *

LONDON.

WHEN I wrote my last report the first long-playing issues from the EMI group had only just begun to arrive, and it was quite impossible to form any valid over-all impression in the time available, let alone to gauge the reactions of the record-buying public. Incredible though it may seem, having had all the time in the world during which to gird its loins for Operation Microgroove, EMI still appears to be in a state of general chaos. Not only is the equipment offered to the public under the trademarks of HMV and Columbia woefully inadequate, but the factory is finding it extremely difficult to step up production of long-playing discs in order to meet the great demand which, after two-and-one-half years of highly successful spadework by Decca, could have been anticipated by any intelligent observer! The technical quality of most of the discs has caused a good deal of disappointment, too, and it is rather ironic that the one recording which has made a real stir, and whose position among the others may be likened to that of "Petrouchka" among the first Decca LP's, is the Chicago Symphony-Kubelik performance of "Pictures at an Exhibition," which was presumably dubbed here from the tape supplied by Mercury (being a ten-inch disc, it has obviously been newly transferred).

Instead of the gay, individually designed covers which have become associated with LP, EMI have settled on a standard pattern for each of its companies, featuring in the case of HMV a glossy and technicolored doggie, in the case of Columbia a rather more restrained pair of "Magic Notes." The idea may well be to create an impression of greater dignity, but Decca has just given the only possible answer with another bumper release, featuring the most colorful and varied array of cover designs yet seen. To drive the point right home, Decca's eight-page advertisement in the November issue of *The Gramophone* reproduces thirty of these covers (no two of them alike) in full color.

This fifteenth release is indeed impressive, not only in its outer garb but also in its musical content, and for the first time we appear to have caught up with Decca's American release schedule, the export market having received preferential treatment until EMI entered the field. As usual, too, the list contains something to make the heart of the high-fidelity fiend beat faster, and—as so often before—we find it among the records of ballet music. On this occasion the FFRR palm will surely be awarded to the recording, by Robert Irving and the London Symphony Orchestra, of the ballet music from Massenet's "Le Cid." To one pair of ears, at any rate, even the best that EMI has been able to do—with or without the help of Mercury's Telefunken microphone—just does not compare with the sound we are given here.

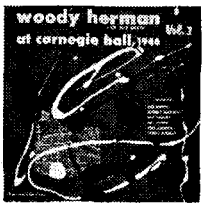
The November releases of HMV, Columbia, and Parlophone are confined to 78 rpm, but I found an air of unreality in listening to a number of new Columbia shellac sets which no one in his right mind would now buy save on LP. There is Beecham's new "Unfinished" Symphony (new to us at any rate—it has been available in the States for some time) and a splendid new version of the Sibelius Violin Concerto by Stern and the Royal Philharmonic under Beecham; also the Ferrier-Walter set of Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder" (presumably in answer to Decca's marvelous "Das Lied von der Erde"), Franck's "Variations Symphoniques" (Gieseking-Karajan), and a fascinating performance of the Handel-Harty "Water Music" Suite by Karajan and the Philharmonic Orchestra. Some of Karajan's tempos here will no doubt cause raised eyebrows among the traditionalists (the "tradition" in this case dating back to the late Sir Hamilton Harty's well-known performance, recorded by Columbia in the Thirties), but it is good to find someone approaching this music with a fresh mind.

Actually, there is some method in Columbia's seeming 78 rpm madness, for I have been told that any recording which they are able to issue before

MGM Records
FAVORITE MUSIC

THE MERRY WIDOW
Fernando Lamas
Recorded Directly from the Sound Track of the MGM Musical
E157*. . . $3.00

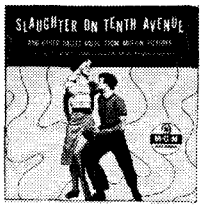
AN AMERICAN IN PARIS
Gene Kelly
Recorded Directly from the Sound Track of the MGM Musical
E93*. . . $3.00



WOODY HERMAN AT CARNEGIE HALL, 1946
Vols. I & II
E158*-E159*
$3.00 ea.

I HEAR MUSIC
George Shearing Quintet
E155*. . . $3.00

BILLY ECKSTINE sings RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN
E153*. . . $3.00



SLAUGHTER ON TENTH AVENUE
Lennie Hayton & Herbert Stothart—MGM Studio Orchestra
E540 . . . $3.00

DAVID ROSE plays GEORGE GERSHWIN
David Rose & his Orchestra
E85*. . . $3.00

ALL PRICES INCLUDE MANUFACTURER'S FEDERAL EXCISE TAX.

*Also available 45 & 78 rpm Albums

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"TUNE DETECTIVE" FINDS LOST TONES WITH TOP QUALITY REPRODUCER

SIGMUND SPAETH, noted speaker, critic and author of 28 books on music is internationally famous also as the "Tune Detective."

"Golden Treasure" CARTRIDGE

"Music is my business and my hobby —therefore I desire the best equipment. My General Electric Golden Treasure cartridge gives excellent record reproduction!"

Sigmund Spaeth

CHECK THESE OUTSTANDING FEATURES:

- ★ First wide range diamond-and-sapphire* combination.
- ★ Delivers smooth response from 30 to 15,000 cycles.
- ★ Tracks all 3 speeds at 6 to 8 grams.
- ★ Lengthens record life.
- ★ Multiple damping blocks filter out noise and distortion.
- ★ No moving parts in the cartridge—nothing to wear out.
- ★ Unsurpassed for tone reproduction.

Ask your General Electric dealer about the new RPX-052 Golden Treasure Cartridge or write to us today.

*Some sapphires are synthetic.

SEND FOR THIS FOLDER

General Electric Company
Section 41112-29
Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your RPX-052 Cartridge folder.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

GENERAL ELECTRIC

January will be a recording "saved" from Philips's clutching hands when the latter company takes over the European interests of American Columbia. HMV has sensibly confined itself to single discs for the most part, and these include an impressive-sounding "Finlandia" (Sir Malcolm Sargent and the BBC Symphony Orchestra), Vaughan Williams's early Overture to "The Wasps" by Aristophanes (London Symphony Orchestra under Herbert Menges), an enjoyable set of "Oriental Dances" from Glinka's "Russlan and Ludmilla" (Philharmonia-Malko), and the perennial "Faust" Ballet Music (Philharmonia-Irving). After all these years HMV has decided to issue Toscanini's performance of the "Skaters Waltz"; the recording has been "toned down" somewhat via tape and to me lacks some of the life of the original disc. Lehar's "Gold and Silver" Waltz is so delightfully played by Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra that it sounds almost as good as vintage Strauss, but Furtwängler with the Vienna Philharmonic gives a rather unimaginative account of the "Pizzicato Polka" and the Waltz from Tchaikovsky's "Serenade for Strings."

Cortot is heard in three well-known Chopin Etudes, including the most celebrated of them all, Op. 10, No. 3, in E major, of which he gives a lovely, dreamlike, but never sentimental performance. There must be thousands of pianists in the world today who can play the notes Chopin wrote with far greater accuracy, but how few are there who, like Cortot, can distil for us the essence of this music! Vocal discs consist mainly of lashings of Lanza (two operatic arias, two Christmas carols, and four "popular" numbers) after which even the 1952 Gigli seems a model of taste and culture. (I was rather amused recently when one of my English readers came to see me and, during the course of conversation, confided in me the dread news that his daughter had become a "Lanza fan." From the tone of his voice one could gather that, had the poor girl become a dope addict, he would hardly have taken a gloomier view of the matter.) HMV has also issued the last scene from "La Bohème," with Albanese, Di Stefano, and others, including Patrice Munsel, who is at present in this country engaged on a film biography of Nellie Melba.

From Parlophone we can usually rely on some delectable morsel from Karl Haas's Baroque Ensemble, and this month we are not disappointed. On one twelve-inch disc we have four short pieces by Handel: two arias for two horns with oboes and bassoons; a gavotte for trumpet, oboes, bassoons, and side-drum; and a march for the same combination. This is enchanting music, played with the greatest skill and finesse, and admirably recorded.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

* * *

COPENHAGEN.

UNTIL after World War II very few people, even in Europe, had any idea that Denmark was, in its own quiet, methodical way, building up a standard of music which might one day rival the traditional musical centers of Continental Europe; and while it would perhaps still be an exaggeration to place Copenhagen in the same category as New York, London, Berlin, or Vienna—at least as far as innate musicality is concerned—nevertheless there is now a tradition of musical performances here which merits serious attention and might one day induce people to look towards Copenhagen rather than Salzburg or Edinburgh for musical excitement. One of the main features of music in Denmark has been the series of recordings which have been systematically emanating from here via His Master's Voice, The Gramophone Shop, The Haydn Society, and—to a somewhat lesser extent—Tono (a Danish firm) and English Decca (London). The variety of composers and performers offered on these records should give the interested listener some idea of the musical life here.

Copenhagen has its Royal Opera House with an excellent ballet and, in general, mediocre singers. With the exception of an Else Brems or an Aksel Schiøtz, the Danes do not turn out natural vocal talent and often have to look to Sweden for their singers—at the moment Germans are still somewhat *personae non gratae*, for the obvious reasons, although anti-German feeling has cooled off considerably in the last few years. The Orchestra of the Palace Chapel functions as the opera orchestra and gives its own concerts as well. The second large orchestra is that of the Danish State Radio, currently touring the United States under the name of the Danish National Symphony with Erik Tuxen and Thomas Jensen as conductors. This group also gives a series of weekly concerts. Both orchestras use a lot of guest conductors (Krips, Schmidt-Isserstedt, Ormandy, Scherchen, etc.). Fritz Busch was the leading conductor here after the war and his death was a great loss to Danish music. Nicolai Malko, Russian-born U.S. citizen, is now the foremost "resident" conductor for the general repertoire here; many of his HMV records have been released in England and America.

There are three principal choral groups here: the Choir of the State

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AUDIO PERFORMANCE OF

New

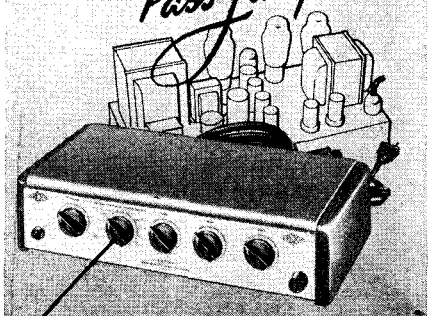
BROOK

ALL TRIODE HIGH QUALITY

AUDIO AMPLIFIERS

IS BEYOND DESCRIPTION.

Let your Ears Pass Judgment



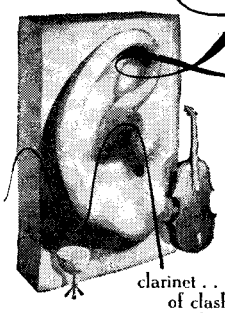
- Nine distinct positions for record playback provide complete bass and treble equalization for best-known recordings.
- Bass effective to 15 cycles results in improved transient response that makes all bass tones sound more natural.

Write for complete technical data, and be sure to listen to the new BROOK at your local dealer's Sound Department.

BROOK ELECTRONICS, INC.
34 DeHART PLACE, ELIZABETH 2, N. J.
Dept. "LL-2"

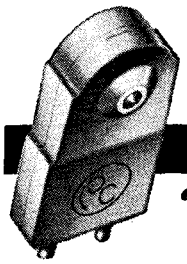
"For those who can hear the difference"

Listen...



. . . it comes to you in the subtle shading of a piano . . . in the clean brilliance of violins, the purity of a flute. Your ear detects the sweet mellowness of cellos, the roundness of a clarinet . . . yes, even the iridescense of clashing cymbals. And, as the symphony swells to crescendo, its dynamic energy adds a flood of color to your musical canvas.

For those who can hear the difference, these are the elusive pleasures that often remain hidden in the grooves of fine recordings. These are the thrilling new listening experiences that are released for your enjoyment when you use quality components by Pickering.



PICKERING

and company inc.

Oceanside, N. Y.

For details and literature address Department D-1

Radio (conductor: Mogens Wöldike); the University Chorus, largely composed of music students; and the Copenhagen Boys Choir (Wöldike), which—like the Leipzig Thomanerchor and the Vienna Boys' Choir—draws its tenors and basses from former sopranos and altos, thus achieving an unbroken line of vocal standard. In passing, one must also mention the high standard of organ building and organ playing here; as in all northern Protestant countries (North Germany, Holland are Denmark's rivals in excellence), early Protestant church music has a long and impressive tradition here. Buxtehude, for example, was an organist in Elsinore, site of Hamlet's castle. Denmark's leading organist, Finn Viderø, has recorded some old music for HMV and the Gramophone Shop on the beautiful seventeenth-century Compenius organ of Frederiksborg castle, a few miles outside of Copenhagen.

Since the end of the war, recording has been a very important phase in Danish musical life. The Danish HMV firm has been busily recording the work of Nielsen with Danish conductors, as well as much of the standard repertoire with Malko and others. During the German occupation of Denmark, many Danes fled to neutral Sweden, among them Mogens Wöldike. Wöldike is in large measure responsible for the fine tradition of performing old music here. Before the war he turned out an enormous quantity of old music of all periods. When no one outside of Austria and South Germany played Haydn masses, he was playing them in Denmark (the "Heiligmesse" was recently issued by the Haydn Society in a typical Wöldike performance). While Wöldike was in Sweden, he and Herbert Rosenberg, now the musical director of Danish HMV, worked out a program for recording a large part of Wöldike's repertoire. After the war, the scheme was put into operation, and Bach, Buxtehude, Handel, Haydn, and Mozart began to appear. The record of "Comfort Ye" and "Every Valley" on HMV with Schiøtz and Wöldike is certainly one of the finest records ever made.

Shortly after Wöldike records began to filter into the United States, the Gramophone Shop did an impressive series of discs here, mostly of organ, chamber, and choral music. Last year the Haydn Society tried out two Haydn symphonies here and have remained ever since. It is no accident that Danish recordings are different from those of other countries. The artists want clean, meticulous precision, and they are willing to use innumerable sessions to achieve this result. Two Handel concertos recorded

At Last!

Music Reproduction which does Full Justice to Modern Recording Perfection

If you've been listening to MODERN *LP records on today's ordinary record-playing equipment, you're depriving yourself of at least half their beauty.*

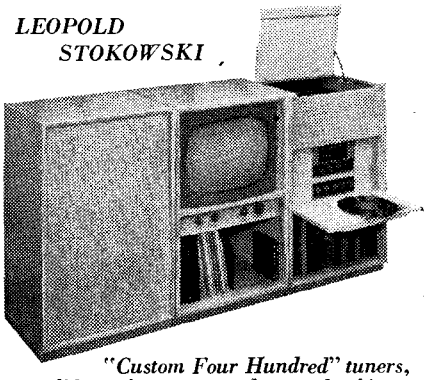
The great conductor, Leopold Stokowski, willingly accepted Stromberg-Carlson's invitation to test its new "Custom Four Hundred" high-fidelity equipment. These are his conclusions:

"For discriminating music lovers who wish to hear great music in its full beauty, I can recommend with confidence the Stromberg-Carlson reproducer, which I have thoroughly tested.

"It has a single stylus with diamond pick-up and long, light tone arm which reduces distortion to a minimum—a 25-watt amplifier and a pre-amplifier that incorporates the latest technical knowledge—and a 15″ speaker with large enclosure.

"All these features create a reproducer of high quality that will give full musical satisfaction to the discerning music lover."

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI



"Custom Four Hundred" tuners, amplifiers, changers, speakers and cabinets are available either as component parts, to be assembled by the audiophile himself, or as a complete custom installation, such as is shown above. A free booklet describing either method will be sent free. Write to:

STROMBERG-CARLSON
Custom Four Hundred
WIDE RANGE · HIGH FIDELITY

1227 Clifford Avenue, Rochester 3, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOX

NEW RELEASES

BUXTEHUDE:
Three Solo Cantatas For Bass:
No 27 Mein Herz Ist Bereit
No 25 Ich Bin Die Auferstehung Und Das Leben
No 26 Ich Bin Eine Blume Zu Saron
Bruno Mueller, bass—Eva Hoelderlin, organ—Pro Musica Orchestra, Stuttgart —Hans Grischkat, conductor
Cantata, For Two Sopranos:
No 38 O Lux Beata Trinitas
Margot Guilleaume, Barbara Groth, sopranos—Instrumental Ensemble of the Bach Anniversary, Hamburg — Marie-Luise Bechert, Director and Organist
12" PL 7620

First complete recording ever made!
CORELLI:
The Twelve Concerti Grossi, Opus 6 Complete
Dean Eckertsen conducting the Corelli Tri-Centenary String Orchestra
3-12" PL 7893

MENDELSSOHN:
Symphony No. 4 in A Major, Op. 90, "Italian"
Otto Klemperer conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra
SCHUBERT:
Symphony No. 4 in G Minor, "Tragic"
Otto Klemperer conducting the Lamoureux Orchestra
12" PL 7860

RAVEL:
L'Heure Espagnole (Opera in 1 Act)
Soloists—L'Orchestre Radio-Symphonique de Paris de la Radiodifussion Francaise —René Leibowitz, conductor
12" PL 7880

SCHUMANN:
Konzerstueck For 4 Horns and Orchestra in F Major, Op. 86
Gerhard Goermer, Kurt Krumbein, Georg Huehne, Karl Himmer, horns—Pro Musica Orchestra, Stuttgart —Rolf Reinhardt, conductor
Andante and Variations in B Flat Major For 2 Pianos, 2 Celli & Horn
Appleton & Field, duo-pianists—Ralph Oxman, Bebe Sarser, Cellists—John Barrows, French horn
12" PL 7740

SCHUBERT-BERTE:
Das Dreimaederlhaus
Operetta in 3 Acts
Soloists—Akademie Kammerchor—Vienna State Philharmonia—Karl v. Pausperti, conductor
12" PL 20.800

Ask for new Vox catalog supplement

236 WEST 55th STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

DIAMOND NEEDLES $10.50 plus postage

Our main business is the manufacture of diamond styli for broadcasting stations and high fidelity sound equipment. As a service to the general public we offer to retip your present replaceable needle with a genuine, unconditionally guaranteed broadcast quality diamond tip for either LP or Standard records.

Send us your replaceable needle (or complete cartridge except Pickering) together with check or money order for $10.50 plus 25¢ for shipping.

THE TRANSCRIBER CO.
172-8 Green Street Boston 30, Mass.

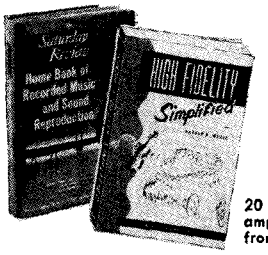
(by the Haydn Society) with the talented young Lavard Friisholm took half-a-dozen sessions, while Wöldike's "Brandenburg" Concertos (for HMV) sometimes took several months before everyone was satisfied. Several American LP companies arrived here in the past year with an eye to recording. When they saw how the Danes worked they hastily left. One conductor, very well known to LP (but only to LP), was present at a session where Wöldike was doing a Haydn symphony and was in his second session. Said the visiting conductor: "We do a work like this in three hours in Vienna." "And it sounds that way," commented the recording supervisor. The Danes want to make music in their way. If a recording company will not cooperate, the Danes can wait for a firm which will.

As a great many recordings made here are being issued in the United States, one must inevitably mention the most important series which is not yet released in America and which no one has shown any signs of releasing there: the complete "Brandenburg" Concertos. Of all the almost innumerable "Brandenburgs" that have been made, Wöldike's are, in my opinion, by and large the best. I wish he had used recorders instead of flutes; and the lute stop that the harpsichordist employs in the repetition of the Pollaca in the last movement of No. 1 is not, to my mind, in the best of taste; nor is the sound of the harpsichord in No. 5 ideal. However, these criticisms pale before the exquisite playing of—to choose at random—No. 4, which is not brittle and heavily four-square in the German manner, nor slick and juicy in the star conductor's typical approach, nor *petit* and precious as we sometimes hear Bach in Paris. Using old instruments in No. 6, Wöldike always avoids the jogging motion into which the first movement can easily relapse; and the wind playing in No. 1 is very fine. It would be a great pity if these performances were not transferred to LP. Although we do have a very good set (London) by the Stuttgart orchestra under Münchinger, it would be revealing to have the Danish recordings for comparison.

The Danes are slowly setting a standard for music of the baroque and classical period. If it is perhaps impossible for us to perform this music in our age without concessions of various kinds, still the Danes manage to concede the least of any nation I know. To hear Buxtehude, Schütz, Bach, or Handel here is an experience which it would be hard to duplicate anywhere in Europe or America.

—H. C. Robbins Landon.

H. H. SCOTT amplifiers AGAIN rated BEST



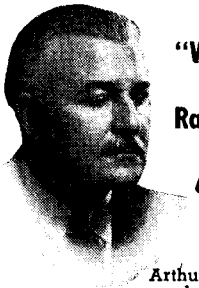
20 watt amplifiers from $117.50

in his new book HIGH FIDELITY SIMPLIFIED, expert HAROLD WEILER says "The finest amplifier on the market today, in the author's opinion, is the H. H. Scott 214-A".

for the SATURDAY REVIEW HOME BOOK OF RECORDED MUSIC AND SOUND REPRODUCTION, critic C. G. BURKE tested the leading equipment and rated the H. H. SCOTT 214-A amplifier FIRST CHOICE of all amplifiers, the H. H. SCOTT 210-B FIRST CHOICE, single-chassis amplifiers.

FREE BOOKLET
SR1152 "Controls and the Amplifier"

HERMON HOSMER SCOTT, INC.
"PACKAGED ENGINEERING"
385 PUTNAM AVE. • CAMBRIDGE 39, MASS.



"What I found at Boston's famous Radio Shack," by

Arthur Fiedler

SEE! HEAR! COMPARE!

ALTEC-LANSING
AMPEX
AUDAK
BELL
BOGEN
BROOK
BROWNING
CRAFTSMEN
CONCERTONE
ELECTRO-VOICE
GARRARD
JENSEN
KLIPSCH
LANSING
MCINTOSH
PENTRON
PICKERING
PILOT
REK-O-KUT
SCOTT
STEPHENS
TAPE MASTER
UNIVERSITY
V-M

Arthur Fiedler, distinguished conductor of the Boston Pops Orchestra and RCA-Victor recording artist, recently visited Radio Shack's "Audio Comparator" and remarked to a friend:

"Aside from a dazzling array of high-fidelity radio-phonograph components and comparison facilities, I found a group of young and enthusiastic audio technicians whose grasp of music surpassed anything I have encountered in the business world. Don't miss it!"

EXCLUSIVE SALE!

Complete hi-fi radio-phono system including: Garrard 3-speed changer with G-E dual cartridge; Approved A-710 FM-AM tuner, Approved A-850 Amplifier, Approved A-620 power supply, G-E SPX-001 preamplifier, University 6200 12" speaker. *Regularly $187.00*

Sale Price $144.00

FREE HI-FI CATALOG #SRL
Write for yours today!

RADIO SHACK 167 Washington St. Boston 8, Mass.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pop Roundup

MOST of the popular recording vocalists today—and there seems to be an overabundance of same—owe their day in the sun to a "gimmick." Few of them have genuine talent for entertainment. Echo chambers make giants out of midgets on discs. In many instances a single piece of material will make a star, although the same song could have done the same thing for any one of a thousand singers with comparable gifts. In other instances it may be an unusual arrangement, but in a great many more it's the recording man's handling of sexual suggestion in the song, tempo, arrangement, and, of course, the vocal style. True vocal quality is quite rare in the field. Recording people are reluctant to hand a good song to a good voice, unless it's material for a long-player, so this month we find ourselves concerned for the most part with LP's.

The most consistently saleable male vocalist on the scene today, Eddie Fisher, uses no tricks at all. He has a warm, youthful voice that flows without apparent effort. His phrasing is simple, and he has a slight buoyancy that recalls old-fashioned vaudeville. If one wanted to get technical, and nasty, you could label him a tenor. His big single-side hits are fairly trite tunes, but his new LP affords him a chance to deliver eight substantial standards. It's I'M IN THE MOOD FOR LOVE (RCA LPM 3058), which includes the title song, "That Old Feeling," and "Paradise."

Tony Martin was around before echo chambers were. He has a virile voice and a romanticism that his admirers consider Byronesque. He, more than any other pop vocalist, is the "singers' singer." A fair sampling of his work may be had in YOU AND THE NIGHT AND THE MUSIC (RCA LPM 3038), another collection of standards, each of which manages to contain the word "night."

Martin's supremacy in the genre may be challenged by a newcomer, Roger Coleman, who makes his debut on Decca this month with a single. The top side is EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS (Decca 28418), a picture revival. Coleman lays on less "schmaltz" than Martin —in fact, I was struck with the similarity of his quality to that of Tito Schipa. RCA has just issued two LP's by the Italian tenor (Italians don't mind being called tenors), consisting of popular selections cut for the most part in the Twenties, with a few dating from a 1941 session. These are included in a new series entitled Around the World in Music, which promises to make available on LP some of the various national gems that may have international pop appeal. The Schipa recordings show some age, of course, and his later sides reveal a diminution of the vocal purity, but the set entitled ITALY, Vol. II (RCA LPT 3009), is an excellent collection of Neapolitan folk songs, if you're looking for that sort of thing. Schipa's other contribution is SPAIN, Vol. II (RCA LPT 3008), including such monarchial chestnuts as "Valencia" and "Sevillana."

In the same series, incidentally, there's a package by LOS TRES DIAMANTES, the "hottest" vocal group in Spanish America (LPM 091). The trio's mellow harmony and liquid guitar playing are soothing and quite sophisticated. Some of the tunes are familiar on both sides of the border. France is represented this month by two programs from Vox. One is a typical sampling of the intimate art of JEAN SABLON (Vox VL3110). The Continental crooner essays a group of tunes that fall fresh on these ears, and I thought "Le Coeur Tranquille" was especially charming. In startling contrast, but no less Gallic, is GEORGES GUETARY (Vox VL 3030), who has appeared on Broadway and in the film "An American in Paris." He is as brash as Sablon is suave. He belts out his songs in the music-hall manner, and while not everyone can take this sort of thing, there's no denying that the man is an electrifying performer.

A couple of years ago Tin Pan Alley found a fount of colorful song material among the folk-song coterie, lured some prominent denizens from the Village, and made them rich Uptown. Burl Ives must sell well, because his discs are released with the frequency of those by the regular pop artists. The latest is a Yuletide special, CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING (DEC DL 5428), which, as one has come to expect from this ingratiating artist, contains some heartwarming folk songs that can't be heard elsewhere. Personally, I play this stuff all the year 'round. Included are "King Herod and the Cock," "Jesous Ahatonia," "The Friendly Beasts," etc. Most are performed with orchestra and choir.

—BILL SIMON.

The most sumptuous book of opera ever published

TEN OPERATIC MASTER-PIECES

Text by Olin Downes, music critic of the *New York Times*

Illustrations by *Alberta Sordini*

Piano Reductions by *Leonard K. Marker,* distinguished Viennese composer

Book Design by *Merle Armitage,* outstanding designer of books

- Sixty beautiful illustrations in color
- The Marriage of Figaro, Die Meistersinger, Aida, Carmen, Tales of Hoffmann, La Bohème, La Tosca, Der Rosenkavalier, The Love of Three Oranges, Wozzeck—the historical background of each opera and its composer, a descriptive synopsis of each libretto
- Piano reductions of all important instrumental and vocal passages (with original texts)
- Complete listing of all available phonograph records (33, 45, 78)

All combined in one of the most lavish books ever presented to music lovers.

$10.00 at all booksellers

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GRAND PRIX DU DISQUE, 1952*

Concert Hall Society

proudly announces
the completion of its widely acclaimed

*BEETHOVEN
QUARTET SERIES

matchlessly interpreted by

The Pascal String Quartet

"The Pascal Quartet, in consistent eloquence, seems capable of a projection of the sixteen quartets of Beethoven unlikely to be bettered by any present-day rival . . ."—Saturday Review

In addition to the sixteen famous quartets of Op. 18, Op. 59, Op. 74, Op. 127, Op. 130, Op. 131, Op. 132, Op. 135 and the Great Fugue (Op. 133) this series also contains a first recording of the neglected

String Quartet, Opus 2 No. 3
(After Sonata Opus 2 No. 3)
also
String Quintet in C Major, Opus 29

GREAT CHORAL WORKS
GREAT CHRISTMAS GIFTS

MENDELSSOHN
THE FIRST WALPURGIS NIGHT, op. 60
Netherlands Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra; Soloists; Otto Ackermann, conductor
12" CHS 1159

BEETHOVEN
THE RUINS OF ATHENS, opus 113
Netherlands Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra; Soloists; Walter Goehr, conductor
12" CHS 1158

BEETHOVEN: CHRIST ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES, opus 85
Soloists; Vienna Kammerchor; Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera; Henry Swoboda, conductor
12" CHS 1135

J. S. BACH: MAGNIFICAT IN D MAJOR
Soloists; Reinhart Chorus; Winterthur Mixed Chorus; Winterthur Symphony Orchestra; Walter Reinhart, conductor
12" CHC 60

For complete catalog ask your dealer or write to

Concert Hall Society, Inc.
250 West 57th Street New York 19, N.Y.

Paul
HINDEMITH

"If we call that man a hero who triumphs over overwhelming odds, who, seeing all his efforts leading to futility, gives his lifeblood for a noble cause, here we behold him. . . . Had Bach not been of this kind, our world today would be the poorer by one of the most astounding intellectual achievements of man."

from his highly original new book—

Johann Sebastian
BACH

At your bookstore, $2.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

OPERA ROUNDUP

(Continued from page 59)

Act II scene in the Countess's bedroom, is an enthralling bit of eerie, macabre tone-painting, showing off Tchaikovsky's orchestral mastery at its most resplendent. The work does not consistently maintain this level, but throughout it is absorbing, both musically and dramatically, and in no wise is its neglect in this country merited.

AS this recording first appeared in the USSR four or five years ago on 78-rpm discs, and as Russia has always lagged behind the march of progress in more phonographically minded countries, it can be appreciated that the quality of sound in Colosseum's issue is far from contemporary standards. However, the dubbing has been well accomplished, and the reproduction—though restricted in range and resonance—is by no means beyond the pale. (Incidentally, excerpts from the same recorded performance have appeared previously on Period SPLP 511.)

S. A. Samosud, the conductor, suffers most from the technical disabilities of the recording. He leads a well-disciplined performance, but one would like to hear more of the orchestral forces he commands. The singers are better served, and together they manifest the kind of secure musical authority that comes of long acquaintance. The contralto Zlatagorova (no first names are specified) has created a striking vocal characterization of the gnarled old Countess, and the soprano Djerzhinskaya endows the role of Lisa with vibrant tonal opulence (though with a tendency to go flat above the stave). Best of all is the tenor Hanaiev, who handles the bravura part of Hermann with robust aplomb and manages at the same time to color his voice with subtle delicacy.

Capitol Records has recently invaded Italy and come forth with complete recordings of "Aida" (PCR 8179, $14.94) and "Il Trovatore" (PBR 8180, $9.96). Let me be charitable and describe this effort merely as a mistake. The principals are the same in both sets: Stella Roman, soprano, Sylvia Sawyer, mezzo, Gino Sarri, tenor, and Antonio Manca Serra, baritone. Alberto Paoletti conducts the chorus and orchestra of the Rome Opera House in "Aida," Luigi Ricci the same forces in "Il Trovatore." The performances are limp, the vocalism generally execrable, the recording mediocre. Neither set does any credit to Capitol.

—ROLAND GELATT.

Brilliant Recordings
AGAIN A FIRST ON LONG PLAYING RECORDS

VERDI
UN
BALLO IN MASCHERA
(Masked Ball)

Soloists of Opera de Paris, Paris Philharmonic Chorus and Orchestra of Radio Diffusion Francaise-Conductor: René Leibowitz.
Renaissance SX 207 3-12"....$18.50
(Italian and English Text included)

•

SPL 563-POULENC:
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra. Piano: Annette Haas-Hamburger Pasdeloupe Orchestra, Conductor: Pierre Dervaux.
MILHAUD: Suite for Violin, Clarinet and Piano.
POULENC: 3 Pieces for Piano.
1-12"....$5.95

•

SPL 559-MOZART:
Overtures from Cosi Fan Tutte, La Clemenza di Tito, Bastien and Bastienne, La Finta Giardiniera, Impresario, Il Re Pastore, Les Petites Riens-Ballet Music, K 299/b. 1-12"....$5.95

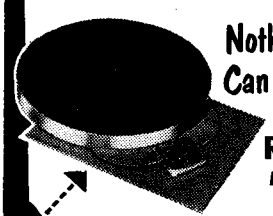
WATCH for STARKER'S Recordings of all of the Beethoven Cello Sonatas,
COMING RIGHT NOW

•

For complete catalog write to

PERIOD MUSIC CO.
884 Tenth Avenue, New York 19

the TURNTABLE with the HYSTERESIS MOTOR is AGAIN AVAILABLE



Nothing Else Can Compare!

REK-O-KUT
Model T-12H
and T-43H

. . . the only dual speed, 12" turntables that meet the standards for speed regulation and wow content specified by the National Association of Broadcasters . . . and recommended by every leading Sound Authority for use with ULTRA HIGH FIDELITY Amplifiers and Speaker Systems.

T-12H.....78 and 33⅓ RPM.....$119.95
T-43H.....33⅓ and 45 RPM.....$119.95

ACCESSORIES:
T-103A . . . 45 RPM idler, with record adaptor, interchangeable with 33⅓ RPM.
T-104A . . . 78 RPM idler interchangeable with 45 RPM.

REK-O-KUT CO.
38-11 Queens Blvd., Long Island City, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spotlight on the Moderns

HANS PFITZNER'S Symphony in C sharp minor (Urania LP 7056, $5.95) and Arthur Foote's Suite in E major for string orchestra (Mercury LP 40001, $4.85) are conservative, highly derivative works; but they are not at all negligible despite these handicaps with which they start when they bid for our attention. The assumption that novelty is better than mere repetition is a sound one for the critic of the arts to adopt. But one sure way for a composer to be original is to devise some negation of music, and here novelty becomes a mere game, often not an amusing one. On the other hand, occasionally the academician does his job so well that we find ourselves enjoying his work for its own sake, and not comparing it to its models. He does not do this often. For the grooves are so well established for the practice of his routinized style that he falls into them too easily. They carry him along, and his own contribution is at a minimum. Perhaps this is why his achievement rarely is more than an honest expression of devotion to textbook tradition and masters of the past. Beyond this suite, Foote left almost no music of any interest. But this work, even if it bogs down at the end in a pedestrian fugue, stands high in the literature of American music. Pfitzner was a bigger figure. His symphony lies in the grand nineteenth-century symphonic tradition, not far from the works of Bruckner. Like the Bruckner symphonies, it seems gloomy and long at times and slavish in its use of sequences. But it has a grandeur that cannot be denied.

Foote's suite is the major item of Volume II of the American Music Festival Series that emanates from Rochester via Mercury records. Howard Hanson conducts the Eastman-Rochester symphony. The LP includes a sensitive and sincere Arioso by Louis Mennini and a Fantasy by Thomas Canning, based on a hymn of the eighteenth-century American composer Justin Morgan, which is developed through standard modal procedures. "American Music for String Orchestra" is the record's title, while Volume I in this series is described as "Music for Democracy," and includes Randall Thompson's familiar "Testament for Freedom" and Howard Hanson's songs from "Drum Taps," both for chorus and orchestra. The two works—the Hanson in particular—are tailor-made for celebrating patriotic occasions.

Academician and neo-classicist though he was, Busoni did a bit to anticipate twentieth-century piano writing, and this is when he is most interesting as a creative figure. Neither of the works on the Circle release (LP 51-104, $5.95) catches him in this vein. There are nicely flowing Brahmsian lines in the violin sonata and a suggestion of Fauré at its most contemporary-sounding moments. But the shadow of the conservatory hovers over it. "Indian Diary," Book I, is even more disappointing. The triviality and cheapness for someone of his musicianship and intellect are surprising. Composed while he was in this country, these pieces might almost be by MacDowell in the way they employ American Indian tunes. The performances by Richard Burgin, violinist, and Edward Weiss, pianist, leave something to be desired.

"Letter to the World," by Hunter Johnson, is the title that stands in bold relief on a new Concert Hall release (CHS 1151, $5.95), and only on close examination does one find that a work of substantially greater consequence, "Flos Campi," by Vaughan Williams, is also on this LP. One has had quite enough, before the Vaughan Williams is half over, of the wailing chorus after the manner of Debussy's "Sirènes." But the composer's mastery is evident from the very first bars, and the close is quite impressive. The Johnson score is an eclectic one that suits the Martha Graham ballet of the same name better than it survives on its own. Both works are well performed under Robert Hull's direction. For the Vaughan Williams, Francis Tursi plays the viola in the fine Tertis tradition and the Cornell chorus sings well.

THAT old trusty threesome of the LP catalogue, Bartók, Hindemith, and Martinu, give us further examples of their fluency. Two Rhapsodies by Bartók in his folkish vein are well played by Emanuel Vardi on the violin against very clearly reproduced orchestral background (Bartók LP 306, $4.75). Charles Rosen plays an uneven assortment of Martinu piano pieces brilliantly and with distinction (EMS 2, $5.95), and these are coupled with a flute sonata played by René le Roy which starts promisingly, like much of Martinu, but disappoints as it proceeds. Hindemith's Sonata for piano, four hands, is one of his better works, while the one for two pianos is average for him (Claremont LP 1203, $5.95). The performers, Karl and Margaret Kohn, stress the pedantic side at the expense of charm.

—ARTHUR BERGER

"It's 'SONODYNE' MULTI-IMPEDANCE DYNAMIC MICROPHONE at Recording Time"

—say actual users* in the field and here are a few reasons why . . .

"This microphone has been used for tape recording 15-minute shows for future airing on a nearby radio station. We like it fine, and it does take a beating."
Speech and Drama Director, Ind.

"We are using this microphone with good results on our recorder."
Audio-Visual Librarian, Va.

"Wonderful for wire recording purposes and P.A. use. I use it mainly for recording."
Sound Service, Massachusetts

"Used for recording organ music. Performance is very satisfactory; especially good on highs."
Recording Professional, Colorado

"Very good output and fidelity. Used for recording for broadcast purposes."
Producer and Director, Canada

"Excellent results in recording and for comments in the showing of motion pictures."
Amateur, New York

Model "51" Sonodyne • List Price $45.00
Available at
Shure Distributors Everywhere!

*Individual names available on request.

SHURE

SHURE BROTHERS, Inc.
MICROPHONES and ACOUSTIC DEVICES
225 West Huron St., Chicago 10, Illinois
Cable Address: SHUREMICRO

Please send me FREE Shure Microphone catalogs and list of Shure Distributors in my locality.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State..... SR-11

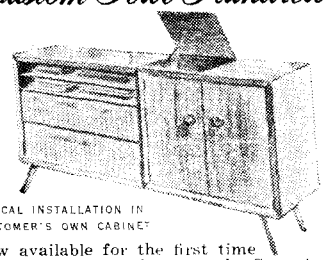
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FINEST IN RADIO—PHONO

Lafayette presents

STROMBERG-CARLSON

Custom Four Hundred



TYPICAL INSTALLATION IN CUSTOMER'S OWN CABINET

Now available for the first time for your listening pleasure—the Stromberg-Carlson line of high-fidelity reproduction equipment. This is the radio-phono system that is used and recommended by a world-famous orchestra conductor. Mail coupon for information.

Lafayette Custom Radio & Television

New York: 100 Sixth Ave. • RE 2-8600
Newark: 24 Central Ave. • MA 2-1661
Boston: 110 Federal St. • HU 2-7850
Plainfield: 139 W. Second St. • PL 6-4718

LAFAYETTE, Dept. NK
100 Sixth Ave., N. Y. 13, N. Y.

Send FREE Hi-Fi Guide . . . everything on high fidelity.

Name.....

Address.....

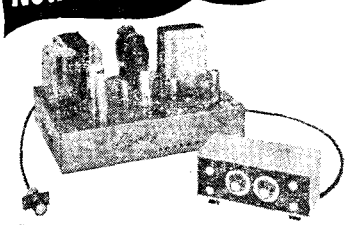
City.....State.....

FREE!

Unquestionably the greatest contribution in years to recorded music enjoyment

•

Newcomb Classics in Sound



Music lovers are discovering a brilliant new world of musical enjoyment . . . from their favorite recordings . . . with custom home music systems built around these remarkable new amplifiers with revolutionary new features. If you love good music and want to hear all of it as though the musicians were right in your home, write today for this Newcomb catalog of 8 incomparable amplifiers for all types of home installations. Diagrams are included

15 years of quality leadership

NEWCOMB

DEPT. 5 6824 LEXINGTON AVE.
HOLLYWOOD 38, CALIFORNIA

HITS AND MISSES

(*Continued from page 55*)

tunes for their own voices and the guitar. We find Miranda a trifle on the coy side, but with this slight reservation we can heartily recommend the sweet singers of "Sugarbush," "Sarie Marais," "Ma Says, Pa Says," and "When It Rains" (Columbia CL 6226).

Freaking: The reason we cannot get more excited by Marais and his talented wife is the fact that we were born in Brooklyn, New York, with, so to speak, the Original Dixieland Jazz Band playing in our ears. As a matter of solemn fact, we had a piano teacher whose son was one of the first saxophone players in the history of New York City and who won a song-writing contest conducted by the Interborough subway service. At high school we were euchred out of the slide trombone slot by a man named Leo Fixler and we attempted to atone for this by learning the kettledrum part to the "Poet and Peasant Overture." The late George C. Flint, coach, recognized the fraud, and we were forced to repair to the ice cream parlors where one could hear band effects, behind floral stained glass, without any personal effort other than the deposit of the nickel.

Now there comes over the desk a stupendous LP of nickelodeon music which is a must for anyone who does not regard the machine age as entirely evil. This is "The Great Barrelhouse Piano on the Nickelodeon," also designated as "another SOUNDS OF OUR TIMES documentary recording" and published by the Cook Laboratories of Stamford, Connecticut (Piano 1035). The literature on board this album gives a sufficient sense of its contents. And we quote: "Shotgun rhythms from the 'temperance' era . . . recorded by the last authentic performer. . . . The 'nickelodeon' used for these recordings is a tremendous half-ton of machinery, with internal mechanisms similar to those used in pipe-organs. In addition to everything else, it boasts a full-blown xylophone which when played is loud enough to be deafening in the noisiest environment. The machine was repaired and 'tuned' by Emory Cook into a condition typical of its time. The management here, as also in the tradition, has speeded up the roll a bit in order to collect more nickels, at least one of which is clearly and audibly deposited in the recording." What more do you want? —Wilder Hobson.

SCHWANN

LONG PLAYING RECORD CATALOG

THE "BIBLE" OF RECORD BUYERS

ONE MINUTE QUIZ

90 Mass. Ave.
Cambridge, Mass.

1. How many recordings of Beethoven's 9th are on long playing records?
2. How many recordings of Schubert's Unfinished are on long playing records?
3. Are the Wm. Boyce Symphonies available on long playing records?
4. How many operas are available on long playing records?

These and thousands of questions about recordings are fully answered in the Schwann LONG PLAYING RECORD CATALOG

- Lists every long playing record generally available
- Reverse side of each record clearly identified

Answers:
1. Eight
2. Twelve
3. Yes!
4. 158

Get your copy at your local record shop.

FOR YOUR XMAS GIFT LIST:

A thrilling recording—
unanimously applauded

G. F. HANDEL'S
Monumental Oratorio

Judas Maccabaeus

(Complete—sung in English)

William Olvis, *tenor*
Phyllis Moffet, *soprano* • Marvin Hayes, *bass*
Beryl Jensen, *alto* • Marvin Sorensen, *tenor*
Alexander Schreiner, *organ*
Bruce Prince-Joseph, *harpsichord*

University of Utah Chorus
Utah Symphony Orchestra

under the direction of

MAURICE ABRAVANEL

HDL 12 $18.85 (incl. libretto) 3-12"

For Catalog ask your dealer or write to:

Handel Society

250 West 57th Street New York 19, N.Y.

RECORDS MAKE A WELCOME GIFT FOR YOUR WEEKEND HOSTESS

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Damage in Transit

▶ LET ME SECOND Ira D. Bloom's appeal [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, *SR* Oct. 25] for blank LP jackets to replace covers damaged in transit as well as the flimsy paper covers of early LP days.

Let me also enter a more serious complaint in the name of the consumer and the retail dealer, especially those of us who live at a distance from the shippers. Present jackets are made of fairly hard pasteboard stock. Random particles of gritty substances are held against record surfaces by the jacket. During unavoidable vibration in shipment, those particles travel across the record grooves in erratic patterns, scoring deeply enough to ruin listening pleasure. And with the perversity of inanimate things, the particles usually choose the pianissimo passages for ruination.

This applies to the products of almost all manufacturers. My returns for this one cause alone have run as high as three out of four purchases. The retail dealers are unvarying in their courtesy over return and replacement, but the situation is completely unfair to them, for in addition to their time and trouble, they pay for freight three ways, on original shipment, return, and replacement.

Are any of our manufacturers working at a more satisfactory method of packaging, or at more effective inspection for the presence of unwarranted particles of "dirt"? I realize that there is a limit to inspection of mass-produced merchandise, but the surfaces of LP records are obviously too delicate for present methods of packaging and shipment.

CARL A. SAUER.

Phoenix, Ariz.

The R-J Speaker Enclosure

▶ SOME TIME AGO there was an article in RECORDINGS describing a new type of speaker. This speaker was said to be of a superior type based on a new principle. It was further described as being very light in weight and small, yet giving equal sound to the very large and heavy speakers usually required for excellence in sound.

Unfortunately, I have mislaid this article. Can you tell me the issue in which it appeared and also where the speaker may be obtained?

E. C. JAHN.

Syracuse, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The article ("The Bullfrog's Bass," by Edward Tatnall Canby) appeared in* SR *October 27, 1951. It described the R-J speaker enclosure, which is now obtainable at most dealers handling high-fidelity audio equipment.*

Tchaikovsky's "Unfinished"

▶ IF I CAN JUDGE from your articles, you appreciate the incongruous in recordings. Did you know that Tchaikovsky wrote an "Unfinished Symphony"? If you are in doubt, just play Royale's recording (R-1226) of the "Pathétique."

ROBERT SCHWANE.

Perryville, Mo.

Reissues Wanted

▶ AFTER READING John Mason Brown's excellent review of "An Evening with Beatrice Lillie" [*SR* Oct. 25] I began wondering if RCA Victor had any plans to reissue on LP their "Inside USA" album, which featured Miss Lillie and Jack Haley. It would certainly be nice to obtain some recordings by this wonderful artist.

HARRY R. LEWIS.

Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Pending RCA's possible LP attention to "Inside USA," Mr. Lewis and other like-minded enthusiasts might investigate an LP reissue of Lillie lore put out by Liberty Music Shops, 450 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. It's called "Thirty Minutes with Bea Lillie" (LMS 1002, $3.85).*

▶ DO YOU THINK RCA Victor could conceivably be persuaded to reissue on LP the album of poems that Edna St. Vincent Millay recorded in 1941? For the reverse side they might toss in the two arias from "The King's Henchman," with Miss Millay's lyrics, which Lawrence Tibbett waxed in the early Thirties.

PETER MARQUANT.

Forest Hills, N. Y.

Cortot Again

▶ PERMIT ME TO TAKE mild issue with Mr. Wild's description [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, *SR* Oct. 25] of Cortot's recordings as "treasurable examples of his art." Would it not be more accurate to say that Cortot's superb performances really were monuments to the art of the composers. I never listen to my old (beat up) Cortots without the conviction that this is music played as the composer would have wanted to hear it.

JOHN ALEXANDER.

San Diego, Calif.

Diamond Points

▶ I RECALL HAVING READ articles on diamond point needles in RECORDINGS. I would appreciate knowing the issues in which the articles appeared.

RICHARD ROSE.

Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The articles in question are "A Stylus for LP"* [SR *March 25, 1950] and "Adamant Again"* [SR *Aug. 26, 1950*], *both by C. G. Burke.*

RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or sellers' notices of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out-of-print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes, or the like. Rate 30¢ per word: 10-word minimum. Count two extra words for box and number. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address RECORD MART, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

FOR YOUR VALUED RECORDS—the world's finest, safest, most economical needle—the Professional Diamond! Free literature. TELEVEX, 474 West 238 St., NYC 63.

THOUSANDS of used records, all varieties. SEND WANTS. PERRY'S, 3914 Van Buren, Culver City, Calif.

10,000 OPERATIC and CLASSICAL RECORDS, 1898-1950. G & T's, Zonofonos, Fonotipias and many others. Also, Old OPERA NEWS. JOHN SICIGNANO, 29 Columbia Ave., Nutley, N. J.

GOLDEN AGE OPERATICS, cutout vocal, orchestral, music hall, imported European 78 RPM and LP. Thousands of interesting records suiting all tastes. Send for monthly listings. ROSS, COURT & Co., 121 Simcoe St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) finest imported make. English, Swiss fingerings. $4.50, $8.50 up. Recorder music, recorder records. Free catalogue R112, HARGAIL, 130 West 56 St., NYC.

RECORD COLLECTORS' SERVICE offers greatest vocal records, collectors' items to just "good listening." Write or visit store. 502 East 88 St., NYC. REgent 7-7611.

McINTOSH AMPLIFIERS AND BOZAK SPEAKER SYSTEMS *demonstrated in your home under actual* listening conditions, by Member of the Audio Engineering Society. Free planning service for your Home Music System by experts in engineering and cabinet design. COOK BINAURAL RECORDS and PLAYBACK EQUIPMENT AVAILABLE. Consumer net prices, all items. WILLIAM A. FINK—AUDIO ASSOCIATES, 4680-B S. 36 St., Arlington, Virginia. OVerlook 1531.

FOREIGN RECORD Catalogues. CASCADE RECORDS, 1314 East 43, Seattle 5, Washington.

THE AUDIO EXCHANGE, Inc., buys and sells quality, high-fidelity sound systems and components. Guaranteed used and new equipment. Catalogue. Dept. SR, 159-19 Hillside Ave., Jamaica 32, N.Y. Olympia 8-0445.

HIGH FIDELITY EQUIPMENT AT BARGAIN PRICES. Free catalogue. Box N-5.

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free lists. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

FREE—Complete LP catalogue sent on request—prices on all classical records. We pay postage anywhere in U.S. RECORDS BY MAIL, Box H-900.

EXCEPTIONAL RECORD SERVICE: LP and 45 RPM records. No charge for postage. New releases and specials issued monthly. Send for FREE comprehensive catalogue today. MOREC MAIL, Inc., 326 Park Row Building, NYC 7.

RARE OPERATIC VOCALS, deletions and imports. WESTHOFF, 931 Geary St., San Francisco, Calif.

COMPLETE MAIL-ORDER LP SERVICE—same day shipments. Records guaranteed all brand new. Catalogue 15¢ deductible from first order. DISCOUNT RECORD CLUB, Box B-99.

ANNOUNCING A NEW SERVICE—Highest quality discs cut from your tapes. All speeds—all sizes. Fairchild equipment, hot stylii. Also monitoring off the air and special recording services. Reasonable rates. Write for prices. THE DUBBINGS Co., Dept. 1125-SL-2, 41-10 45 St., Long Island City 4, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SELF-PORTRAIT—A SEPIA DRAWING

The Most Famous Paintings of *Leonardo da Vinci*

THE LATEST EXAMPLE OF AN EXCITING PROJECT BY WHICH

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

WILL BRING TREASURES OF THE WORLD'S ART MUSEUMS INTO YOUR HOME *for yourself and your children*

MONA LISA

24 Miniatures IN FULL COLOR—SIZE SHOWN →

including details of THE LAST SUPPER *and other famous paintings . . . with a 32-page descriptive Album*

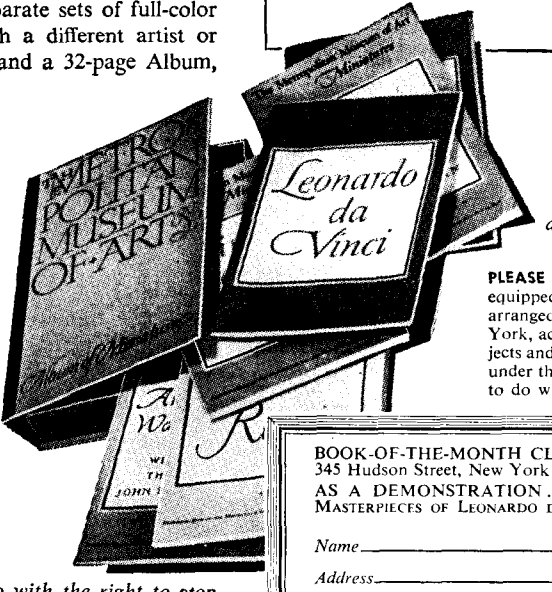
FIVE HUNDRED years ago an illegitimate child was born in the little Italian village of Vinci. This unwanted child, named Leonardo, "grew up from the obscurity and humiliation of his birth to become the very incarnation of the Italian Renaissance and the patron saint of all who love beauty and truth."

Today Leonardo's immortal paintings are scattered through the museums of France, Italy and England. To see them would require months of travel. Indeed, some are deteriorating with age and sooner or later will vanish into shadows of themselves.

Fortunately for art lovers, The Metropolitan Museum of Art has reproduced the most famous of Leonardo's paintings, so that families everywhere can study and enjoy them in their own homes. Once a month the Museum prepares separate sets of full-color prints, such as this. Each set deals with a different artist or school and contains 24 fine Miniatures and a 32-page Album, in which the artists and their work are discussed, and in which the prints *can be affixed* in given spaces.

Thus, eventually, the most interesting and most representative work of every period, school and great painter from leading museums here and in Europe will be encompassed. In effect, as it proceeds, the project will be an informal but comprehensive course in both the history and appreciation of art. Yet the plan is of such a nature that it can be enjoyed by persons of all ages.

A SUGGESTION: To acquaint yourself visually with the project, we suggest that you send for this single set of 24 Miniatures of MASTERPIECES OF LEONARDO DA VINCI. Or, if you wish to subscribe now on a continuing basis, *you can do so with the right to stop whenever you please.* Especially valuable sets that will shortly follow will present the work of Michelangelo and Toulouse-Lautrec. As a subscriber you will receive with your first Album, and with every sixth thereafter, a handsome Portfolio in which the Albums may be kept for constant enjoyment and reference. The price for each set is $1.25, including Album.



PRICE FOR THE FULL SET OF 24 MINIATURES

including a 32-page Album containing explanatory notes about the artist and his work: $1.25

PLEASE NOTE: Since The Metropolitan Museum is unequipped to handle the details involved in this project, it has arranged to have the Book-of-the-Month Club, of New York, act as its national distributor. The selection of subjects and the preparation of the color prints remain wholly under the supervision of the Museum. All matters having to do with distribution are handled by the Club.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC. A2511A
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

AS A DEMONSTRATION . . . please send me the 24 Miniatures of MASTERPIECES OF LEONARDO DA VINCI, with Album (price, $1.25).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *Zone* _____ *State* _____

☐ CHECK HERE IF YOU WANT SUCCEEDING SERIES with the privilege of stopping at any time. *The series immediately following will be 24 famous paintings from the Hapsburg Collection.*

DO NOT ENCLOSE MONEY • A BILL WILL BE SENT

POSTAGE AND HANDLING CHARGE, WHICH WILL NOT EXCEED 10¢ PER SERIES, WILL BE ADDED

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED